

Vapors, Civic Hall

By Dave Fenton

I heard someone calling me, from a car across the road.

The lights were out, I never heard the sound of the police car radio.

So I went running down the lane with my plastic bag, not stopping once to look behind.

But the long arm of the law put its foot to the floor, And they met me on the other side.

And they said: "What's goin on here then, sonny." "Hello, hello."

"What's goin' on here then, sonny." "We want to know."

But they weren't convinced no matter how I tried.

They pinned me up against the wall.

And my homemade jam in my plastic bag was broken by the Civic Hall. By the Civic Hall.

I closed my eyes to see the Phoenix rise, spread-eagle up against the wall.

And I walked, tight-knit, from my sinking ship.

Trying hard to keep the furnace cool.

So I thought, easy-come, easy-go. Just play along.

Until I got inside the car. But a stone-age hand left my trust in man.

Went to pieces for the final time.

When they said: "What's goin on here then, Sonny." "Hello, hello."

"What's goin' on here then, Sonny." "We want to know."

But they weren't convinced no matter how I tried.

They pinned me up against the wall.

And my homemade jam in my plastic bag lies broken by the Civic Hall.

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