

## **Underworld "Ring Road"**

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I want you to be the way I want you to be and when  
you're not it hurts me like shredded tape, something  
sticky for security wrapped tight around a metal box to  
imitate security there's a blue sky over me but the fear  
is on me.

In a place where ball games are strictly forbidden  
luxury two bedroomed apartments overlook the traffic  
lights next to the rails it's a hot day, it's a, it's a hot day  
a lazy day for some but I'm bringing from the inside all  
these things I see a wall, I know it's gonna fall down  
maybe hurt somebody after it's been tagged I fly post  
it, it's a rush job, it looks good for long enough Knock  
'em out, sell 'em, move on, it's a fast buck and the race  
is on to get in, get out, get what you want, get out it's  
the short term, the long term can look after itself  
unless you happen to be living here, I've gotta stop.

People are squinting to block out the sun complaining  
or soaking it up, praying for rain the next minute for a  
scorched earth what's it worth, enough is never  
enough, let's have a little moan put the world to rights,  
sit back and watch it all slide by it's a view from a train,  
pay somebody else to drive see the suits, I see the  
suits sunning themselves on the steps of the  
supermarket and I think of you when I'm alone like this  
burning from the inside.

I found a new door, I didn't know where it went I went  
through, I came out in this shopping mall where boys  
wear England shirts and West Ham shirts and Arsenal  
shirts and the boys from Dagenham wear jackets  
called Harlem grinning at the door of the Anne  
Summers sex shop it's St. Georges day and all the old  
people smile, the young people look hungry looking for  
a new door I'm in the sun at the back of the shops  
where the purple wheelie bins are pushed up against  
the doors that say "fire exit"  
the smell of grease, there's a broken glass thing under  
my feet the boys stop for a smoke in the sun and watch  
girls cross from the job centre to the station a drunk  
stands in the door of a pub, a bunch of pea sticks in

one hand a cheery carrier bag hanging in the other,  
hanging in the other.

Girls in England shirts read the papers and giggle at  
the table in a cafe offering home made dinners, it's  
good food, but your clothes come out smelling of  
grease I got my back to the rail at the end of the alley  
by the by-pass you might just see me scratching all  
these things inking it out, deliver us from temptation  
and doubt there's an abandoned trolley called safe and  
radio one on and on and on and on and on and on and  
on and another England shirt out in the sun spring falls  
in pink on the black top and cracks black and yellow  
tape covers the scene of a break in and every time I  
think of you I get my peace back.

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