

# V. Thirteen

## Big Audio Dynamite

Good morning Sodom and Gomorrah, good morning sinners  
No, that wasn't your radio set on the bleep again  
Sodom and Gomorrah, let the DJ play  
'Cos I'm only gone tomorrow and here today

Lotta rockheads on the block  
Dougie died and Sue got frocked  
If the stove is hot, then I ain't lost  
And Rosa says my star is crossed

Little Jamie writes V. Thirteen  
Comes in by the door, goes out by screen  
He don't listen to me, he knows everything  
Girls on the avenue ask me to sing

Sodom and Gomorrah, let the DJ play  
'Cos I'm only gone tomorrow and here today

The paper drags and folds me down  
Like a paper cup, I fly around  
I've been eating food that ain't been checked  
And the Russian rain is beating down my neck

Screen blackout on the southern war  
Cue talk breakdown on point forty four  
There must be a place, the preacher says, "I guess"  
But a drifter will tell you, no place is best

Shout for all the people who have nothing to say  
'Cos we're only gone tomorrow and here today

Was a one-off dirt jam when England came good  
One night in a thousand, they've played knock on wood  
We used to go roamin', go roamin' around  
When you don't look for something, it's sure to be found

Sodom and Gomorrah, let the DJ play  
'Cos I'm only gone tomorrow and here today  
Shout for all the people who have nothing to say

'Cos we're only gone tomorrow and here today

Sodom and Gomorrah, let the DJ play  
'Cos I'm only gone tomorrow and here today  
Yes, I'm only gone tomorrow and here today  
Sodom and Gomorrah, this is London gov

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