

## City Of London

The Mekons

I had no idea where I was going  
How I lived or what I did here  
hie yawning guifbetween  
Hangs like a rope from a wooden beam  
Breathing life into these stone-cold lips  
Putting gas in this battered old stretch limousine  
City of London

Above this unquiet grave  
I smell the smell of decay  
And stumble through the streets of grey  
It never rains but it sometimes does  
Please, sir, can I have some more?  
How long can you carry on?  
Till the empire's built and die empire's gone  
City of London

Ten square miles of hurt and how the dirt is done

City of London, take off your clothes  
City of London, tip your hat  
And show me your balding scalp  
The empire's gone

Go directly to the graveyard  
Sling your hook along the way  
Do not pause to ask directions  
there are no signs along die way

Do not ask friends or strangers  
They will not know the way  
Your whole life flashes before you  
In the most unsatisfactory way  
Drink and drugs, they weren't the problem  
Weren't what got you in the end  
City of London

10 square miles of hurt and how the dirt is done

Sometimes you see things and you know they're evil  
Like a face, or a dog, or a place  
I've got problems you wouldn't believe  
But I'm not quite ready to talk about them

City of London, take off your clothes  
City of London, tip your hat  
And show me your balding scalp  
the empire's gone