Dead End Street (feat. Amy MacDonald)

Ray Davies

There's a crack up in the ceiling
And the kitchen the
Other work ain't got no money
I song to join the bread and honey.What are we livin' for?
Two room department on the second floor
No money coming in, and red collectors are try to get in.We are straight the second class
And the door on the stairs (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, dead end street
Dead end street, head to my feet.All my frost morning
Wipe my eyes and stop me onion
And my feet are nearly frozen
And put some toast on.What are we livin' for?
Two room department on the second floor
No chance to emigrate
And different..now it's much too late.We both want to work so hard but we can't
Can't be changed.(Dead end) people are living on dead end street
(Dead end)don't wanna die on dead end street
Dead end, people are dyin on dead end street
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street
Dead end street, dead end street
Dead end street head to my feet.Uh uhWe are second and we're on the(Dead end) people are living on dead end street
(Dead end)don't wanna die on dead end street
Dead end, people are dyin on dead end street
Dead end, I'm gonna die on dead end street
Dead end street, dead end street
Dead end street head to my feet.Dead end street, dead end street
Dead end street, dead end street
How do you feel?
I feel okay
Are you sure?
Absolutely.
Where do you live?
Nice working with you
The pleasure is all mine.
Tschus!

No problem.Dead end street, dead end street
Dead end street head to my feet.

Songwriters
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