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 streetCHORUS:
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, Londonand 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 streetCHORUSthe 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 payCHORUSgreetings now from Shitsville, London (x3)

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