

Jalane

""a' Bomb In Wardour Street"

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Where the streets are paved with blood,
With cataclysmic overtones,
Fear and hate linger in the air,
A strictly no-go deadly zone.
I don't know what I'm doing here
'cause it's not my scene at all
There's an 'A' bomb in Wardour Street
They've called in the Army, they've called in the police
to.

I'm stranded on the vortex floor,
My head's been kicked in and blood's started to pour
Through the haze I can see my girl
15 geezers got her pinned to the door
I try to reach her but fall back to the floor
'A' bomb in Wardour Street
It's blown up the West End, now it's spreading
throughout the City,

'A' bomb in Wardour Street, it's blown up the City
Now it's spreading through the country.

Law and order take a turn for the worst,
In the shape of a size 10 boot.
Rape and murder throughout the land,
And they tell you that you're still a free man.
If this is freedom I don't understand
'cause it seems like madness to me.
'A' bomb in Wardour Street, Hate Bomb,
Hate Bomb, Hate Bomb, Hate Bomb.

A Phillistine nation, of degradation,
And hate and war. There must be more
It's Doctor Martin's A,P,O,C,A,L,Y,P,S,E,
Apocalypse!

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