

Puppini Sisters, The

"Panic"

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Panic on the streets of London
Panic on the streets of Birmingham
I wonder to myself
Could life ever be sane again

On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
I wonder to myself
Don't you know that hopes may rise on the Grasmeres
But Honey Pie, you're not safe here

So you run down
To the safety of the town
But there's panic on the streets of Carlisle
Dublin, Dundee, Humberside
I wonder to myself

Burn down the disco
Hang the blessed D.J.
Because the music that they constantly play
It says nothing to me about my life

Hang the blessed D.J.
Because the music they constantly play
On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
On the provincial towns that you jog 'round
Hang the D.J, Hang the D.J, Hang the D.J
Hang the D.J, Hang the D.J, Hang the D.J
Hang the D.J,
Hang the D.J,
Hang the D.J.

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