

# Over the Border

Saint Etienne

When I was 10 I wanted to explore the World  
There were these older kids at school who'd gone all the way to Somerset  
Just to see Peter Gabriel's house, Peter Gabriel from Genesis  
They way they'd dressed, the way their hair fell over their coat collars  
It all happened because of music, I wanted to know why  
I couldn't go to Somerset on my own, so I used Top of the pops as my World  
Atlas

In 1974, I bought my first single, from Woollies in Redhill  
I started to memorise the charts, to memorise the leagues  
Tuesday lunchtime at 12:45, Saturday afternoon at five o'clock  
I didn't go to church, I didn't need to  
Green and yellow harvests, pink pies, silver bells and the strange and  
Important sound of the synthesiser.

Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way  
Every single day, love is here to stay  
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Kevin drove us to parties in his Morris Minor  
And there were boys, and there was booze, and mock Tudor semis  
And first kisses, and terrible chat up lines  
But in the end, the conversation always turned to music

I was in love, and I knew he loved me because he made me a tape  
I played it in my bedroom, I lived in my bedroom, all of us did  
Reading Smash Hits and Record Mirror, Paul Morley and the NME,  
Dave McCulloch and Sounds, Modern Eon and Modern English  
Mute, Why, Zoo, Factory  
Cutting them up, sucking them in, managing the story on our own

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I had my mocks a month later  
But I just wanted to listen to Dexys, New Order, anything on postcard  
A few weeks and I'd be free  
A few weeks and music wouldn't have to be so private, it would be there for  
Me  
It would be there for me, and when I was married, and when I had kids

Would Marc Bolan still be so important

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