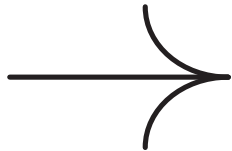


<div>Community & Chance</div>	<div>Milburn Pennybags</div>

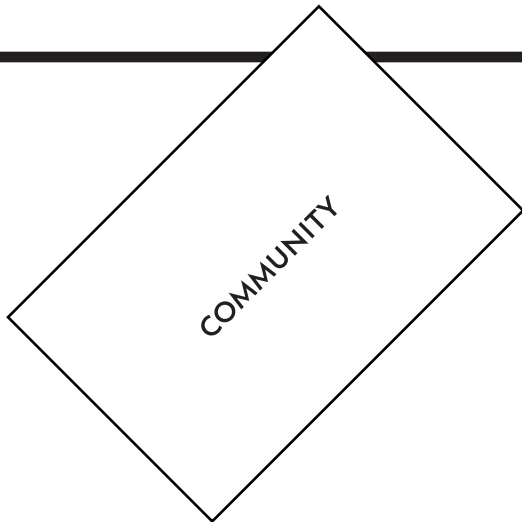


King's Cross

Mayfair

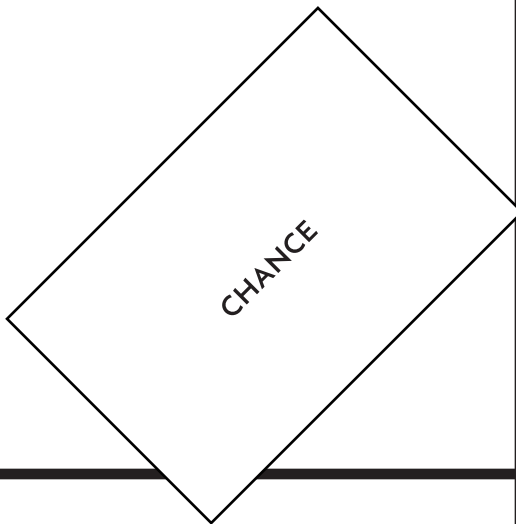
The Angel Islington

Oxford Street



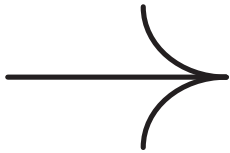
Vacation Home

Piccadilly



Bow Street Runners

Do The Strand



[Verse 1]
By the waters of the Thames
I resolved to start again:
To wash my feet and cleanse my sins
To lose my cobwebs on the wind
To fix the parts of me I broke
To speak out loud the things I know:
I haven't been myself

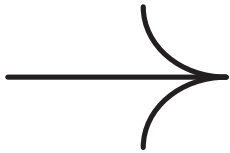
[Verse 2]
Wandering Rosebery Avenue
I could only think of you
Facing Samuel Johnson down
A soul to wear down London Town
A glance to take the breath away
And drag me south from Holloway
You and no one else

THE ANGEL ISLINGTON

FRANK TURNER

Ah, come on, a boy could hope
By the waters of the Thames
I resolved to start again

[Verse 3]
I'm the king of a kingdom of mistakes
I've broken all the things that I could break
Fuck the fishing, I will abdicate
And meet you on the corner of Upper Street and the
City Road
And you, of course, the Angel Islington...



Some kind of resort for you when you get bored
You know me, I'd rather be
Some place where you can feel happy
Even when you're feeling bad
I've got bad days and I feel bad

Sometimes, I feel like a house by the shore
Some little kind of resort
You resort to when you get bored

Am I the the surf?
Am I the sun?
Am I tequila?
Am I fun?

[Chorus]
Am I a vacation home?
Am I somewhere you go?
Am I some place you know?

I feel like a mountain house
Somewhere you go to get out
The places you've been, the skin you're in

Am I the wood?
Am I a cold one?
Am I you with your feet up?
Am I a fire when the day is done?

