

# The Buzzcocks, Harmony In My Head

Whenever I'm in doubt about things I do  
I listen to the high street wailing sounds in a queue  
I go out for my walking sailing social news  
Don't let it get me down I'm long in the tooth

When I'm out in the open clattering shoppers around  
The neon signs that take your eyes to town  
Your thoughts are chosen your world is advertising now  
And extravagance matters to worshippers of the pound

But it's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head

The tortured faces expression out aloud  
And life's little ironies seem so obvious now  
Your cashed in cheques have placed the payments down  
And there's a line of buses all wait to take you out

But it's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head  
It's a...

It's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head

Whenever I'm in doubt about things I do  
I listen to the high street wailing sounds in a queue  
I go out for my walking sailing social news  
Don't let it get me down I'm long in the tooth

'Cos it's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head  
It's a harmony in my head