

## **Ray Davies**

# **"Dead End Street"**

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There's a crack up in the ceiling  
And the kitchen sink is leaking  
Out of work and got no money  
A Sunday joint of bread and honey

What are we living for?  
Two-roomed apartment on the second floor  
No money coming in  
The rent collector's knocking, trying to get in

We are strictly second class  
And we don't understand

Dead end, why we should be on dead end street?  
Dead end, people are living on dead end street  
Dead end, don't wanna die on dead end street

Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Head to my feet, yeah

On a cold and frosty morning  
Wipe my eyes and stop me yawning  
And my feet are nearly frozen  
Boil the tea and put some toast on

What are we living for?  
Two-roomed apartment on the second floor  
No chance to emigrate  
I'm deep in debt and now it's much too late

We both want to work so hard  
But we can't get the chance

Dead end, people are living on dead end street  
Dead end, people are dying on dead end street  
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street

Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah

Head to my feet, yeah

We are strictly second class  
And we don't understand

Dead end, why we should be on dead end street  
Dead end, people are dying on dead end street  
Dead end, gonna die on dead end street

Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Head to my feet, yeah

Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah

How do you feel?  
I feel okay  
Are you sure?  
Absolutely

Where'd you live?  
Glasgow  
Nice working with you  
The pleasure's all mine  
Cheers, no problem

Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Dead end street, yeah  
Head to my feet, yeah

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