

Voice moaning in a speaker  
Never really get too close  
Only a gimmick pointed fingers  
Never more serious sight  
Wouldn't waste the effort on entertainment  
Out of control - mob running wild  
All you ever get is all you steal  
Side of London that the tourists never see  
Angle ambience

Chant  
(Mob, War, Kill, Hate)  
(Love, War, Fear, Hate) YOU DECIDE!

Don't know why I bother  
There's nothing in it for me  
The more I see the less I get  
The likes of you and me are  
An embarrassment

Chant

It's not important  
It's not worth a mention in The Guardian  
Every librarian has its theory  
Chant chant angle ambience

Chant

Voice moaning in a speaker

Chant