

Broken Home

Stephen Duffy

Be at the clock at six
Our chalk and cheese will mix
The photo booth portrait looks reportage
Tonight we are the exiled working class
Authority and reason
Are anarchy and treason
To first lovers in a broken town

I wish I had a clue
I always feel so vague and what to do
The city shrugs we know it's had its day
The gas work shadows where we used to play
If we had a chance we'd take it
But would we recognise it
Two first lovers in a broken town
If I said let's go could we?
I'm glad that you never stop me
Kiss me