

## **Where have the years gone?**

The day came to end pounds and pence,  
As decimalisation crawled over the fence,  
We gave away our wonderful gates,  
Paying for the privilege in our rates.

Heath was thinking a time for Europe,  
Believing the country would shut up and group.  
A crazy world of flares and platforms,  
And sunshine holidays packaged in Benidorm.

We gave way to tank tops and smocks,  
And science lessons with electric shocks,  
Bunsen burners fed from gas taps,  
And playground games of tag and slaps.

Comics traded with football cards,  
And balls kicked around in bombed-out yards,  
Shang-A-Lang and the tartan desire,  
And 5,000 Volts singing 'I'm on fire.'

To Wombles thought up in Beresford's mind,  
The four-day week being so unkind,  
Watford is bought by Elton John,  
And Vicarage Road terrace singing their own song.

Elvis Presley said a sad goodbye,  
Way down and we all began to cry,

At Graceland the mourners queued,  
Heartbreak Hotel, bookings renewed.

Turning away and on a high,  
We approached the eighties with fresh eyes,  
A bright beginning with all the right moves,  
Getting into those new romantic grooves.

Push button keypads and Rubik's cube,  
Channel Four and The Tube,  
*Vienna* killed off by *Shaddap Your Face*  
The whole affair an absolute disgrace.

Bowie shouted *Let's Dance*  
And Neneh Cherry gave us a *Buffalo Stance*,  
Shoulder pads and George Michael hair,  
Tears for Fears with *Songs From The Big Chair*.

Our first mobile phones just like bricks,  
And Amstrad computers doing weird tricks,  
Dirty old software on a flashing screen,  
A prompt of binary in lime green.

The Royal Wedding and Live-Aid,  
Dreams of the city and the Yuppie brigade,  
Suits with short arms and grey flecks,  
Barclaycard, Access, and blank cheques.

Buying our own home,

Inside London's new zone,  
A Ford Fiesta mindset,  
Live now pay later, no regret.

The milk round a thing of the past,  
The European food mountain destined to last,  
Shopping becoming the great British interest,  
The throwaway generation fleeing the nest.

Saving the planet, a long way off,  
To Bovvy market for the knock-off,  
A shameful marginalising cold war threat,  
And unemployment with crippling debt.

Bulldozed through like Twyford Down,  
M25 turning fields to muddy brown,  
Utopia completely driven away,  
Leaving our landscape to just decay.

Sodium lighting, orange and defuse,  
Fast cars, fast life, just an excuse,  
The nineties surrendered with outright rage,  
Poll tax and the poverty cage.

'Back To Life' a Soul to Soul anthem,  
And the three tenors going platinum,  
We all loved *Nessun Dorma*,  
And Italia '90 made us feel warmer.

Thatcher finally came a cropper,  
To her Chancellor taking over,  
We dared to dream as we turned the page,  
But Diana was relegated to backstage.

The country despaired, what was Charles doing?  
And paparazzi just kept on pursuing,  
The morning came when we lost her Grace,  
The tears tumbled down our face.

Millennium arrived, and so the bells chimed,  
Climate change in the forefront of our mind,  
Relegated and promoted every other year,  
C'mon Watford, let's all cheer!

