Well, it's no kind of city

Future Of The Left "Destroywhitchurch.Com"

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That keeps a man waiting for groceries and mobile phones
I've got adverts on the back of my hands
And I'm singing along, oh no
I had no idea evil had such small ambition
You learn something every day
I've got worries in the back of my mind
And they're singing along, oh no

In an attempt to integrate I joined a gang outside the local Spar
But it ended in disaster when they stole my car, oh no Though I ask for destruction
It's quite complicated
I actually mean I want it saved
I've got ulcers on the roof of my mouth but I'm singing along, oh no

Bring your children to the child-thing
Tie your placards to your bombs
Now we know we cannot profit
We should be more literal
First we organize the parents
Then we arm them with our jam
Next we send them to environmental health inspectors
While we make our stand
No free lunch
No free lunch

Craig - walk across the room to the computer
Put your fat fingers on the keyboard
And begin to type
W-h-i-t church
Started off with a mistake, an honest mistake
But nonetheless an error, an err
A French pigeon
D (D) e (e) s (s) t (t) - r-o-y spells roy
As in a disappointing insurance salesman
Who you dismiss from your drive
With a flick of your pudding hand

And he disappears in a fright
Through the door of a green Honda Civic
A broken man
And you think about where he came from
And you think about where he'll stay
And you think about where he'll stay
DestroyWhitChurch.com
I tried to show my full support
I tried to find the right domain name

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