

# Greetings From Shitsville

The Wildhearts

The paper's hanging off the walls,  
There's 'roaches dancing in the halls  
You still pay a fortune and crawl down Misery Street  
The euthanasia dream brigade  
Are melting in the Hampstead shade  
The zombies of life they parade down Misery Street

So come on over with something to do baby  
I need the company  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Why do we stay here?  
God only knows!  
It's not the scenery!  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Greetings now from Shitsville, London

And all my neighbours disappear  
The second that I get too near  
I stick out like elephant ears on Misery Street  
It gets so hard to sleep at night,  
The left of me the drunks still fight  
While sirens scream off to the right down Misery Street

So come on over with something to do baby  
I need the company  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Why do we stay here?  
God only knows!  
It's not the scenery!  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Greetings now from Shitsville, London

The heating's set on sauna  
And the carpet's getting thin  
My vacuum cleaner's blowing out  
Instead of sucking in  
I drink myself to coma  
So that sleep escapes the din  
And start this shit all over again...

So now I got a brand new day  
To tackle in the same old way  
The ducking and diving of bills that arrive  
In their seemingly hundreds to pay

So come on over with something to do baby  
I need the company  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Why do we stay here?  
God only knows!  
It's not the scenery!  
Greetings now from Shitsville, North West Three  
Greetings now from Shitsville, London  
Greetings now from Shitsville, London  
Greetings now from Shitsville, London  
The Wild  
Tisťeno z [www.txp.cz](http://www.txp.cz)