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 honeyWhat are we living for?
Two-roomed apartment on the second floor
No money coming in
The rent collector's knocking, trying to get inWe are strictly second class
And we don't understandDead 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 streetDead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeahOn 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 onWhat 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 lateWe both want to work so hard
But we can't get the chanceDead 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 streetDead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeahWe are strictly second class
And we don't understandDead 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 streetDead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Head to my feet, yeahDead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeah
Dead end street, yeahHow do you feel?
I feel okay
Are you sure?
AbsolutelyWhere'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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