

BETWEEN PUNK AND THATCHER'S FALL

It was some kind of golden age, man,
I was the Lord of the Strings,
the guitars felt like engines to gun,
we came on like kings.
And then there was Iris,
with a smile like a lighted fuse,
bought me a glass of Havana rum,
said I'm gonna be your muse ---
a peroxide blonde with polka dots,
a tattoo of a snake crawling up a cross,
she kept my balls in her leather trophy sack....

Remember those wild, wild days
between punk and Thatcher's fall?
What have you got – I mean, REALLY got –
if you can't waste it all?
Some of us shone like quasars,
some threw up in pre-dawn streets,
others hunted for a place called the fuck-out-of-here,
but didn't life taste sweet?
Rebel songs and south London blues,
all I got left to show are some bad reviews,
now I feel like a lightning bolt in exile on a kiddie's carousel.

I used to live for beauty, I lived for the beat,
now the only drum I hear beating still is sounding my retreat.
But say hello to all the old gang for me, to Spoons and all the rest,
all those nights at Harry's bar, weren't they just the best?
I've got hot flames of bourbon ablaze in my guts,
the sun hates to shine, it just does 'cos it must.
I've been unwrapping the good times from the dustsheets I keep 'em safe under.

I've been re-living those times with Iris, she burned the hottest of us all,
I've been diving down to the wreck of Time, you still got that Les Paul?
The years I'm loyal to are over, I'm on a permanent losing streak,
my first heart-attack is in the post and all my old bones creak,
but if I had any money I'd stake it all on those years between punk and Thatcher's fall,
on those crazy and wonderful years between punk and Thatcher's fall.

'BETWEEN PUNK AND THATCHER'S FALL' WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY LYNDON MORGANS.
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