

# The Pandys Are Coming

## Killing Joke

There was a rhyme that wasn't a rhyme  
In a time that wasn't a time  
There was a place that wasn't a place  
There was a race that wasn't a race But I lived in a city no one knew  
Thousands of people, indecisions  
Chained in by sorrow everyone  
Started to wonder how it all begun Waiting for leaders to lead them to pens  
Queues went for miles and millions to come  
Fall of because, write us a few  
Friend kept complaining and joined the queue Still was a place that wasn't a place  
Still was a race that wasn't a race  
Had to find it, it wasn't 'round here  
Such a thought, a simple idea

Songwriters

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