

A

"Summer On The Underground"

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Summer on the underground
There's so much sweat a man could drown
There's panic on the overland
Yeah, London Bridge is falling down

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh

The temperature is ninety-two
It's baking in the vocal booth
And all the tourists come in June
There's so many, you can't move

There's people getting rich today
There's people that they've gotta pay
There's lots of places I can't go
We should be rockin' in the studio

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
Don't feel like working today
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
I feel like getting away

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
Don't feel like driving today
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
I feel like getting away

Yeah, yeah, yeah, right now
Dalston is a wicked place
At weekends it gets off it's face
And everybody calls you 'mate'
But do they really wanna know?

The drinks machine is running out
And please don't use the ticket touts
The ladies have it all on show
We should be rockin' in the studio

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
Don't feel like working today
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
I feel like getting away

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
Don't feel like driving today
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
I feel like getting away

On my feet for a week
Yeah, and nobody cares
And I can't get to sleep
Thinking nobody shares

Are you talking to me? Get out of my way
Yeah, we walk on the left
And good manners are free
You don't have to pay

You know you just can't say
Everything in a day
Yeah, I'm talking to you
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know

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