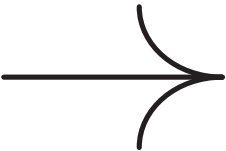
[Chorus]

WHITEHALL

VACATION HOME

I'd rather be home, be up every day
Wanna be the clothes on your floor
That may not find the lock of the door
Wanna be all that and more
I wanna be home with my baby
Sometimes, I feel like I'm a house
By the shore, oh I don't wanna be

Am I a vacation home?
Am I somewhere you go?
Am I some place you know?
Am I a vacation home?
Sometimes I feel like I'm a vacation home
I feel like I'm some other place you'd go
To get away, to escape



"London Town is crumblin' down" said the
'Penny Post' reporter
"Something's gotta be done 'bout
the murderin' scum, there ain't no law and
order"

Woh-oh-oh

In the gas-lit alleys 'n' the gin-soaked bars, linin'
the streets of the ghetto

In the whorehouses on the open roads,
death lurks in the shadows

Stop thief, stop thief, half a million people are
running scared
Stop thief, stop thief, and all we need's a hero
To stand up to the gangs, and I know such a man

[Chorus]

Blind beak 'n' the bow street runners
Chasin' them scallywags offa the street
Blind beak 'n' the bow street runners
Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace

**IAN HUNTER & THE RANT
BAND**

BOW STREET RUNNERS

Before we see you hanging off the triple tree, courtesy of

[Chorus]

There's a man outside with a horse and cart, the mob screams
out for vengeance
A couple of pints at the Hare 'n' Hounds, then it's off to the
neck extension

Keepin' the peace
Keepin' the peace

He can smell a rat a mile away, even if he can't
see then
Sixty thieves roll in their graves, wrestling with
their demons

(I said oh-oh-oh)

Never force the hand of a highwayman, he'll put
a bullet right through ya
Relieve you of your valuables, and sell them
right back to ya
Stop thief, stop thief, stop in the name of the
law
Stop thief, stop thief, it's just a matter of time

(I said oh-oh-oh)

Slide on rainbows
In furs or blue jeans
You know what I mean
Do the Strand
Had your fill of Quadrilles
The Madison and cheap thrills
Bored with the Beguine

The Samba isn't your scene
They're playing our tune
By the pale moon
We're incognito
Down the Lido
And we like the Strand

DO THE STRAND

ROXY MUSIC

All styles served here
Louis Seize he prefer
Laissez-faire Le Strand
Tired of the Tango
Fed up with Fandango
Dance on moonbeams

That's why we say
Do the Strand

Do it on the tables
Quaglino's place or Mabel's

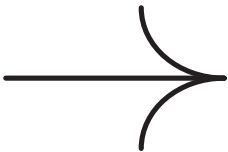
Slow and gentle
Sentimental

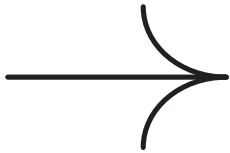
There's a new sensation
A fabulous creation
A danceable solution
To teenage revolution

Do the Strand, love
When you feel love
It's the new way

Arabs at oases
Eskimos and Chinese

If you feel blue
Look through Who's Who
See La Goulue
And Nijinsky
Do the Strandsky





She's not a picture above somebody's fire
She sits in a towel with a purple hair dryer
She waits to get even with me
She hooks up her cupcakes and puts on her jumper
Explains that she'll be late to a worrying mother
She meets me in Piccadilly
A begging folk singer stands tall by the entrance
His song relays worlds of most good intentions
A fiver a ten p in his hat for collection

She talks about office she talks about dresses
She's seen one she fancies her smile is
impressing
So maybe I'll treat her someday
We queue among strangers and strange
conversation
Love's on the lips of all forms of engagements
All queuing to see tonight's play

SQUEEZE

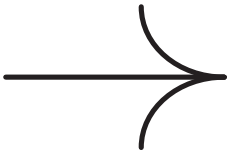
A man behind me talks to his young lady
He's happy that she is expecting his baby
His wife won't be pleased but she's not been round lately

The girl was so dreadful we left in a hurry
We escaped in the rain for an Indian curry
At the candle lit Taj Mahal
My lips to a napkin I called for a taxi
The invite of eyes made it tense but relaxed me

