I wake up every day, But I don't want it that way I take my thoughts to the round about Cause me and them we like to get out Oh what you do in your head, You do in your head Oh if he is dead He said he had a horrible house I looked in it and learnt to shut my mouth He said I had the luck of a son With all the love and poison of London Oh what you do in your head You do in your head Oh if he is dead Oh what you do in your head You do in your head Oh if he is dead...