

Kinks, The

"Yours Truly, Confused N10"

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Dear sir or madame, I don't 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, footsie shares
But people they couldn't 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 yeh, back on
the street.

That's 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 sceptred isle set in a silver
sea
Has turned into a laughing stock divided without
harmony.

That's why I remain yours truly, confused N10

The burglars have ransacked all the houses in the
street
While Mercs and Posches 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.
While our smiling bland spin doctors slyly lead us down
the track
to a stab in the back.

I'm much too terrified to go out at night but the
television's boring.
They're vandalising all the cars on the street
but I won't lay down and take defeat.

That's why I remain yours truly, confused N10

Thank you goodnight

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