

Lonesome Street

Blur

What do you got?
Mass produced in somewhere hot
You'll have to go on the Underground
To get things done here
(And then you have to see)
If you need a yellow duck, service done
This is a place to come to,
Or, well, it was
I know a hot spot oh oh
Crossing on the guillotine And if you have nobody left to rely on
I'll hold you in my arms and let you drift
It's got to be that time again
And June, June will be over soon again So get yourself up, get a past glitch on your way
There's nothing to be ashamed of
Taking off again
The 514 to East Grinstead
(You've sent me off to see) (we're going up, up, up, up, up)
Coursing on our greatest night
And talking types will let us down, again
Talk, talk on your arse all night
You wanna be there Step inside the tarmac ride
To the land that crime forgot
Oh, just don't go there
Cracks inside the tarmac ride
To the land that crime forgot, oh no And if you have nobody left to rely on
I'll hold you in my arms and let you drift
Going down to Lonesome Street, ooh
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Lonesome Street, ooh Going down to Lonesome Street, ooh
Lonesome Street, ooh
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