

Well the warm wind blew through the 60s
But it didn't blow much round here
Disappointment hidden in the jutting chin - 'we didn't want it
all anyway'
White paint daubed on a gritstone wall, the words of the prophe
ts told
And we smiled to ourselves every time we walked by
The junction up on All Saints Road
'It's a mean old scene'

It doesn't do much for business or the paper-crack West-
End dream
The council took it down every now and again
But it was written up fresh and clean
Stick your head above the parapet
They're going to arrange to put you down
Bad stories in the clubs at night, scrap metal in a rusting tow
n
'It's a mean old scene'

BD7 and October evenings of endless rain
The backed-up storm drains bubbling and hissing
And the cats all running for shelter, fur matted and drenched
Twenty-nine years on and nothing's changed
Though in the end they took it down stone by stone
But we're still laughing all the way to the edge
Of our beloved, unredeemable, desperate town
'It's a mean old scene'