

Jam

"The Place I Love"

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THE PLACE I LOVE (Weller)

The place I love is a million miles away,
It's too far for the eye to see,
Still it's me at least, and you can't come there
No one is allowed at all,
Only animals that love, will always only, ever could be
And it's always at the back of my mind.
The place I love is overgrown now,
With beautiful moss and colourful flowers,
And goldfish that swim in a pool, there's a small brick
wall,
With neon lighting controlled by lightning,
I'm making a stand against the world
There's those who would hurt us if they heard.
The place I love is no where near here,
Not within a yard of those trendy do's,
Where dogsbodies pick you up, and graciously give
you a lift,
With cherished thoughts and bitterness.
I'm making a stand against the world,
There's those who would hurt us if they heard
And that's always in the back of my mind.

'A' BOMB IN WARDOUR STREET (Weller)

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.
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 on the floor
There's an '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.
Well 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 degredation,
And hate and war. There must be more
It's Doctor Martin's A,P,O,C,A,L,Y,P,S,E,
Apocalypse!

ALL MOD CONS (Weller)

Seen you before, I know your sort,
You think the world awaits your every breath
You'll be my friend, or so you say
You'll help me out when the time comes
And all the time we're getting rich,
You hang around to help me out
But when we're skint, Oh God Forbid!
You drop us like hot bricks.
Artistic Freedom. Do what you want,
But just make sure that the money ain't gone.
I'll tell you what, I got you sussed,
You'll waste my time, when the time comes.

TO BE SOMEONE (DIDN'T WE HAVE A NICE TIME)

(Weller)

To be someone must be a wonderful thing,
A famous footballer a rock singer,
Or a big film star, yes I think I would like that.
To be rich and have lots of fans
Have lots of girls to prove that I'm a man
And be No. 1 - and liked by everyone.
Getting drugged up with my trendy friends
They really dig me and I dig them
And the bread I spend - is like my fame - it's quickly
diminished
And there's no more swimming in a guitar shaped pool
No more reporters at my beck and call
No more cocaine, now it's only ground chalk
No more taxis now we'll have to walk
But didn't we have a nice time -
Didn't we have a nice time
Oh wasn't it such a fine time
I realize I should have stuck to my guns
Instead shit out to be one of the bastard sons
And lose myself - I know it was wrong - but it's cost me
a lot
And there's no more drinking when the club shuts
down,
I'm out on my arse with the rest of the clowns
It's really frightening without a bodyguard

So I stay confined to my lonely room

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