

Amy Macdonald

"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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