

# Child Of The Jago

Kaiser Chiefs

This is your nightmare calling  
It's the downside of life in the city  
Trouble will always find you  
That's the problem of life in the city  
It's always a pity  
That someone goes under

I'll show you the worse side of life  
That you thought was forgotten forever  
It's not that it's evil there  
But it's always lurking around  
Like a child of the Jago  
A child of the Jago  
Yeah yeah

The city's a cemetery  
Everywhere that you dig is another  
Open it up beneath you  
And the bad things are pulling you under  
And once you go under  
You're gone and forgotten

Some of the symmetry  
Between the rooftop pools in the sewer  
It's easy to disappear  
When you know that nobody would miss you  
Like a child of the Jago  
A child of the Jago  
Yeah yeah

There's always been weary souls  
That look like they're straight out of fiction  
Wretched and weather-beaten  
With the wind blowing rain in their faces  
It always disgraces  
In most modern places

There's always a worse kind of place  
Where it will shock even the sick and the twisted  
Pocket is there for the picking  
And the clothes are for living on church day  
The difference is minor  
To a child of the Jago  
Yeah yeah

The future is medieval  
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Yeah yeah

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