

Al Bowlly's In Heaven

Richard Thompson

Well we were heroes then,
And the girls were all pretty
And a uniform was a lucky charm,
Bought you the key to the city
We used to dance the whole night through
While Al Bowlly sang "The Very Thought Of You"
Now Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Well I gave my youth to king and country
But what's my country done for me
But sentenced me to misery
I traded my helmet and my parachute
For a pair of crutches and a demob suit
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Hard times, hard hard times
Hostels and missions and dosser's soup lines
Can't close me eyes on a bench or a bed
For the sound of some battle raging in my head

Old friends, you lose so many
You get run around, all over town
The wear and the tear,
Oh it just drives you down
St Mungo's with its dirty old sheets
Beats standing all day
Down on Scarborough Street
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Can't stay here, you got to foot-slog
Once in a blue moon you might find a job
Sleep in the rain, you sleep in the snow
When the beds are all taken
You've got nowhere to go

Well I can see me now,
I'm back there on the dance floor
Oh with a blonde on me arm, red-head to spare
Spit on my shoes and shine in me hair
And there's Al Bowlly, he's up on a stand
Oh that was a voice and that was a band
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now