

Kinks, The

"Yours Sincerely, Confuse N10"

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Dear Sir or Madam
I dont normally write to the press,
But the neighbourhood where I grew up
Is really quite depressed.
Society is crumbling
But the media's obsessed
With boobs, bums, dot com millionaires,
Fame, fashion, ftse shares.
But people people, they couldnt care less.

While parliamentary yobbos
Shout abuse around the house,
Do-Gooders and reformers
Lead our nation to defeat,
While murderers and terrorists
Get compassionate release.
'You're out now',
You're back on the street.
Yeah, back on the street.

Thats why
I remain
Yours truly
Confused, N10.

I close my eyes and lay back
And I think of England.
I dream about that green and pleasant land
We knew as England.
That throne of kings,
That sceptered isle,
Set in a silver sea
Has turned into a laughing stock
Divided without harmony.

Thats why
I remain
Yours truly
Confused, N10.

The burglars have ransacked

All the houses in the street,
Whilst mercs and porsches double-park
With sheer impunity.
When towed away the ponces plead
To all and sundry
Referee!
What about me?

So forgive my lack of confidence
And total low-esteem,
But the dog eat dog society
Has deemed us all has-beens.
And smiling _____ skinned (?) doctors
Slyly lead us down the track
To a stab in the back.

Im much too terrified to go out at night
But the televisions boring.
They're vandalising all the cars on the street
But I wont lay down and take defeat.
ba-ba ba ba ba
ba ba ba
ba-ba ba ba

Thats why
I remain
Yours truly
Confused, N10.

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