

The Wild

"Greetings From Shitsville"

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The paper's hanging off the walls, there's 'roaches
dancing in the halls
You still pay your fortune to crawl down misery street
The euthanasia dream brigade are melting in the
Hampstead shade
The zombies of life they parade down misery street

CHORUS:

So come on over with something to do , baby, I need
the company
Greetings now from Shitsville, NW3
Why do we stay here, God only knows - it's not the
scenery
Greetings now from Shitsville, NW3
Greetings now from Shitsville, London

And all my neighbours disappear the second that I get
too near
I stick out like elephant ears on misery street
It gets so hard to sleep at night, the left of me the
[drunks/drugs] still fight
While sirens scream off to the right down misery street

CHORUS

The heating's set to sauna and the carpet's getting thin
My vacuum cleaner's blowing out instead of sucking in
I drink myself to coma so that sleep escapes the din
And start this shit all over again...
So now I got a brand new day to tackle in the same old
way
The ducking and diving of bills that arrive in their
seemingly hundreds to pay

CHORUS

Greetings now from Shitsville, London (x3)

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