No Time For Tears

The Enemy

The morning after the revolution
PC 1525 told me there was no real solution
Bruised ribs and a ripped up jacket
Money all in the road, sat by with a big fat Mac
Screaming while I'm on my way homeWe're gonna get out the city
We're gonna get out the way
We've got cash in the kitty
We're gonna get on a planeWe're gonna get out the city
We're gonna get out the way
We've got cash in the kitty
We're gonna get on a plane
Gotta get on, gotta get onThere's no time for tears
When you live in the real world
There's no time for tears
When you live in the real worldGettin' back to a empty flat
Hacked up and even more
Screwed up wrappers from a take away dinner
Scattered all over the floor
This isn't glamorous, it's not rock and roll
This is England on a Saturday night
This is a nation's soulWe're gonna get out the city
We're gonna get out the way
We've got cash in the kitty
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