

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

I've got mates with tastes in all things Asian

I've got A.D.D I never pay attention

Look here comes Amy, she's really pretty

She'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, he's seen it all and better days

A dog is off the leash, it's all skull and teeth

People make their way hastily to the other side of the street

Yeah mate he's only playing says its keeper

You can't see his face; he'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

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