

Pretenders

"Get Out Of London"

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Hold tight, one day morning wake up yawning
Break an egg, bust my head, maybe it's a warning
Ring on the bell says it's half past eight
Keys in my tea, hey I'm gonna be late

I'm walking on the pavement skipping on the lines
So the bears won't eat me send me to the salt mines
Get on the bus but the bus don't start
My feet are sittin' down my head on the tire
I can't open the window 'cuz there ain't no sun
I think somebody's tellin' me to get out of London

My feet's keep movin' and I don't wear any socks
Can't stop singing, head ting a lingin'
I like my housetop, I think I hit a phone box
Makin' coffins out of bits of no woods

Sellin' tea to the council though I know it's no good to
be a trader
Collaborator, still I rather be a snitch than a cocktail
waiter
Commit my crime now while I'm on my probation later
Okay alright I know I'm doin' wrong but save it till
tomorrow
'Cuz I, get out of London

Last night I left my car keys I settled in to revers in a
night
Of wed and bliss, I had a bee in my body tiger in my tan
I was on my maiden voyage spent my night with a saint
They call me jack of hearts did some one say a name

My mother was the queen of tarts my baby was a head
slave
Parts sellin' records to the red manufacturer
I do myself in public just to get on the action turn to my
face see my
Race is run my cars on fire got to get out of London

Oh you don't wear a suit don't wear a smile
Don't wear my spikes said I only go the mile keep my
hand on my nine

My eye on my mind keep my heat at feet when I'm
racin'
To the front line change bangs racin' on the bits of afar
So I rock my body to the sound of the box
The louder you scream the faster we go

It's an act of battery a boom, boom, boom hands
Still fluttering comin' down soon head banger
Judge thug night of fun slide on my knees
I got to get out of London park

Straight as a crow waiting for my treasure at the lottery
Blues in my pockets rain on the fair the weighs
Are buildin' blacks on a bit of an air

Facin' a photo a beauty is there tears on her cheek
She's livin' a nightmare turn the page to a brand new
leaf resolute
Psycho dude, time to be a z okay we do this tons of
times
Keep out of sync singin' get out of London

Everybody in the lines stuck waitin' for the tube beg like
a puppy dog
Raise like a hedgehog when you come here
Let me tell you the truth tell you a wonder why
They make us look good party
For my friends so they wouldn't be lonely

They wouldn't let me in said it's membership only don't
worry bout me
'Cuz I'm doin' fine standin' on my head
And sittin' on a door mine we get crazy three times a
day
I got to get out of London

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