

Wildhearts, Greetings From Shitsville

The paper's hanging off the walls
There's 'roaches dancing in the halls
You still pay your fortune to crawl down misery street
The euthanasia dream brigade
Are melting in the Hampstead shade
The zombies of life, they parade down misery street

So, come on over with something to do, baby, I need the company
Greetings now from Shitsville, NW3
Why we stay here, God only knows, It's not the scenery
Greetings now from Shitsville, NW3
Greetings now from Shitsville, London

And all my neighbours dissappear
The second that I get too near
I stick out like elephant ears on misery street
It gets so hard to sleep at night
The left of me the drunks still fight
While sirens scream off to the right, down misery street

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The heating's like a sauna and the carpet's getting thin
My vacuum cleaner's blowing out instead of sucking in
I drink myself to coma so that sleep escapes the din
And start this shit all over again

So now I got a brand new day
To tackle in the same old way
The ducking and diving, the bills that arrive in
There's seeming hundreds to pay
So'

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