

Cock Sparrer, Argy Bargy

it started off like any other show.
sunday nights on the radio.
terry played the songs we wanted to hear.
and terry said things no one else would dare.
he gave it all that he had to give.
they said it was his only reason to live.
but we just listened to the ruck n roll.
terry the dj's radio show.
he give it some of that argy bargy.
giving it all the chat.
he give it some argy bargy.
now what do you think of that.
then came the evening of the mile end row.
the ol' bill found out i don't know how.
we know they tried to lock us up that night.
we were ready for a fight.
terry came onto the air at ten.
he said the filth were waiting for us then.
down at the black boy they were there in force.
and he war right of course.
they told him that he'd better change the song.
they said to tell us that the kids were wrong.
they gave him one more sunday night, to get it right.
that was the night when the girls all cried.
that was the night that he said goodbye.
'cos no matter who paid him, terry never told us a lie.