

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?