

## Carter Hulsey

### "Twenty Four Minutes From Tulse Hill"

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If your conscience fails you we can be your guide  
The runaway train will take you for a ride  
It's an '88 special with automatic doors  
Johnny Guitar, tell 'em where it goes  
Down the tracks like a thunderstorm  
Past the house where I was born  
Guaranteed and bonafide, a genuine white knuckle  
ride  
We've got smackheads, crackheads, pensioners,  
pimps,  
Anonymous alcoholics looking for a drink  
So put your feet up, enjoy the show  
Twenty four minutes from Tulse Hill let's go

We've got yardies, steamers, parasitic cops  
Bostik boys playing chicken in the box,  
Jackpot crackpots, Summerstown blues  
Nineteen nervous wrecking crews  
Mad alsations, pit-bull terrorists,  
Hammerheaded loan sharks trying out for Jaws 6  
BMX bandits breaking all the windows,  
You don't need a weatherman to know which way the  
wind  
Blows

Twenty four minutes from Tulse Hill  
The driver's dressed in black  
He's dead on the dead man's handle  
And we ain't coming back

We're going down the tracks and off the page

Past the dole, The Silver Blades  
Through the flats to the seventh floor  
Along the walkway to your front door  
Up the staircase, down the hall  
Where daddy bangs you against the wall  
And beats your brains in with a tablespoon  
AWOPBOPALOOBOPALOPBAMBOOM!

Calling all cars, calling all cars

Check all the pubs and raid all the bars  
Bring in the rapists, the muggers and thieves  
Make it safe for the OAP's  
House the homeless boys and girls  
Save the children, feed the world  
Then put your feet up, mind the gap  
And take it right back to the track Fruit Bat

Twenty four minutes from Tulse Hill  
The driver's dressed in black  
He's dead on the dead man's handle  
And we ain't coming back

We're going down the tracks and on ahead  
Where skins and angels fear to tread  
Up the chimneys, down the drains  
Through the eyes of hurricanes  
From the brothels of Streatham,  
To the taking of Peckham  
Fun, fun, fun,  
Here we come!

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