

Summer On The Underground

A

It's summer on the underground
So much sweat a man could drown
There's a panic on the overland
And London Bridge is falling down

The temperature is 92
It's baking in the vocal booth
All the tourists come in June
There's so many you can't move
There's people getting rich today
There's people that they've got to pay
There's lots of places I could go
We should be rocking in the studio

Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away
Don't feel like driving today, I feel like getting away

Dalston is a wicked place
At weekends it gets off its face
And everybody calls you mate
But do they really want to know?
The drinks machine is running out
And please don't use that ticket touts
The ladies have it all on show
We should be rocking in the studio

Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away
Don't feel like driving today, I feel like getting away

On my feet for a week thinking nobody cares
And I can't get to sleep thinking nobody shares
Are you taking to me? Get out of the way
We walk on the left and good manners are free
You don't have to pay
You know you just can't see, everything in a day,
Yeah I'm talking to you! Me? Yeah yeah I know

Back Here On The Underground
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