PICCADILLY

Now captured, your love in my arms
A door opened slightly a voice spoke in worry
Mum went to bed without wind of the curry
Our secret love made its advance
Like Adam and Eve we took bite on the apple
Loose change in my pocket it started to rattle
Heart like a gun was just half of the battle

My mind took a devious role
The cab took us home through a night I'd not
noticed
The neon club lights of adult films and Trini
Lopez
My arm around love but my acting was hopeless
We crept like two thieves from the kettle to the
fire
We kissed to the sound of the silence that we'd



[Verse 1]
When I was ten, I thought my brother was
God
He'd lie in bed and turn out the light with a
fishing rod
I learned the names of all his football team
And I still remembered them when I was
nineteen, yeah

[Verse 2]
Strange the things deal that I remember still
Shouts from the playground when I was
home and ill
My sister taught me all that she learned
there
When we grew up, we said, we'd share a
flat somewhere

[Chorus]
When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street
It was a little world, I grew up in a little world
There is no real world
We live side by side and sometimes collide, yeah

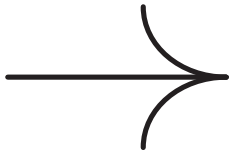
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL

OXFORD STREET

[Chorus]
When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street
It was a little world, I grew up in a little world
There is no real world
We live side by side and sometimes collide, yeah

[Verse 4]
Then when I was nineteen, I thought the
Humbler would be
The gateway from my little world into the
real world
But there is no real world
We live side by side and sometimes collide

[Verse 3]
Where I grew up, there were no factories
There was a school and shops and some
fields and trees
And rows of houses one by one appeared
I was born in one and lived there for
eighteen years



Mayfair strange in the morning light
Mayfair strange in the summer night
Mayfair strangest in the afternoon
Mayfair stretching far above
Full of fame but lacking love
Could it be we see the Mayfair moon?

Mayfair strange across the park
In the day or in the dark
There's no need to walk or even run
Mayfair faces clean and nice
But beauty here is cold as ice
Could it be we see the Mayfair sun?

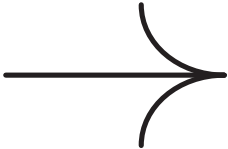
MAYFAIR

NICE DRAKE

Mayfair calling far and near
For even trees are wealthy here
Could it be we hear the Mayfair rain?

Mayfair strange at every hour
Hidden frowns with mystic power
Starry heights and golden throne
Down below you're on you're own

Mayfair strange for passers-by
Sights of wonder for the eye
Could it be they'll pass by again?



[Verse 1]
The man at the back of the queue was sent
To feel the smack of firm government
Lingered by the flyposter for a fight
It's the same story every night
I've been hurt and we've been had
You leave home and you don't go back

[Chorus]
Someone told me Monday, someone told me

Saturday
Wait until tomorrow and there's still no way
Read it in a book or write it in a letter
Wake up in the morning and there's still no
guarantee

[Verse 2]
Only last night I found myself lost
By the station called King's Cross
Dead and wounded on either side

You know it's only a matter of time
I've been good and I've been bad
I've been guilty of hanging around

[Chorus]
Someone told me Monday, someone told me Saturday
Wait until tomorrow and there's still no way
Read it in a book or write it in a letter
Wake up in the morning and there's still no guarantee

PET SHOP BOYS

KING'S CROSS

[Chorus]
Someone told me Monday, someone told me
Saturday
Wait until tomorrow and there's still no way
Read it in a book or write it in a letter
Wake up in the morning and there's still no
guarantee

[Interlude]

[Interlude]
[Bridge]
So I went looking out today
For the one who got away
Murder walking round the block
Ending up in King's Cross
Good luck, bad luck waiting in a line
It takes more than the matter of time

[Chorus]
Someone told me Monday, someone told me Saturday
Wait until tomorrow and there's still no way
Read it in a book or write it in a letter
Wake up in the morning and there's still no guarantee

[Outro]
And there's still no guarantee
There is still no guarantee

