

Mile End

Pulp

We didn't have nowhere to live
We didn't have nowhere to go
Till someone said:
"I know this place off Burnett Road"
It was on the 15th floor
It had a board across the door
It took an hour
To pry it off and get inside
It smelt as if someone had died
The living room was full of flies
The kitchen sink was blocked
The bathroom sink not there at all
Oh, it's a mess alright
Yes, it's Mile End

And now we're living in the sky
I never thought I'd live so high
Just like heaven
(If it didn't look like hell)
The lift is always full of piss
The fifth-floor landing smells of fish
Not just on Fridays
Every single other day!
And all the kids come out at night
They kick a ball and have a fight
And maybe shoot somebody if they lose at pool
Oh, it's a mess alright
Yes, it's Mile End

Nobody wants to be your friend
'cause "you're not from round here", oh
(As if that was
Something to be proud about!)
The pearly king of the Isle of Dogs
Feels up children in the bogs
And down by the playing fields
Someone sets a car on fire
I guess you have to go right down
Before you understand just how
How low
How low a human being can go
Oh, it's a mess alright
Yes it's mile end

Mile end