

## PC BLUES

Oh gather round me, People. Hear my tale of misery.  
Oh listen to me, People. Learn how cruel Fate can be.

When I was One and Twenty, I met a girl so fair,  
She was clever, she was pretty, with waist-length cornfield hair.

And suddenly I knew what had been missing from my life:  
I must woo Her, I must court Her, I must take Her for my wife.

We walked and talked for hours and hours and then I saw Her home.  
So happy that I'd found Her, that I never more more would roam.

She smiled, "Please give me your address that I may write to you."  
But when I did she turned and said, "NO. This will never do."

Her door slammed, she was gone. My Joy turned into Misery.  
I couldn't understand how she could change... So suddenly.

Why? Why? Why? Why? Could understanding help the pain?  
So I hammered on that door until she opened it again.

"Just tell me what's gone wrong," I begged. "Don't spare me. Please don't lie."  
"There's nothing wrong with you," she sobbed, with teardrops in her eye.

"I love you more than words can say. But our dreams can never be.  
For... You come from SE13. But I live in SE3."

"*Your* postcode is unlucky. That's what my Parents tried to teach me.  
So go now and forget we met and never try to reach me."

And I cursed that stupid Number 1. And I cursed the Royal Mail.  
What right had they to torture us and cause our love to fail?

I got the Post Code Blues - Which you can never lose.  
I got the Post Code Blues - They'r not for you to choose.  
Your number's marked for Life - Your Fate is pain and strife.  
You've been condemned to that by some cold bureaucrat.

Still there's one thought that can comfort me:  
At least I'm not from London SE23.