

## Wildhearts "Greetings From Shitsville"

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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

CHORUS:

so come on over with something to do , baby, I need  
the company  
greetings now from Shitsville, NW3  
why do 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 disappear 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/drugs] still fight  
while sirens scream off to the right down misery street  
CHORUS

the heating's set to 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 of bills that arrive in their  
seemingly hundreds to pay

CHORUS

greetings now from Shitsville, London (x3)

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