

# Greetings from Shitsville

## Wildhearts

the paper's hanging off the walls, there's 'roaches dancing in the halls

you still pay your fortune to crawl down misery street

the euthanasia dream brigade are melting in the Hampstead shade

the zombies of life they parade down misery street

CHORUS:  
so come on over with something to do , baby, I need the company

greetings now from Shitsville, NW3

why do we stay here, God only knows - it's not the scenery

greetings now from Shitsville, NW3

greetings now from Shitsville, London and all my neighbours disappear the second that I get too near

I stick out like elephant ears on misery street

it gets so hard to sleep at night, the left of me the [drunks/drugs] still fight

while sirens scream off to the right down misery street

CHORUS the heating's set to sauna and the carpet's getting thin

my vacuum cleaner's blowing out instead of sucking in

I drink myself to coma so that sleep escapes the din

and start this shit all over again...

so now I got a brand new day to tackle in the same old way

the ducking and diving of bills that arrive in their seemingly hundreds to pay

CHORUS greetings now from Shitsville, London (x3)

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