

Down On London

The Wildhearts

Hi, I feel low, like I just don't know which way to go
It's a game, it's a play, and it's waiting to blow any day
You gotta want it, need it, shit it and breathe it
Breaking the thorn in my side
With the hollow views and the last week's news
I'm inclined to be blind out of something to do

In the (town), I never get enough of it
(Town), I only get too much of it
(Town), I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lights go down,
I'm so sick of London town

Cold to the bone, and I still don't know which way is home
And the chains keep me tied to the parasite city of lies
To the fakers, mimers, two-foot climbers,
Let's drink a toast to the damned
When the stories abound trying to hold me down
You make me thankful for who I am

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I used to hear them blowing up the radio,
I'd hear the music and I'd go to see the show
It don't mean much to me, all the same
Like I'm standing in the crowd with only myself to blame
Yeah, should I go for the throat?
Or just wade through the quicksand?
Of this rock 'n' roll wasteland
Instead of sleazing around being a Guns n' Rose
While they're choking on whiskey to complete the pose
Where'd the good times go?

London (town), I never get enough of it
(Town), I only get too much of it
(Town), I'm falling out of love with it
The price goes up, the lights go down,
I'm so sick of London
(Town), I never get enough of it
(Town), I just get too much of it
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The price goes up, the lights go down,
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London town
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Town, London town, London town, London town
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