

Auteurs, The, Early Years

Auteurs, The
New Wave
Early Years
Early years
Were a shroud man
Only a grey cloud
Shot in the dark
Hanging out
With your dad
His plans for revenge
In some hick-town
Caravan park
Never keep
A good one down
Early years
Were a dreadnought
Waiting to tread board
And my work
Down the pan
Hanging round
By the back door
One foot in
The stage door
Some disaffected
Fly-by man

Got wired by a cable
Got wild on a table
Scared the shit out of me
All for the free state
The snow and
The greasepaint
I left the singing family