

Child Of The Jago

Kaiser Chiefs

This is your nightmare calling
It's the downside of life in the city
Trouble will always find you
That's the problem of life in the city
It's always a pity
That someone goes under

I'll show you the worse side of life
That you thought was forgotten forever
It's not that it's evil there
But it's always lurking around
Like a child of the Jago
A child of the Jago
Yeah yeah

The city's a cemetery
Everywhere that you dig is another
Open it up beneath you
And the bad things are pulling you under
And once you go under
You're gone and forgotten

Some of the symmetry
Between the rooftop pools in the sewer
It's easy to disappear
When you know that nobody would miss you
Like a child of the Jago
A child of the Jago
Yeah yeah

There's always been weary souls
That look like they're straight out of fiction
Wretched and weather-beaten
With the wind blowing rain in their faces
It always disgraces
In most modern places

There's always a worse kind of place
Where it will shock even the sick and the twisted
Pocket is there for the picking
And the clothes are for living on church day
The difference is minor
To a child of the Jago
Yeah yeah

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