

The Jam, Wasteland

Meet me on the wastelands - later this day,
We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe,
For there's not much else to do in this drab and colourless
place.

We'll sit amongst the rubber tyres,
Amongst the discarded bric-a-brac,
People have no use for - amongst the smouldering embers of
yesterday.

And when or if the sun shines,
Lighting our once beautiful features,
We'll smile but only for seconds,
For to be caught smiling is to acknowledge life,
A brave but useless show of compassion,
And that is forbidden in this drab and colourless world.

Meet me on the wastelands - the ones behind,
The old houses - the ones - left standing pre-war -
The ones overshadowed by the monolith monstrosities -
councils call homes.

And there amongst the shit - the dirty linen,
The holy Coca-Cola tins - the punctured footballs,
The ragged dolls - the rusting bicycles,
We'll sit and probably hold hands.

And watch the rain fall - watch it - watch it -
Tumble and fall - tumble and falling -
Like our lives - like our lives -
Just like our lives.

We'll talk about the old days,
When the wasteland was release when we could play,
And think - without feeling guilty -
Meet me later but we'll have to hold hands.
Tumble and fall - tumble and falling -
Like our lives - like our lives -
Exactly like our lives.