

Pulp, Mile End

We didn't have no where to live, / we didn't have nowhere to go
'til someone said / "I know this place off Burditt Road."
It was on the fifteenth floor, / it had a board across the door.
It took an hour / to pry it off and get inside. / It smelt as if someone had died;
the living-room was full of flies, / the kitchen sink was blocked,
the bathroom sink not there at all. / Ooh, / it's a mess alright, / yes it's
Mile End. / And now we're living in the sky! / I'd never thought I'd live so
high, / just like Heaven / (if it didn't look like Hell.)
The lift is always full of piss, / the fifth floor landing smells of fish
(not just on Friday, / every single other day.)
Below the kids come out tonight, / they kick a ball and have a fight
and maybe shoot somebody if they lose at pool.
Ooh, / it's a mess alright, / yes it's / Mile End.
[mumbled mutterings... you love it...]
Oo-oo / Nobody wants to be your friend
'cause you're not from round here, / ooh / as if that was
something to be proud about. / The pearly king of the Isle of Dogs
feels up children in the bogs. / Down by the playing fields,
someone sets a car on fire I guess you have to go right down
before you understand just how, / how low,
how low a human being can go. / Ooh, / it's a mess alright, / yes it's
Mile End. / (don't do that! Leave it out!) / Bababa...
Lalala...