

Roaring

Tom Robinson

One roaring morning at the break of day
Me and my buddy were still wired awake
Though the fog was freezing and the streets were cold
We went hell for leather up the coastal road
Stopped the Honda on a cliff, my buddy threw up, I rolled a spliff
In the glorious autumn of our roaring days

The mist made haloes in our hair
As we came down slowly through the market square
A fresh fruit trader gave us one plum each
We sucked and swaggered till we hit the beach
Shouting down the esplanade
Two shifty misfits acting hard
In the glorious autumn
Of our Roaring Days

The tide comes in, the tide goes out
We go our separate ways
Our roaring twenties came and went
And vanished in a haze
Driven, drunken, discontent
Our oats were sown, our savings spent
In the glorious autumn, of our Roaring Days

In a jacked-up Datsun gleaming on the slip
Saw a teenage greaser eating eel and chips
We admired his styling, how we laughed and lied
Till he asked my buddy if we'd like a ride
Radio blazing Queen and Quo, all greased up, no place to go
In that glorious autumn of our Roaring Days

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We were deaf and selfish, we were smug and dumb
And our bleak mid-winter, it was still to come
My buddy turned ugly and so did I

He took my money and never said goodbye
But in my daydreams now and then I long to wake up once again
In the glorious autumn of our roaring days

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