

# Everything But The Girl, Ballad Of The Times

Narrow streets breed narrow minds and  
Care for king but not for kind  
It's a short hop to a long weekend  
When every move you apprehend  
You'll never find room to find your feet  
To walk out of this avenue  
Your pockets are lined with promises  
When did you promise ever pay for shoes?

Counting coal trucks by the line and  
Raise your glasses one more time  
'Cause Billy has gone off to war  
And God knows what he's fighting for  
But wartime will make him a man  
Work that no one see, if you can  
A hero's grave is 6 feet deep not  
Room enough for all his plans.

She can scrub the step but if he'll never gleam  
If he did she'd smash the dream  
And they've held the world too long  
But dreams are what you wake up from

Father was a fighter too  
The only way to jump the queue  
Boxing clever, times were tough  
But will that ever be enough?  
You'd never find room to find his feet  
To walk out of these avenues  
Their pockets are lined with promises  
When did they promise ever pay for shoes?  
When did they promise ever pay for shoes?