

## John Cooper Clarke

### "Beasley Street"

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Far from crazy pavements -  
the taste of silver spoons  
A clinical arrangement  
on a dirty afternoon  
Where the fecal germs of Mr Freud  
are rendered obsolete  
The legal term is null and void  
In the case of Beasley Street

In the cheap seats where murder breeds  
Somebody is out of breath  
Sleep is a luxury they don't need  
- a sneak preview of death  
Belladonna is your flower  
Manslaughter your meat  
Spend a year in a couple of hours  
On the edge of Beasley Street

Where the action isn't  
That's where it is  
State your position  
Vacancies exist  
In an X-certificate exercise  
Ex-servicemen excrete  
Keith Joseph smiles and a baby dies  
In a box on Beasley Street

From the boarding houses and the bedsits  
Full of accidents and fleas  
Somebody gets it  
Where the missing persons freeze  
Wearing dead men's overcoats  
You can't see their feet  
A riff joint shuts - opens up  
Right down on Beasley Street

Cars collide, colours clash  
disaster movie stuff  
For a man with a Fu Manchu moustache  
Revenge is not enough  
There's a dead canary on a swivel seat

There's a rainbow in the road  
Meanwhile on Beasley Street  
Silence is the code

Hot beneath the collar  
an inspector calls  
Where the perishing stink of squalor  
impregnates the walls  
the rats have all got rickets  
they spit through broken teeth  
The name of the game is not cricket  
Caught out on Beasley Street

The hipster and his hired hat  
Drive a borrowed car  
Yellow socks and a pink cravat  
Nothing La-di-dah  
OAP, mother to be  
Watch the three-piece suite  
When shit-stoppered drains  
and crocodile skis  
are seen on Beasley Street

The kingdom of the blind  
a one-eyed man is king  
Beauty problems are redefined  
the doorbells do not ring  
A lightbulb bursts like a blister  
the only form of heat  
here a fellow sells his sister  
down the river on Beasley Street

The boys are on the wagon  
The girls are on the shelf  
Their common problem is  
that they're not someone else  
The dirt blows out  
The dust blows in  
You can't keep it neat  
It's a fully furnished dustbin,  
Sixteen Beasley Street

Vince the ageing savage  
Betrays no kind of life  
but the smell of yesterday's cabbage  
and the ghost of last year's wife  
through a constant haze  
of deodorant sprays  
he says retreat  
Alsations dog the dirty days  
down the middle of Beasley Street

People turn to poison  
Quick as lager turns to piss  
Sweethearts are physically sick  
every time they kiss.  
It's a sociologist's paradise  
each day repeats  
On easy, cheesy, greasy, queasy  
beastly Beasley Street

Eyes dead as vicious fish  
Look around for laughs  
If I could have just one wish  
I would be a photograph  
on a permanent Monday morning  
Get lost or fall asleep  
When the yellow cats are yawning  
Around the back of Beasley Street  
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