

The Kinks, Big Black Smoke

She was sick and tired of country life.
A little country home,
A little country folk,
Made her blood run cold.
Now her mother pines her heart away,
Looking for her child in the big black smoke,
In the big black smoke.

Frailest, purest girl the world has seen,
According to her Ma, according to her Pa,
And everybody said,
That she knew no sin and did no wrong,
Till she walked the streets of the big black smoke,
Of the big black smoke.

Well, she slept in cafts and coffee bars and bowling alleys,
And every penny she had
Was spent on purple hearts and cigarettes.

She took all her pretty coloured clothes,
And ran away from home
And the boy next door,
For a boy named Joe.
And he took her money for the rent
And tried to drag her down in the big black smoke,
In the big black smoke.

In the big black smoke.
In the big black smoke.