

# On a train

And on the masses came  
Sweating, stupid with the heat  
While the disaffected sounds  
Of their overheating brows  
Rang complaining of the lack  
Of air conditioned rolling stock  
And the manners base and vile  
At the station at South Gyle



They make a beeline for relief  
Take the one remaining seat  
Let the pregnant women stand  
Let the aged pack the isles  
Like there's nothing they can do  
I'm alright Jack so stuff you  
And I'm very sad to say  
It's more like London every day

*epicurious*