

## Wildhearts "Down On London"

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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 any day  
'cos I want it, need it, shit it and breathe it  
breaking the thorn in my side  
with the hollow views and the last week's news  
I'm inclined to be blind out of something to do

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS

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 in the wasteland  
instead of sleazing around being a Guns n' Rose  
while they're choking on whiskey to complete the pose  
where'd the good times go?

CHORUS

CHORUS

London town x3

town London town, London town, London town (x3)

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