

# Panic

## The Smiths

Panic on the streets of London  
Panic on the streets of Birmingham  
I wonder to myself could life ever be sane again?  
The Leeds side-streets that you slip down  
I wonder to myself Hopes may rise on the Grasmere  
But Honey Pie, you're not safe here  
So you run down to the safety of the town  
But there's Panic on the streets of Carlisle  
Dublin, Dundee, Humberside, I wonder to myself Burn down the disco, hang the blessed DJ  
Because the music that they constantly play  
It says nothing to me about my life  
Hang the blessed DJ  
Because the music they constantly play On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down  
Provincial towns you jog 'round Hang the DJ  
Hang the DJ  
Hang the DJ

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