

# Spirogyra, The Future Won't Be Long

Do you mind a question? Please sir stay  
What was life like in the olden days?  
Long ago, ago, ago, ago before the war

"Contractors to Her Majesty's Government we were  
Dealers in honest trade, I  
There were some mighty queer folk about  
But most were honest workers and knew their place  
I was a skilled craftsman, Mark You  
The work was hard and the hours they were long  
Ah, but there was a maiden  
And her name was Marjorie

Long black hair she had like a gypsy  
And the prettiest smile I've ever seen  
And I called her an angel  
And I was right, she was

Then there was the war  
The war"

Forging a pathway for freedom  
Using resources we need them  
Though our foes are human beings  
We stand between them  
And the life we do condone

Shipped out to Belgium to stop them  
Plastered and shelled them  
But lost ground  
Bombs and rockets, V2s over London city  
And the world at their command

And back in Yeadon, Marjorie  
Stood beneath a factory  
I was assured she felt no pain

Withdrawn from Dunkirk in cruisers  
Who cares says I, we're all losers  
No-one wins both sides the victims of our nature  
May the future learn

Back in Yeadon Marjorie  
Died beneath the factory  
A Messerschmitt her destiny

You who think the rest are wrong  
And stand so tall and feel so strong  
Please be sure that you yourselves are not mistaken  
For the future won't be long