

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