London Lady

The Stranglers

Little lady
With Dingwall's bullshit
You're so stupid
Foetid brainwaves
Little lady
What really happens
When you see mirrors
You get the shivers

Ah!

Making love to
The Mersey Tunnel
With a sausage, have you ever been to Liverpool?
Please don't talk much
It burns my ears
Tonight you've talked for a thousand years

Plastic's real when you're real sick
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Plastic's real when you're real sick
Plastic's real when you're real sick
Plastic's real when you're real sick
Plastic's real when you're real sick

Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about
Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about

Oh London Lady
Why did you lay me?
Your head is crowded
With the names you've hounded
The lines around your
Eyes they show me
You realize the party's over London Lady
Party's over London Lady

Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about

Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about

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