

Leave It to the Dogs

The Strangers

London is my town
But now the wise man stays underground
Above the creepers creep
And a steal our spirit while we sleep

Ancient photograph
In sepia days our mothers laughed
But now the face is blank
They take it all and give none back

I'm gonna leave it to the dogs
Let them pick the bones
Gonna leave it to the dogs
I'm going home

Beneath the skin of saints
Little devils of worm their way
Into our sacred heart
And so the seed that tears first us apart

London is my town
But now the wise man stays underground
Above the creepers crawl
And tear the house down wall to wall