WILLIAM GODWIN
PAID FOR TEA AT THE
RITZ WITH BROKEN
FLOWERS HE SAID
WHAT ARE GOLD
AND JEWELS AND
PRECIOUS UTENSILS?
MERE DROSS.
LOVE CONQUERS
ALL DIFFICULTIES,
SURMOUNTS ALL
OBSTACLES AND
DOES WHAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE TO
ANY OTHER POWER



UNDER THE CONCRETE THERE ARE SECRET GARDENS OF ALL OUR MEMORIES. UNDER THE CONCRETE SONGS OF EXILE AND HOME. LOVE IS URGENT, AS IT FEARS ITSELF ALWAYS ENDING, BUT DOES NOT WANT TO END



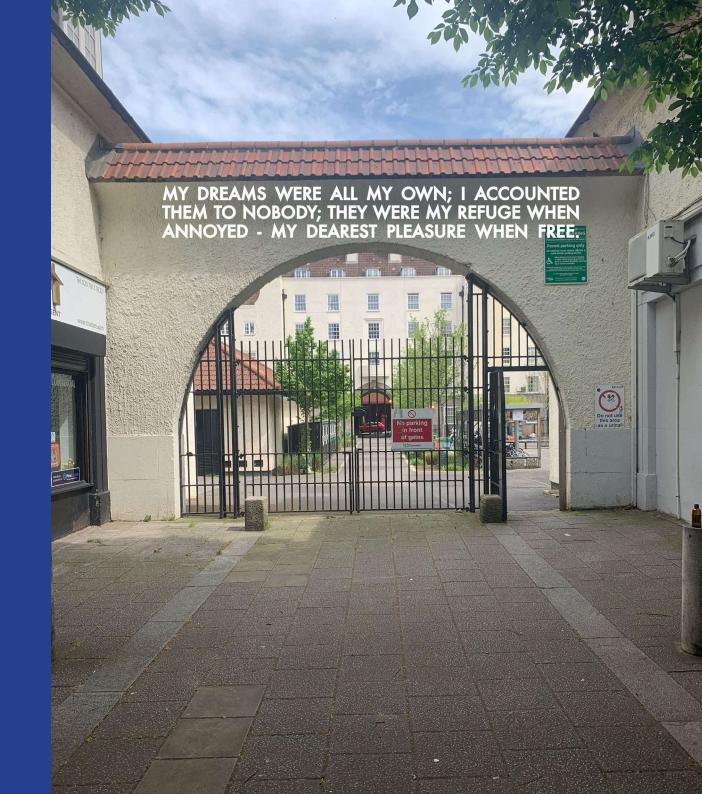
HIDDEN BETWEEN THE TWO STATIONS
I LIVE ON THE SAME STREETS AS MY ANCESTORS
SOMERS TOWN A BEACON OF SOCIAL HOUSING,
A DREAM OF EQUALITY, THIS SHARP FAMILY PIANO
BEAUTY ADORNS THESE PAVEMENTS ART IN EVERYDAY
LIFE. WHAT HAPPENS NOW? WILL WE STILL BE HERE?



OLD TYPES, OLD TRADES, YOU HAVE COME FROM BEAUTY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WALK TOO LATE AND THE GREAT TREE IS GONE, LET'S FIND NEW PEACEFUL MYTHS TO SHARE, BE REASONABLE DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE, OOH, GO ON



MY DREAMS WERE ALL MY OWN; I ACCOUNTED THEM TO NOBODY; THEY WERE MY REFUGE WHEN ANNOYED — MY DEAREST PLEASURE WHEN FREE.



A COAT OF PEARLS MADE BY A COSTER TO HELP THE POOR. SOMERS TOWN: THE GRIT THAT MAKES THE OYSTER. AN UNEXPECTED DOWNPOUR BRINGS AN UNEXPECTED CONVERSATION...



THE CITY HAS MAGIC WEATHER THAT CARRIES THE GHOST OF THE FIELDS.
THE DRYING POLES OF THE SYDNEY ST ESTATE ECHO THE SONGS OF THE MAYPOLE,
THE WILD SWANS SIT AS SENTINELS SEEKING ST NICHOLAS'S STOLEN SHIPS



THE CALL OF THE TOWN SO STRONG AND SO LOUD MAKES ME WANT TO LIVE IN SOMERS TOWN. WE LIVE AND MOVE HERE, LONDONED, BETWEEN THE SOUL OF ALL THINGS. SORROWS AND PLEASURES WERE SHARED WE ARE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD/WE ARE FROM HERE... HERE TO STAY.



