

# Lotteryland

Richard Thompson

That's the place I used to work  
When I was a wild, young turk  
It's now the Museum of Industry  
Schoolkids get in for free

Brickworks-smell of rotten eggs  
Rubber works poured out the dregs  
Now it smells of Dettol and pee  
Lotteryland's the place to be

Where the steelmill used to stand  
There's a park in Lotteryland  
Be a pram-pusher on parole  
Go windsurfing on the dole

They can put you right to sleep  
Better than Brookside or The Street  
It's lucky numbers, one, two three  
Lotteryland's the place to be

We don't care who runs the shop  
Left wing, right wing, curse the lot  
A million quid talks sense to me  
Lotteryland's the place to be

Now gone is dirt and gone is strife  
And gone is struggle and gone is life  
"Shove it, mate, I'm busy see"  
Lotteryland's the place to be

Now we triple lock the doors  
Streets are full of thieves and whores  
In a padded cell eternity  
Lotteryland's the place to be  
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