

I remember thinking murder in the car
Watching dogs somersault
Through sprinkles on tiny laws
I remember the graffiti, we are your children
Coming in with spray cans of paint
I remember the sunset and the plains of cement
And the way the nights seems to turn the colour
of orangeade

In this town cellular phones are hot with thieves
In this town we all go to terminal pubs
It helps us sweat out those angry bits of life
From this town the English Army grind
Their teeth to glass
You'll get kicked tonight
Smell of puke and piss
Smell of puke and piss on your stillettoes

Here comes the panic attack
My heart stops then starts
Give me a drink
I'll drink your round
I'll take you round the pole
It's cold up here
You'll catch the flu or you'll catch the city
Either way, you'll catch the flu
Or you'll catch the city