

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