

# Get out of the City

G.B.H.

Get out of the city it's falling apart,  
it's got a stake right through its heart.  
They're queuing for food in huddled drones,  
but it's safe in the larders of those on thrones. So .. .. get out of the city, out of the city,  
get out of the city today.  
Get out of the city,  
out of the city today .. .. now Get out of the city as the sirens squeal,  
high-rise living has lost its appeal.  
The bailiffs giggle and snip with glee,  
as they cut off gas and electricity. Get out of the city, find a new home,  
undernourished kids are getting chilled to the bone.  
The country air is fresh and clean,  
but I'm drowning in a sea of tranquillity.

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