

Dub Sweden

"City Of Evil People"

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Neat houses side by side, in a row, newly brushed
teeth,
In a row. There's nowhere to go, but to follow that
Pretty street, with no turning, nothing's burning, cool
Basswood green gardens, where dogs guarding just to
keep,
To keep you out of there.

City of evil people from your past. You didn't know
where
Else to go. Oh, no.

They notice how you move, and they know, all about
you
Now, even more, always know much more, than you
know
About yourself. All your failures, your weakness, is
Sugar on their tongue, slowly melting and it keeps, it
Keeps their bodies warm.

City of evil people from your past. You didn't know
where
Else to go. Oh, no.

Once again you're big and blond, dull and dumb, those
Things are cut in stone, as you know there's nowhere to
Go, but to follow that pretty street and that strange
Beat, when you heart, is counting every step, every
smile
That you smile, to people that you meet.

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