

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

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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

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The Wild