

Menace

"Suburban Queen"

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Welcome to the city, my suburban queen
Did you find it so exciting, the sub-proletarian scene
Did you watch the dreamers dreaming, staring into thin
air
Always climbing ladders that should not be there?

It's down to you
So don't blame me
It's the age-old story
And it probably was the plan
A suburban queen
And a workin' man

I'm as nutty as a fruit cake, and you're as mad as hell
All my mates are thieving bastards, yours wear Chanel
We moved into a flat near King's Cross, and we had the
time of our lives
But every good party comes to an end sometime

Did you thrive upon our poverty, have orgasms over
our desperation?
And all the time you had a ticket back to that old
suburban station
Where you watch the dreamers dreaming, staring into
thin air
Always climbing ladders that should not be there

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