Strange Town

The Browning

Found myself in a strange town
Though I've only been here for three weeks now
I've got blisters on my feet
Trying find a friend in Oxford Street
I bought an A to Z guide book
Trying to find the clubs and YMCAs
But when you ask in a strange town
They say don't know, don't care
And I've got to go, mate

They worry themselves about feeling low
They worry themselves about the dreadful snow
They all ignore me 'cause they don't know
I'm really a spaceman from those UFOs

You've got to move in a straight line
You've got to walk and talk in four four time
You can't be weird in a strange town
You'll be betrayed by your accent and manners

You've got to wear the right clothes
Be careful not to pick or scratch your nose
You can't be nice in a strange town
Cause we don't know, don't care
And we got to go, man

Rush my money to the record shops
I stop off in a back street
Buy myself a snort
We got our own manifesto
Be kind to queers
And I'm so glad the revolution's here
It's nice and warm now!

I've finished with clubs where the music's loud
Cause I don't see a face in a single crowd
There's no one there
I look in the mirror
But I can't be seen
Just a thin, clean layer of mister sheen

Looking back at me
Oh, oh

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Break it up
Burn it down, shake it up
Break it up

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