

The 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 turned all this noise on
We knew how to fight
We dropped out and tuned in
Spoke secret jargon
And we did 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
The system was crumbling
Our leaders were fumbling
While we broke every rule
We saw them on TV
They'd blown their cover
And we tried to smother
Their voices with sound
In the days of the underground

What ever 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 then
With our sonic attack
Street fighting dancers
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
We 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
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 have drowned
In the days of the underground.