

The Kinks, New World

Ein, zwei, drei, vier
I wake up in the morning
Looking at the street below.
Oh, the aggravation down below.
It's no coincidence at all.
The war is over,
But the battle has just begun.
It's still going on,
Still going on.
Why?

Mass migration of people,
Lithuania, Estonia, Czechoslovakia, Poland,
Refugees from all over the European continent.
All travelling to America,
The land of the free.
All travelling to America,
To the great city.

Life in the city
Started to get me down.
Everybody pushin' and shovin',
Aggravation all around.
Aggravation.
C'mon
C'mon

Oh baby
(?)

Have you had enough?
Have you had enough of all this aggravation?
Fifty years ago this year,
It was fifty years ago this year,
When the aggravation begun.
It's still going on.
Ein, zwei, drei, vier