

The Wildhearts "Down On London"

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Hi! I feel low, like I just don't know which way to go
It's a game, it's a play, and it's waiting to blow any day
'cos I want it, need it, shit it and breathe it
Breaking the thorn in my side
With the hollow views and the last week's news
I'm inclined to be blind out of something to do
CHORUS:

In the
Town - I never get enough of it
Town - I only get too much of it
Town - I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lives go down, I'm so sick of
London town
Cold to the bone, and I still don't know which way is
home
And the chains keep me tied to the parasite city of lies
To the fakers, mimers, two-feet climbers, let's drink a
toast to the town
When the stories rebound try to hold me down, you
Make me thankful for who I am

CHORUS

I used to hear them blowing up the radio, I'd hear the
music and I'd go to see the show
It don't mean much to me, all the same
Like I'm standing in the crowd with only myself to
blame

Yeah, should I go for the throat?
Or just wade through the quicksand?
Of this rock in the wasteland
Instead of sleazing around being a Guns n' Rose
While they're choking on whiskey to complete the pose
Where'd the good times go?

CHORUS

CHORUS

London town x3

Town London town, London town, London town (x3)

