

London Town

Darkbuster

Friday night
The boys are tight
And they're gonna drink til their livers explode,
or the money's all gone
Just passed two o'clock and the lads are ready to rock
Where'll they get their bitters(??)
And where'll they drink their ale?

In some crowded dingy pub
Into the wee of the morning
They'll drink until they drown
Way down in London Town
Way down, down in London Town

Just passed two AM and the lads are at it again
They're all pissed and they're fallin' on their ass
And next Friday night I'll bet there'll be a fight
Drunken foolish bitter hooligans

In some crowded dingy pub
Into the wee of the morning
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Way down in London Town
Way down, down in London Town
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