

The Final Parade

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

He let the merry go round
Way more than you ever should
He was there when they tore it all down
When nobody thought that they would
He let the musical cheers
Fade away and disappear
They went on for so many years
We were much happier there

And he still hears
The noise from the brigade
So he's not gonna take his place
In the final parade

She thanked each lady and gent
For all the time that they spent
She watched as each one of them went
And that's when they tore down the tent
She wasn't sorry or sad
Stoic, heroic, or brave
But there was one question she had
What could she salvage or save?

She still hears
The noise from the brigade
So she's not gonna take her place
In the final parade
And he still hears all the
Noise from the brigade
So you're not gonna see his face
In the final parade

He let it slow to a stop
Then let it grind to a halt
He felt that the bottom would drop
To be fair to him, that's not his fault
Let's let the merry go round
Let's hear the musical cheers
Let's get it back up off the ground
Even if no one still cares

And he still hears
The noise from the brigade
So he's not gonna take his place
In the final parade
And he still hears all the
Noise from the brigade
So he's not gonna take his place
No, he's not gonna take his place
And you're not gonna see his face
In the final parade

We can't afford to be ignored
Next stop is freedom street
Hit the town, and burn it to the ground
To the rocksteady beat
The church was hoping that the midnight mass

Was packed from the front to the back
West Coast USA, we know where it's at

We'd play around
With a punk rock reggae sound
'Cause sometimes dancing is all you've got
We were cranking
We were skanking
We were cranking, we were skanking
All over the world

He was billy clubbed
The night that we were dubbed
The Lords of Central Square
He just snapped
And then the cuffs were slapped
That's how it's done down there
We can't confirm and can't deny
What happened after that
But before you check your watch
Check out the thermostat

We'd play around
With a punk rock reggae sound
'Cause sometimes dancing is all you've got
We were cranking
We were skanking
We were cranking, we were skanking
All over the world
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All over the world

Revolutionary war
Out on the street and on the dance floor
The night they closed down the Old Bear
The Middle East is close to there

We can't afford to be ignored
Next stop is freedom street
Hit the town and burn it to the ground
To the rocksteady beat
The church was hoping that the midnight mass
Was packed from the front to the back
And the East Coast USA was waving that Union Jack

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With a punk rock reggae sound
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