

Dead End Street

Ray Davies

There's a crack up in the ceiling
And the kitchen sink is leaking
Out of work and got no money
A Sunday joint of bread and honey What are we living for?
Two-roomed apartment on the second floor
No money coming in
The rent collector's knocking, trying to get in We are strictly second class
And we don't understand Dead end, why we should be on dead end street?
Dead end, people are living on dead end street
Dead end, don't wanna die on dead end street Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeah On a cold and frosty morning
Wipe my eyes and stop me yawning
And my feet are nearly frozen
Boil the tea and put some toast on What are we living for?
Two-roomed apartment on the second floor
No chance to emigrate
I'm deep in debt and now it's much too late We both want to work so hard
But we can't get the chance Dead end, people are living on dead end street
Dead end, people are dying on dead end street
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeah We are strictly second class
And we don't understand Dead end, why we should be on dead end street
Dead end, people are dying on dead end street
Dead end, gonna die on dead end street Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeah Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah How do you feel?
I feel okay
Are you sure?
Absolutely Where'd you live?
Glasgow
Nice working with you

The pleasure's all mine
Cheers, no problemDead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeah

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