Panic

The Smiths

Panic on the streets of London
Panic on the streets of Birmingham
I wonder to myself could life ever be sane again?
The Leeds side-streets that you slip down
I wonder to myself
Hopes may rise on the Grasmere
But Honey Pie, you're not safe here
So you run down to the safety of the town
But there's Panic on the streets of Carlisle
Dublin, Dundee, Humberside, I wonder to myself
Burn down the disco, hang the blessed DJ
Because the music that they constantly play
It says nothing to me about my life
Hang the blessed DJ
Because the music they constantly play
On the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
Provincial towns you jog 'round
Hang the DJ
Hang the DJ
Hang the DJ
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