

# Days Of The Underground

Hawkwind

In visions of acid we saw through delusion and  
Brainbox pollution,  
We knew we were right.  
The streets were our oyster, we smoked urban  
Poison and we turned all this noise on,  
We knew how to fight.  
We dropped out and tuned in, spoke secret  
Jargon and we would not bargain for what  
We had found in the days of the underground.  
We believed in Guevera, we saw that head held up  
And our anger welled up,  
But we kept it cool.  
No need for machine guns 'cause the system was  
Crumbling, our leaders were fumbling,  
While we broke every rule.  
We saw them on T.V. they'd blown their cover and we  
Tried to smother their voices  
With sound, in the days of the underground.  
Whatever happened to those chromium heroes, are  
There none of them still left around, since  
The days of the underground?  
Now we can look back at the heroes we were then,  
We made quite a stir with our sonic attack,  
Street-fighting dancers, the assassins of  
Silence, with make-believe violence, on a hundred  
Watt stack.  
They offered us contracts, we said "we don't  
Need 'em", we'll just take our freedom and will  
Not be bound in the days of the underground.  
And some of us made it but not smiling Michael,  
His black motorcycle got eaten by rust.  
And John the Bog dreamt that he slept at the  
Wheel, but when he woke it was real, too late  
To have sussed.  
And Jeff was a poet who wrote with a spray  
Can on walls,  
Saying "Hey man, I believe that we've drowned"  
In the days of the underground.

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