

I Wish I Could Stop Wishing For Things

The Servant

On the rundown streets of London
The checkout girl runs inside
The banker's looking broken
And the grill in my head fries
I'm the clown who let you down
Wuh uh uh o

I wish I could stop wishing for things
I wish I could stop wishing for things
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh o

On the rundownstreets of London
The gangster bites his thumb
The courier looks lonesome
And the ink in my head runs
I'm the clown who let you down
Wuh uh uh o

I wish I could stop wishing for things
I wish I could stop wishing for things
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh o
I'm the clown who let you down
Wuh uh uh o

I wish I could stop wishing for things
I wish I could stop wishing for things
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh o

Wuh-uh-uh-uh-o...

The rundown streets of London