

## 70s 80s

## Nightmares on Wax

Thatcher was in power  
Times were tight and sour  
The letter A was sprayed in a circle everywhere

And everybody's head was gettin shaved or spiked  
My sister stitched her flares and made em into drainpipes  
She was into Adam Ant and Wuthering Heights  
I was gettin into Madness and grifter bikes

Mom had to work late I had no complaints  
Used to get away with murder when Grandad babysat  
Used to play fox and hound till the sun came down  
Singin' Lip Up Fatty running wild through the Ghost Town

And All I wanted was Doc boots and braces  
My ear pierced, so Mum "what's a racist?"  
She didn't explain that we weren't quite caucasian  
As we could see black children on some future occasion  
And she'd keep that shtum  
All my friends are gettin brainwashed  
NF and swastikas they're scratchin on the desktops

Riots and violence on the TV  
Broken down on Newsround while eatin Toast Toppers watchin coppers get beat  
down  
Church discos and trips with the play scheme  
Dancin to Ska, kissing the girl of my dreams  
My tenth birthday and those two-tones stay pressed  
Money in my card I bought One Step Beyond, yes  
Lent it to a friend, never got it back  
Dear Jim could you fix it for me?  
Remember that?

Just a 70s baby early 80s child  
Reminscin' 'bout the days in the brick backyard  
Just a 70s baby early 80s child  
Reminscin' 'bout the days and you think times are hard

Oh let me tell you now, woo, oh a wicked witch was in power  
And oh my god she did devour  
Cast a spell called depression made a living hell  
Turned man against man forgot the boys and girls  
We had, no future, home computer  
Had to make do with what we had  
Knock-a-door-run and the hand-me-down gowns  
Current beat, upbeat, Cracker Jack of Underground, synthpop, Muppet Show, el  
ectro on the radio

Mum turn it up its a new thing yeah

Now all I want is high tech's with fat bass  
He's got the next best friend started scratchin and breakin  
Snatch your racks and battery by the stack to keep the boom box from going f  
lat  
Didn't cope and went in over the store with a performance kid this place has  
never been so packed  
Street light for a spot light, cardboard box for a stage

And if you had a score to settle you resolved it with your breakin'  
Not like now they're using guns and bats  
Robbin' old folk, we don't need no more of that

Every brick and every stone thrown  
Was for you and me  
They stood firm  
Truly revolutionary  
Gave back as good as what they got