

## **Pretenders, The "Get Out Of London"**

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Hold Tight

One day morning wake up yamning

Break an egg, bust my head, maybe it's a warning

Ring on the bell says it's half past eight

Keys in my tea, hey i'm gonna be late

I'm walking on the pavement skipping,

On the lines so the bears won't eat me send me to the  
saltmines

Get on the bus but the bus don't start my feet are  
siten down my head on the tire

I can't open the window cuz there ain't no sun

I think somebodys tellin me to G-G-G-G-Get out of  
London

My feets keep movin and i don't wear any socks

Can't stop singing, head ting-a-lingin

I like my housetop, i think i hit a phonebox

Makin coufins out of bits of no woods,

Sellin tea to the counsil though i know it's no good to be  
a trader,

Calaberator, still i rather be a snitch then a cocktail  
waiter

Commit my crime now while I?mon my probation later

Okay allright i know i'm doin wrong but save it till  
tomorrow cuz i

G-G-G-G-G-Get out of london

Last night i left my carkeys i settled in to revern  
in a night of wed & bliss

I had a bee in my body tiger in my tany

I was on my maiden voyage spent my night with a saint

They call me jack of hearts did some one say a name

My mother was the queen of tarts my baby was a  
headslave

Parts sellin records to the red manufacter

I do myself in public just to get on the action turn to my  
face see my

Race is run my cars on fire got to G-G-G-G-G-Get out of  
London

Oh you don't wear a suit don't wear a smile,

Don't wear my spikes said i only go the mile keep my  
hand on my nine

My eye on my mind keep my heat at feet when i'm racin  
to the front line change bangs racin on the bits of afar

So i rock my body to the sound of the box the louder  
you scream the faster we go

It's an act of battery a boom-boom-boom hands

Still fluttering comein down soon head bangen judge  
thug night of fun slide on my knees

I got to G-G-G-G-Get out of London park straight as  
a crow waiting for my treasure at the lottery,

Blues in my pockets rain on the fair the weighs are  
buildin blacks on a bit of an air

Facein a photo a beauty is there tears on her cheek

She's livein a nightmare turn the page to a brand new  
leaf resolute,

Physcho dude,

Time to be a z okay we do this tons of times keep out  
of sync singin G-G-G-G-G-Get out of London

Everybody in the lines stuck waitin for the tube beg like  
a puppy dog,

Raise like a hedgehog when you come here

Let me tell you the truth tell you a wonder why they  
make us look good party

For my friends so they wouldn't be

Lonely they wouldn't let me in said it's membership  
only don't worry bout me

Cuz i'm doin fine standin on my head

And sittin on a door mine we get crazy three times  
a day i got to G-G-G-G-G-Get out of London.

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