

Down by the Stream

Yard Act

Well, when Peter Pullen turned 13
He threw a party in Partington for the whole team
And it was him and me, Jono Steadman, Connor Cartwright
And Doug Duggan with Peter's cousin Dean
D'you remember Dean?

We wandered off into the woods behind the park with Dean's older brother Mark
Some cherry-cola-can bongs down by the stream
I wore these beige chinos
Swore they were just cream jeans
Their red eyes chuckling
When suddenly Jono screamed
Ow!

Pellet in his leg
A couple more shots whizzed past
Felt fast
Probably not
Just the shock of the shots
So we ducked behind the rocks

We crawled through the dead leaves and the moss
Up the path, and ran all the way back
We didn't let up until we got past the bus stop near Joanna's house
Bill popped that pellet out with a hot box-cutter
And Jono didn't cry at all, he didn't even stutter, yeah
Jono was alright
Jono was a good guy
I think his dad came over from somewhere else or summat
Sometime in '85 or '86
Or maybe he was from Milton Keynes
I can't really remember...
But he was different to ours
And Jono had been deaf till he was four
'Cause he had this weird wax build-up in his ears
So he spoke a little slow and I was a prick about it
And picked on him
Bullied him before he found his feet here
'Cause... 'cause...
Well, don't know why
But I did and I've gotta live with it
Maybe it was just kids being kids
Or maybe it was just my inner ape baring its teeth
(But I got picked on too)

I might've been a prick, sure, but I was just insecure
And who gets to decide what's being snide
And what's just giving you what you're good for?
We were all good in the end though, I think
He never held it against me
We ended up on a school trip to Blackpool when we hit 16
Sharing cheap pills that weren't too strong
But lasted long enough to take the edge off life getting real
And draw the curtains on life feeling just that little bit-

The sharks start circling, and the nights get longer

Jono, I never said sorry to your face, so I'll say it in this song
I was young, but more so I was wrong
And I swear down, if I found out my own son had been picking on someone
Well, when he came home from school
I'd grab that little fucker by his rucksack
Pin him up to the wall and scream in his face
Until he'd never dare make another person feel shitty at all
'Cause they picked on me too, so I know, same as you, that the pain never really goes away
It just finds new places to hide inside the darkest nooks and crannies of your brain
Again and again
It surprises you every time you find it
The old cycle of abuse
He did it to me, so I'll do it to you
And it don't matter if you're tough as old boots
There's no margin for error in this world
There's absolutely no excuse
Though the very fibres of our being are frayed to the point of exhaustion for a bit of harmless fun
Jesus Christ! I never meant to hurt anyone

And I was trouble too
I was lost
I lived under a storm cloud
When I was just a boy like you