

Richard Thompson, Lotteryland

(Richard Thompson)

That's the place I used to work
When I was a wild, young turk
It's now the Museum of Industry
Schoolkids get in for free

Brickworks-smell of rotten eggs
Rubber works poured out the dregs
Now it smells of Dettol and pee
Lotteryland's the place to be

Where the steelmill used to stand
There's a park in Lotteryland
Be a pram-pusher on parole
Go windsurfing on the dole

They can put you right to sleep
Better than Brookside or The Street
It's lucky numbers, one, two three
Lotteryland's the place to be

We don't care who runs the shop
Left wing, right wing, curse the lot
A million quid talks sense to me
Lotteryland's the place to be

Now gone is dirt and gone is strife
And gone is struggle and gone is life
"Shove it, mate, I'm busy see"
Lotteryland's the place to be

Now we triple lock the doors
Streets are full of thieves and whores
In a padded cell eternity
Lotteryland's the place to be
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