

Dalston Kingsland

Jake Aaron

When your energy starts to wane
And you're filled with woe
Get on the first train you can and head into Soho
You may look up at the skies
You may wonder why
From time to time, you may even want to cry

I've got mates with tastes in all things Asian
I'm getting off the train at Dalston Kingsland station
My mate Matt wears plaits; it's a little bit unnerving
He takes a dive at a shoal of girls
Tonight they're just too flighty though

Iâ€™ve got mates with tastes in all things Asian
Iâ€™ve got A.D.D I never pay attention
Look here comes Amy, sheâ€™s really pretty
Sheâ€™s got holes in her lobes like a Maori
Outside the English are getting rowdy with their Stella and wode
The Pilgrim Fathers have all sailed back home
Round the fire, in Uniqlo
The night starts to glow

Over the new frontier under the old estate
An old guy is worse for wear, heâ€™s seen it all and better days
A dog is off the leash, itâ€™s all skull and teeth
People make their way hastily to the other side of the street
Yeah mate heâ€™s only playing says its keeper
You canâ€™t see his face; heâ€™s hooded like the Reaper
The Police turn up to maintain some order
As the streets fill up and the barman rings the bell to call last orders
In the distance sirens start to whine
Then we hear the cry
This place would blow sky high if I gave the sign

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>