

Lost in the high street, where the dogs run
Roaming suburban boys
Mother's got her hairdo to be done
She says they're too old for toys
Stood by the bus stop with a felt pen
In this suburban hell
And in the distance a police car
To break the suburban spell

Let's take a ride
And run with the dogs tonight
In suburbia
You can't hide
Run with the dogs tonight
In suburbia

Break the window by the town hall
Listen, a siren screams
There in the distance like a roll call
Of all the suburban dreams

Let's take a ride
And run with the dogs tonight
In suburbia
You can't hide
Run with the dogs tonight
In suburbia

I only wanted something else to do but hang around
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Hang around

It's on the front page of the papers:
"This Is Their Hour of Need"
Where's a policeman when you need one
To blame the colour TV?

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