

Wildhearts, Down On London

Hi, I feel low, like I just don't know which way to go
It's a game, it's a play and it's waiting to blow anyday
Cos I want it, need it, shit it and breathe it
Breaking the thorn in my side
With the hollow views and the last weeks news
I'm inclined to be blind out of something to do

In the
Town ' I never get enough of it
Town ' I only get too much of it
Town ' I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lives go down, I'm so sick of London town

Cold to the bone and I still don't know which way is home
And the chains keep me tied to the parasite city of lies
To the fakers, mimers, two feet climbers, let's drink a toast to the town
When the stories rebound try to hold me down
You make me thankful for who I am

In the
Town ' I never get enough of it
Town ' I only get too much of it
Town ' I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lives go down, I'm so sick of London town

I used to hear them blowing up the radio, I'd hear the music and I'd go to see the show
It don't mean much to me, all the same
Like I'm standing in the crowd with only myself to blame

Yeah, should I go for the throat?
Or just wade through the quicksand?
Of this rock n roll wasteland
Instead of sleazing around being a Guns 'n Rose
While their choking on whiskey to complete the pose
Where'd the good times go?

In the
Town ' I never get enough of it
Town ' I only get too much of it
Town ' I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lives go down, I'm so sick of London town

London town
Town, London town