

Beasley Street

John Cooper Clarke

Far from crazy pavements, the taste of silver spoons
A clinical arrangement on a dirty afternoon
Where the faecal germs of Mr. Freud are rendered obsolete
The legal term is null and void in the case of Beasley Street

In the cheap seats where murder breeds, somebody is out of breath
Sleep is a luxury they don't need, a sneak preview of death
Belladonna is your flower, manslaughter your meat
Spend a year in a couple of hours on the edge of Beasley Street

Where the action isn't, that's where it is
State your position, vacancies exist
In an X-certificate exercise, ex-servicemen excrete
Keith Joseph smiles and a baby dies in a box on Beasley Street

From the boarding houses and the bedsits full of accidents and fleas
Somebody gets it where the missing persons freeze
Wearing dead men's overcoats, you can't see their feet
A riff joint shuts, opens up right down on Beasley Street

Cars collide, colours clash, disaster movie stuff
For a man with a Fu Manchu moustache, revenge is not enough
There's a dead canary on a swivel seat, there's a rainbow in the road
Meanwhile on Beasley Street, silence is the code

Hot beneath the collar, an inspector calls
Where the perishing stink of squalor impregnates the walls
The rats have all got rickets, they spit through broken teeth
The name of the game is not cricket, caught out on Beasley Street

The hipster and his hired hat drive a borrowed car
Yellow socks and a pink cravat, nothing la-di-dah
OAP, mother to be, watch the three-piece suite
When shit-stoppered drains and crocodile skis are seen on Beasley Street

The kingdom of the blind, a one-eyed man is king
Beauty problems are redefined, the doorbells do not ring
A lightbulb bursts like a blister, the only form of heat
Where a fellow sells his sister down the river on Beasley Street

The boys are on the wagon, the girls are on the shelf
Their common problem is that they're not someone else
The dirt blows out, the dust blows in, you can't keep it neat
It's a fully furnished dustbin, sixteen Beasley Street

Vince the ageing savage betrays no kind of life
But the smell of yesterday's cabbage and the ghost of last year's wife
Through a constant haze of deodorant sprays he says retreat
Alsations dog the dirty days down the middle of Beasley Street

People turn to poison quick as lager turns to piss
Sweethearts are physically sick every time they kiss
It's a sociologist's paradise, each day repeats
On easy, cheesy, greasy, queasy beastly Beasley Street

Eyes dead as vicious fish look around for laughs
If I could have just one wish I would be a photograph
On a permanent Monday morning get lost or fall asleep
When the yellow cats are yawning around the back of Beasley Street

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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