

Panic

The Puppini Sisters

Panic on the streets of London
Panic on the streets of Birmingham
I wonder to myself

Could life ever be sane again
On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
I wonder to myself

Don't you know that hopes may rise on the Grasmere?
But Honey Pie, you're not safe here
So you run down to the safety of the town

But there's panic on the streets of Carlisle
Oh, Dublin, Dundee, Humberside
I wonder to myself

Burn down the disco, hang the blessed DJ
Because the music that they constantly play
Says nothing to me about my life

Hang the blessed DJ
Because the music they constantly play
On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
On the provincial towns that you jog 'round

Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ
Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ
Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