

# Maximo Park, The National Health

England is ill and it is not alone  
I heard it through the tinny speakers on a cameraphone  
The things you hear and the things you see  
Are amplified into a ca,ca, cacophony  
The lost identity in my dream before  
I ride the local train, I'm not above the law

Serendipity puts away with me  
Houdini couldn't escape from me

I wouldn't bet my life (He wouldn't bet his life)  
Maybe things will change tomorrow  
I wouldn't bet my life (You would be mad to try)  
Maybe things will change tomorrow

The daily grind, the moral wealth  
A potrait of the national health  
The national health

England is sick and I'm a casualty  
I'm in a constant state of flux in terms of what to be  
We generalise and we live inside  
I feel we're heading for a ca, ca, catastrophe  
The lost identity in my dream before  
I ride the local train, I'm not above the law

Serendipity took ahold of me  
Fellini couldn't have dreamt of this

I wouldn't bet my life (He wouldn't bet his life)  
Maybe things will change tomorrow  
I wouldn't bet my life (You would be mad to try)  
Maybe things will change tomorrow

The daily grind, the moral wealth  
The family binds by means of stealth  
A portrait of the national health  
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Did you hear? (You what?)  
I went down to the council today (What did they say?)  
They sent me away (No way!)  
My word holds no sway (Who's to blame?)  
You are... (Oh yeah?)  
I guess I couldn't be tamed

The daily grind, the moral wealth  
The family binds by means of stealth  
A portrait of the national health!