

# The General's Boombox

Street Dogs

You were the razor edge poet  
From a punk lost generation  
Shaking off praise, so humble man  
Shattering expectation  
You're relevant right now  
More so than you were yesterday

Seventy seven broke  
Your voice came charging through  
Was that changing of the guard  
Bearer of the new flame  
Begging what's my name  
Who's to blame  
We're under complete control  
You taught us all when we were young  
To be true to ourselves

You lit the fire in us  
And we play on in your trust  
A reluctant, poetic guttersnipe  
Beyond images and songs  
More than your memory carries on  
As the general's boom box still plays on  
As the general's boom box still plays on

You evolve with each new year  
You always push for change  
When you got called out  
You stood your ground and kept it tight  
Let the ragga drop  
Act like a cop  
When Bernie got in your head  
You sacked St. Mick  
Went on a walkabout and stayed true to yourself

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I remember the cold December day  
When I got the news  
I will never forget, I will never forget

Found some guitars  
Broke up bars  
Chapter 11  
Detroit Stars

You boot it, you boot it, you boot to full

Can hear that angry spirit  
In garages around the world  
From amplifiers, barrel fires, everywhere

They sing it on, won't forget  
You're living on

You lit the fire in us  
And we play on in your trust  
We'll try to carry on the flame  
Do you right boyo  
And if you listen close enough  
You can hear him in our songs

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