

Hideous Towns

The Sundays

Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
I'll join the army, the Salvation Army but it didn't help
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
I joined the army, but it drove me barmy and it didn't help
Hideous towns make me throw up Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
I went into service with the Civil Service but it didn't help
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
I went into service but it made me nervous and it didn't help
Ooh, hideous towns made me throw up And sticks and stones may break my bones
But words will just finish me off, yeah near enough Oh oh, my hopeless youth it's so uncouth
And oh, I'd like to be in history
I said oh in my hopeless youth just so uncouth
So there you go and now you know
But just please don't Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
I went to the circus, Piccadilly Circus, it was very strange
Don't ask me why, 'cause I don't know why
Never one to roam, I took the first bus home, and I haven't changed
Ooh, hideous towns made me throw up And I know sticks and stones may break my bones
But words will just finish me off, yeah near enough
Yes they do Said oh, my hopeless youth it's so uncouth
Said oh, and I'd like to be in history
Said oh in my, hopeless youth it's just so uncouth
So there you go, and now you know
But just please don't.... please, please, please
Said oh, yeah my hopeless youth just so, damn, oh oh
Yeah my hopeless youth is really very young
Just really very young

Songwriters

DAVID GAVURIN, HARRIET WHEELER Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>