

Business, The "Panic"

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Panic on the streets of London
Panic on the streets of Birmingham
I wonder to myself
Could life ever be sane again
On the Leeds side streets that you slip down
I wonder to myself

Hopes may rise on the Grasmeres
But listen now, you're not safe here
So you run down to the safety of the town
But there's panic on the streets of
Carlisle, Dublin, Dundee, Humberside

Burn down the disco
Hang the D.J.
Because the music that they constantly play
Says nothing to me about my life
Hang the D.J.
Because the music they constantly play
On the Leeds side streets that you slip down
On the provincial towns that you jog 'round

Hang the D.J.
Hang the D.J.
Hang the D.J.

Hang the D.J.

(Repeat)

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