

# Berkshire Poppies

## Traffic

So many people  
With nothing to do  
Hundreds of buildings  
That block out my view  
Watched by a tramp  
With a hole in his shoe  
Standing alone  
On the corner  
He's thinking that work  
Is all a big joke  
While he looks in the gutter  
For something to smoke  
And two hundred kids  
In one red mini  
Scream down the street  
Fully loaded  
Day in the city  
Oh, what a pity  
I could be in Berkshire  
Where the poppies are so pretty  
I could be in Berkshire  
Where the poppies are so pretty  
I wish that  
I was there  
I wanna make  
It out of there  
People like sardines  
Packed in a can  
Waiting for Christmas  
That's made in Japan  
And I'm having trouble  
With my apple flan  
Sat in the cafe  
On the corner  
I walk through the green gates  
And into the park  
Where murderers crawl  
After girls in the dark  
Down by the shed  
I heard a remark  
I turned on but no one  
Could hear me, no one  
Day in the city  
Oh, what a pity  
I could be in Berkshire  
Where the poppies are so pretty  
I could be in Berkshire  
Where the poppies are so pretty  
I wish that  
I was there  
I wanna make  
It out of there  
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