## 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

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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

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London town Town, London town