

Different to Me

Wire

Well I wonder what's going on,
same old stuff suppose,
not quite right that,
the stuff's the same,
but it seems different to me,
seems like the cancer in this city,
has got to be terminal,
I haven't got it though.

Incidentally where are you?

Thought you lived here,
the bright lights have got you,
I'd rather be a sprat than a mackerel,
you can slip through the net,
it's set.

It also takes one to catch one