

## Dagenham Dave

The Stranglers

Dave was from out of town  
Manchester's likely too  
Had read De Sade to Marx  
More read than me and you  
Scaffolding pays good bread  
It pays for drugs and kicks  
Dave only had one love  
Had no real need for chicks  
Dave was so far ahead  
But now he's dead

I'm not going to cry  
I bet he hit that water high

I guess he lost control  
And welcomed in the night  
It was too much for him  
What were his thoughts that night?  
The River Thames is cold  
It keeps on flowing on  
But it left Dave alone  
It just kept flowing on

There's city sickness here  
But now he's dead

Late night a street in the west of the city  
There was a place there where he lost himself  
Strange feelings did he feel there  
Strange people did he meet there  
Angry sounds did he hear there  
Like the howling of bulls