

# Something's Gotta Blow

Joan Armatrading

Smell of a man  
Smell of musk  
The noise of the train  
From morning till dusk  
The up escalator broken down  
The clothes on my back  
Look like they were taken out of the laundry basket  
To weary to wash  
To weary to wash

Now there's hordes of people  
Pushing and shoving  
Sizzling noises coming out of their ears  
Hold on to the strap  
Or hold on to a stranger  
Hope that stranger's day has not been too hard

Aggression builds up  
When the going is slow  
And you're packed like sardines  
Something's gotta blow

Something's gotta blow  
When you work so hard  
And the sweat pours down on you  
Something's gotta blow  
When your pay don't match  
The work you slave  
And the pain you get

Something's gotta blow  
Please stand on the right  
So I can pass on the left  
Cos Something's gotta blow  
Something's gotta blow  
Something's gotta blow

Dodging the fare  
Ain't worth the crime  
Think of your loved ones  
Whilst you're doing your time  
Being met at the station  
No better thrill  
Than that 4x4 cruiser  
Coming over the hill  
Bringing love and relief  
From the noise and the heat  
From the suicide jumpers  
From that head nodding sleep

From the smell of burgers  
And the rustling of sweets  
Someone lend me your phone  
So I can say which train to meet  
Let me say which train to meet

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