

Economic downturn you can get a job
Apologetic parents you can get a job
Sometimes I'm feeling just like Cupid
With a bow and arrow
And I'm firing it at people who remain too shallow

In the B-R-I-T-I say British Isles
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild

Terror on the pavement, panic in the street
Tension in the twisted silence of our sheets
Sometimes I lie awake for hours feeling so synthetic
While my eyes are screaming out for something way more epic

It's the B-R-I-T-I say British Isles
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild
Terribly bold they try so hard
Never look up to see the stars
In the B-R-I-T-I say British Isles

Leeds screaming Bristol torn
Belfast and Hull forlorn
Oxford dreaming in denial
With all it's gleaming spires

Stoke bleeding Glasgow yawns
Dundee and Cardiff mourn
York breaking Sheffield cries
All fears are multiplied

In the B-R-I-T-I say British Isles
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