Hawkwind, Days Of The Underground

In visions of acid we saw through delusion
and brainbox pollution, we knew we were right
The streets were our oyster, we smoked urban poison
and we turned all this noise on, we knew how to fight
We dropped out and tuned in, we spoke secret jargon
and we would not bargain for what We had found
in the days of the underground

We believed in Guevera, we saw that head held up
and our anger welled up but we kept it cool
No need for machine guns 'cause the system was crumbling,
our leaders were fumbling While we broke every rule
We saw them on T.V. they'd blown their cover
and we tried to smother their voices With sound,
in the days of the underground

Whatever happened to those chromium heroes,
are there none of them still left around,
since The days of the underground?

Now we can look back at the heroes we were then,
we made quite a stir then with our sonic attack,
street-fighting dancers, the assassins of silence,
with make-believe violence on a hundred watt stack
They offered us contracts, we said "we don't need 'em",
we'll just take our freedom and will not be bound
in the days of the underground.

And some of us made it but not smiling Michael
His black motorcycle got eaten by rust
And John the Bog dreamt that he slept at the wheel
But when he woke it was real, too late to have sussed
And Jeff was a poet who wrote with a spray can on walls
Saying "Hey man, I believe that we've drowned"
In the days of the underground