

This Town

The Partisans

I wake up thank fuck its raining
This town keeps me complaining
Right now I don't know if I belong here anymore

Sometime's I've had enough
So I'll keep saying it all to them
When things start getting tough
I'll just keep playing the council pricks
Back handed, deal with it, Grey suited
But I am not alone

Car parks and office spaces
I see the same old faces
And the voice at the county hall
Gets me down and out again

Don't account for no one anymore
The un elected business whore
Get a grant to help fill out a form
And they says that's OK