

Summer On The Underground

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It's summer on the underground
There's so much sweat a man could drown
There's panic on the overland
Yeah, and London Bridge is falling down Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah oh The temperature is ninety-two
It's baking in the vocal booth
And all the tourists come in June
There's so many you can't move
There's people getting rich today
There's people that they've gotta pay
There's loads of places I could go
We should be rockin' in the studio! Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away
Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away Dalston is a wicked place
At weekends it gets off it's face
And everybody calls you 'mate'
But do they really want to know?
The drinks machine is running out
And please don't use the ticket touts
The ladies have it all on show
We should be rockin' in the studio! Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away
Don't feel like working today, I feel like getting away On my feet for a week, yeah, and nobody cares
And I can't get to sleep thinking nobody shares Are you talking to me? Get out of my way
We walk on the left and good manners are free
You don't have to pay
You know you just can't see everything in a day
Yeah I'm talking to you
Yeah yeah yeah I know

Songwriters

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