

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine

"Midnight On The Murder Mile"

Visit "[Midnight On The Murder Mile](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It was midnight on the murder mile
Wilson Pickett's finest hour
I was walking towards the flashing smile
Of the Crystal Palace Tower
Past the big old church where the hands of God
Were stuck on lucky 7
And the bells inside were limbering up
For a sawn-off-shotgun wedding
Frome gas board to the fire brigade
There's a dozen GPO's
An all night chicken takeaway
Which was finger lickin' closed
As I passed the wonder of good old Woolworth's
My travelcard expired
It was midnight on the murder mile
O.K. let's riot!
In the avenues and alleyways
I took a short-cut to the throat
I was stitched up by the boys brigade
And I was beaten to a pulp
I was marinated, regurgitated

And served up as a cold meat

And as they shoved me in the blender

I remembered Daddy told me

CHORUS

If the concrete and the clay beneath your feet

Don't get you son

The avenues and alleyways are gonna do it

Just for fun

They'll suck you in and they'll spit you out

And leave your family lonely

The telephones on sticks will tell you

999 calls only

But it's too late to call the fire brigade

An ambulance or the cops

I need the Father, Son and Holy Coast Guard

Operator!

Long distance, information get me Jesus on the line

I need communion, confirmation and absolution for my crimes

I need a character witness Jesus I think I'm about to die

I saw my whole life flash before me when the night bus passed me by

It was 3 O'clock on the murder mile

When I came to my senses

And my only death wish was that I had

A sockful of fifty pences

A public execution that the whole neighbourhood could
watch

Or just a phone box, a phone box, my kingdom for a
phone box

CHORUS

Visit [Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.