

# Dead End Street

Ray Davies

There's a crack up in the ceiling  
And the kitchen the  
Other work ain't got no money  
I song to join the bread and honey.

What are we livin' for?  
Two room department on the second floor  
No money coming in, and red collectors are try to get in.

We are straight the second class  
And the door on the stairs (dead end)  
Why we should be on dead end street  
(Dead end) people are living on dead end street  
(Dead end) don't wanna die on dead end street  
Dead end street, dead end street  
Dead end street, head to my feet.

All my frost morning  
Wipe my eyes and stop me onion  
And my feet are nearly frozen  
And put some toast on.

What are we livin' for?  
Two room department on the second floor  
No chance to emigrate  
And different...now it's much too late.

We both want to work so hard but we can't  
Can't be changed.

(Dead end) people are living on dead end street  
(Dead end) don't wanna die on dead end street  
Dead end, people are dyin on dead end street  
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street  
Dead end street, dead end street  
Dead end street head to my feet.

Uh uh

We are second and we're on the

(Dead end) people are living on dead end street  
(Dead end) don't wanna die on dead end street  
Dead end, people are dyin on dead end street  
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street  
Dead end street, dead end street  
Dead end street head to my feet.

Dead end street, dead end street  
Dead end street, dead end street  
How do you feel?  
I feel okay  
Are you sure?  
Absolutely.  
Where do you live?  
Nice working with you  
The pleasure is all mine.

Tschus!  
No problem.

Dead end street, dead end street  
Dead end street head to my feet.