

# Panic

## The Puppini Sisters

Panic on the streets of London  
Panic on the streets of Birmingham  
I wonder to myself Could life ever be sane again  
On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down  
I wonder to myself Don't you know that 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  
Oh, Dublin, Dundee, Humberside  
I wonder to myself Burn down the disco, hang the blessed DJ  
Because the music that they constantly play  
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  
On the provincial towns that you jog 'round Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ  
Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ  
Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ

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