

Catcliffe Shakedown

Pulp

Straight down the Parkway follow your nose to a place where nobody wants to go
It's a fare and a half; they're having a larf
Everybody's broken or they're a dwarf

Mirror mirror on the wall who is the ace-est of them all?
The Catcliffe girl who gets out before her 18th birthday

There's a little old man by the side of the road
Just where he came from nobody knows
He's so picturesque
a physical wreck
a dirty old bloke with no self-respect
Ow!

Oh god!
You'd better leave town
before you get caught in the Catcliffe Shakedown
Yeah

It's a step to the left; a step to the right
You do the Catcliffe Shakedown with all of your might
Oh, baby, shakedown shakedown shakedown

Pudgy 12 year-olds in Union Jack shorts addicted to coffee-whitener and frankfurters. And those boys who said "Mister we just want your car 'cos we're taking a girl to the reservoir" are outside the pub. Fine figures of men; exercising and dieting just doesn't suit them.

Have a meal in a glass
we're having a laugh
just come over here and your face we will smash Oh!

Oh god!
You'd better leave town
before you get caught in the Catcliffe Shakedown
Yeah
Shakedown
Shakedown
Shakedown

Oh no, it's not that bad really: Not if you've been living in Bosnia for the last year. Homebrew is still big news round these parts - no airing cupboard should be without it. They were going to open an airport - can you imagine it? "Whilst in the area why not stock up on string or try some of our duty-free Parkin?" Oh yeah. Let's go.

See the rainbow high above the viaduct,
glowing with all the colours of a bottle of spilt milk
Oh, it's so beautiful, but I don't know what it means
Oh, rainbow high above - what exactly are you advertising?

And our idea of sophisticated humour is setting fire to our farts with disposable lighters. Why not try our delicious lager-style drink with a chocolate-flavoured candy-covered biscuit? "Look at those buttercups over there mummy!" "Hold one under your chin." "What's butter mummy?" "Oh, it's just a different make of margarine"

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The film now cuts to reveal who is watching this docudrama. A middle class couple sit in wonder as the titles roll. "All nicotine stains and beer-bellies in this programme were real."

But upstairs in his room, amongst the Airfix planes, is a small boy. He sits in the dark, listening for the sound of the train that crosses the viaduct at four o'clock every morning. The train that carries the dismembered remains, the dismembered remains of Matchstick Men and Matchstick Cats & Dogs, and it's coming, and it's coming, coming... Oh yeah.

"What you looking at?"
"I don't know - label's fell off"
"I'm going aht"
"Am I so beautiful you can't stop looking at me?"
"Am I so beautiful?"
"You don't scare me"
"I'll take you all on"
"You and whose army?"
"Me - me and my fist-y"

Catcliffe you don't intimidate me, your Parkway and your shopping centre, your Panda Pops and pottery, your motorway junction, overwhelming stench of failure. Lives that never left first base, stunted by vapours from the cooling towers And I will do everything, everything in my power to get away from you

Oh yeah