

# Yours Truly Confused N10

Ray Davies

Dear sir or madam, I don't normally write to the press  
But the neighborhood where I grew up is really quite depressed  
Society is crumbling but the media's obsessed with boobs, bums  
Dot-com millionaires, fame, fashion, FTSE shares  
But people they couldn't care less

While parliamentary yobbos shout abuse around the house  
Do-gooders and reformers lead our nation to defeat  
While murderers and terrorists get compassionate release  
You're out now, you're back on the street, yeah, back on the street

That's why I remain yours truly, confused N10

I close my eyes and lay back and I think of England  
I dream about that green and pleasant land we knew as England  
That throne of kings, that sceptred isle set in a silver sea  
Has turned into a laughing stock divided without harmony

That's why I remain yours truly, confused N10

The burglars have ransacked all the houses in the street  
While Mercs and Posches double park with sheer impunity  
When towed away the ponces plead to all and sundry  
Referee, what about me?

So forgive my lack of confidence and total low esteem  
But the dog eat dog society has deemed us all has-beens  
While our smiling bland spin doctors slyly lead us down the track  
To a stab in the back

I'm much too terrified to go out at night but the television's boring  
They're vandalizing all the cars on the street  
But I won't lay down and take defeat

That's why I remain yours truly, confused N10

Thank you, goodnight