

# 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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Strange town

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

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