

# Steve Hackett, Down Street

Dear friend you've come at last  
I wish to impart to you something of a deeply personal nature  
Dare we venture off the map  
And indeed between the cracks  
To a private road of sorts  
I presume you have a strong will  
And the stomach to match the underbelly of our fair city

You'll need this firm crowbar  
Whilst I implore you to utilise no sense of smell  
And to think people live down there  
A rush of chill air heralds our clattering necropolis railway  
Like a Transylvanian express plunging into rivers of fungi algae and eels  
Ten million rats, one for each one of us  
And to think people live down there

A race of wild hogs inhabit the sewers of Hampstead  
A cesspool suburb superb supreme  
Catacombs of Kensal Green  
I know you'd like to slime away  
Like those walled up under Whitechapel  
But I've my own kind of Jubilee line out of sight and out of mind  
And to think you'll have to live down there

Strangled streams, smothered rivers, London always gives me the shivers

Forty abandoned stations and Churchill's last bolthole  
Impregnable as Hitler's bunker  
Can't you see them dancing on the platform at Down Street