

Example

"Who Needs Sunshine?"

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Who needs sunshine? Things are fine
Strangers smiling, train's on time
Who needs sunshine? All the time
Smoking's banned, no more crime
Who needs sunshine? Things are fine
Strangers smiling, train's on time
Who needs sunshine? All the time
(Everybody clap and sing and do a happy dance)

Ahh, morning glory, so what's the story?
It's pissin down again but that's hunky dory
Though it's stormy the time has arrived for a 9 to the 5
That'll bore me, as much as the dude who pursued it -
Before me - gave it his heart
Literally - he got knifed in the car park
Now he'll live forever as a figure on a bar chart
But that's life so enough about him
Same old shite with the tubes on a strike,
And I can't pedal in cos they teefed my bike
Again, suppose I got myself to blame
See it never woulda happened if I'd used two chains
Looks of disgust on the bus from commuters,
Like I'm a mutant carrying a shooter
Move to the front then it smacks-that I'm wearing
A back-pack plus I aint shaved for a month

If you're bored of London then you're bored of life
Look, why the fuck you think people carry a knife?
See they gotta stay sharp when the humour flows
As I answer a phonecall a tumour grows
Words are exchanged, now my plans have changed
My boy's been detained cos he caught a train -
Coulda shown more resilience, yes he's a silly-one
Shoulda known better bein' dark and Brazilian
Hear it everyday and the shit folks say
UK's in decay, that it's hit rock bottom
If it's all gone rotten get your arse to Spain
And sit there and complain cos it aint all bad:
So the healthcare's fucked and our schools are
doomed
But you shouldn't just assume that the youths are thick
Kids learn new tricks from their mobile phone

But you moan cos they only make Kung Fu flicks

Stop complaining
Moaning moaning constant whine
Just stop complaining
Same old shit all the time

As I look 'em in the eyeball it's viable they absent -
Minded - everyone except for the blind-kid
Cos' he's the only smiling the others look unreceptive
Defective and then I'm reminded
That this is Londinium, home to a million
Things that a brilliant and that's why it's silly
That civility and happiness are kept to a minimum
Civilians are never satisfied
Greedy little fucks with their eyes in the classifieds
Here's where the matter-lies, that-aside from the fact
that
No one is engulfed by the war in the gulf
But everybody sighs when some cokehead slapper-
cries
Pack-of-lies from the guys at the top who monopolise
Don't seem to care when a copper-dies
We're more concerned with the TV to see
If our favourite fat celebrity can go and drop-a-size

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