

## This Town

## The Partisans

I wake up thank fuck its raining  
This town keeps me complaining  
Right now I don't know if I belong here anymore

Sometime's I've had enough  
So I'll keep saying it all to them  
When things start getting tough  
I'll just keep playing the council pricks  
Back handed, deal with it, Grey suited  
But I am not alone

Car parks and office spaces  
I see the same old faces  
And the voice at the county hall  
Gets me down and out again

Don't account for no one anymore  
The un elected business whore  
Get a grant to help fill out a form  
And they says that's OK