

## Getting Out Of Here

The King Blues

From the high rise tower blocks  
Where kids sit outside corner shops.  
They're dressed to kill in stilettos  
While they eat their Cornetto's.  
And while I'm gone please save the youth,  
Shout it out, don't hide the truth.  
'Cause Thatcher's kids and Blair's teenagers,  
They see themselves as total strangers.

So I sit up here all alone  
'Cause I'd rather be on my own  
Then running 'round with them idiots down there.

So goodbye Piccadilly,  
And farewell Leicester Square.  
We've shared some special times,  
Now I'm getting out of here.

Did you live out all your lifelong dreams  
With custard creams by the coffee machines?  
Or were there thoughts of "I don't want to be here"  
Made worse by the weekends beer?