When the Going gets Tough

When the going gets tough, the tough get going
When they've just had enough, of the shit you've been throwing
The city is cold, the city ain't nice
The women are cold, with souls turned to ice

The world keeps turning, hear the ratchets go clico
And the colour's worn off, all this dirty grey brick
This graffiti sprayed slum, dog shit everywhere
 Creepy eyed scum, and the foul smelling air

When the going was good, the getters all went
And we're left with the truth, our impending descent
Get ready to desert, from these tottering piles
Make my way to someplace, just to see a few smiles

Got to find me a place, where I can feel a caress
Got to get me some space, from this pervading mess
I got to break out, before I feel I might choke
Where this city and me, are both a sick kind of joke

When the going gets tough, the tough start looking
And turning their backs, on emotionless fucking
Depart from this scene, with a new set of faces
And slowly forget, the throng of hopeless cases