

Something's Gotta Blow

Joan Armatrading

Smell of a man
Smell of musk
The noise of the train
From morning till dusk
The up escalator broken down
The clothes on my back
Look like they were taken out of the laundry basket
To weary to wash
To weary to wash Now there's hordes of people
Pushing and shoving
Sizzling noises coming out of their ears
Hold on to the strap
Or hold on to a stranger
Hope that stranger's day has not been too hard Aggression builds up
When the going is slow
And you're packed like sardines
Something's gotta blow Something's gotta blow
When you work so hard
And the sweat pours down on you
Something's gotta blow
When your pay don't match
The work you slave
And the pain you get Something's gotta blow
Please stand on the right
So I can pass on the left
Cos Something's gotta blow
Something's gotta blow
Something's gotta blow Dodging the fare
Ain't worth the crime
Think of your loved ones
Whilst you're doing your time
Being met at the station
No better thrill
Than that 4x4 cruiser
Coming over the hill
Bringing love and relief
From the noise and the heat
From the suicide jumpers
From that head nodding sleep From the smell of burgers

And the rustling of sweets
Someone lend me your phone
So I can say which train to meet
Let me say which train to meetSomething's gotta blow
When you work so hard
And the sweat pours down on you
Something's gotta blow
When your pay don't match
The work you slave
And the pain you getSomething's gotta blow
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