I wanna leave here
I wanna get to hell away
My body's frozen and in my head
The pain is here to stay
Panic seems too close for comfort, save me.
I gotta get going before I cause an accident
The wind is blowing, the summer's gone
And I can't pay the rent
Debt collectors
Slap dash noisy children

Who's gonna be there when the going gets rough Ooh I wonder We're semi-detached and we'll burn like matchsticks Will be wonderful

I wanna fire
I wanna brimstone baptism
Got no illusion, friction or fusion
Time has come
In my garden
Cats entreat me, spare us
But as for people
They're semi-detached, aren't they
So I can't be sure
I think I heard a neighbour say
He'll amount to nothing, he's pathetic

Who's gonna be there when the going gets rough Ooh I wonder We're semi-detached and we'll burn like matchsticks Will be wonderful