Pearse's observations on urban life after hearing "Country Living is Grand" on Padraig Stevens' album, Sound! Bah, blah, blah.

The citys all stuffy but I like fast food Waiting on buses, going down the tubes You get used to the noise, the fumes from The cars
I don't know the last time that
I looked at the stars

Blah blah blah

Looking for income, looking for hope Most times you're treated like a bit of a joke There's nothing so bad that couldn't be worse They say one man's blessing's another man's curse

Blah, blah, blah

going to the market
going to the pub
you go to your boss and you
ask for a sub
we cycled all over, seen all the sight
but I like nothing better than the hot city nights

blah blah blah

trying it make contact but there's no-one at home they're all out to lunch and they've switched off their phones searching and searching, what do you get total frustration, surfing the net

blah balh blah

concrete drives you crazy my mind is getting lazy give me your answer daily give mE your answer do things are getting hAzy you know it isn't aisy I'll be over maisie Cock a doodle do

Blah blah blah blah

Blah blah blah blah blah

Copyright D.Carton/L.Moran/P.Doherty/P.Stevens