

# Pendragon, The Third World In The U.K.

Tijuana brass on a sunny day  
It's only one hours drive from LA  
Crying on the doorstep of the UK  
Screaming to the world let me in  
or can you let me out?

A burning car in a cul de sac  
Jeering youths like a Zulu war  
It's ok as long as we stay in a pack  
Tearing up a carriage on a railroad track  
We carry the flag and the tools of the trade  
You can't buy these they're mostly home made  
VW badges torn out as souvenirs  
Gonna shrink them put them  
on a stick outside my door  
Oh wonderful world

There's well known politician  
In a doorway sitting with an out stretched hand  
Thought he had a dream for the nation  
But tried too hard to be king of this land  
He was gonna plug their lives back in  
With a single stroke of his hand  
Rap trap rat race now they throw it in your face  
Hey buddy can you spare us a dime?

So have your head and join the masses  
Don't know why but it's the thing to do  
And if one brave soul stands up to be counted  
Then we can all stand up and be counted too  
Anger dripping onto your cheek  
How can the human race be so weak?  
Metropolis economy laughing at monogamy  
All ending in tears  
And one big bang

I've had too much to drink  
I've had too much to smoke  
Now reality just a pantomime distorted into one big haze  
Comatose and blinded  
I'll get round to doing something one of these days