

Dead Cities

The Future Sound of London

I'm filed up with aggression
Want to smash your television
Saturday night you watch tv
Saturday night does nothing for me

Dead cities dead cities
Dead cities dead cities

See the man in the electric chair
They beat him up and shave his hair
There is no future to behold
In the city of dead you'll be there

Dead cities dead cities
Dead cities dead cities

I'm getting wasted in this city
Those council houses are getting me down
Go up town see who's there
there's nothing to do its getting me down

Dead cities dead cities
Dead cities dead cities

Snarling and gobbing and falling around
I really enjoy the freedom I've found
My mates besides me lying on the ground
His ears are bursting with the volume of sound

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