You can't see the moon above the city The sky is always full of clouds Even when the sun's gone down It's like living on the underground Black and white in shades of brown And you can't breathe the air in the city With the fumes of cars and factories Your lungs ain't what they're used to be Breathe in the new complacency At least it's good for industry At least it's smells like home At least it's smells like home And you can't get a job in the city With all the new technology Robots run the factories It's sanitized economy Robots don't get lung disease In the cit-ty, in the cit-ty-ty In the city you can't get a job In the city you can't get a flat You can't get much of what he's got And he can't get much of that Give you a deal, was fair and square Four walls, ceiling and floor Thing to keep you from getting more In the cit-ty-ty, in the cit-cit-ty-ty How big is that hole around your head? How big is that hole around your town? How big is that hole around your lifestyle? - lifestyle How big is that hole around your head? How big is that hole around your town? How big is that hole around your ... ... the ideas of pulling it all down Pulling it all down, pulling it all down, pulling it all down And you can't get healthy in the city The sky is so grey It's like forty fags a day And the water is hard beneath the foam The despondency inside Merely reflects the concrete sky So let's go out Let's stay in - at least it smells like home