

# Latin Quarter, No Ordinary Return

Blood on a Burberry Jacket  
Streaked but it won't soak through  
There's a young man praying  
For a passing patrol car.  
On a street that they don't go to.

This is no ordinary return  
The day turned lethal  
This is no ordinary return  
Should have taken the "special"  
This is no ordinary return.

Grip on a stolen cheque-card  
He was going to sign it there  
There's a diesel stopping for the snappiest shopper  
All dressed to kill in his leisure wear.

A blue, blue sky  
Goes rolling over and over  
Till the smoke comes pouring  
From a stolen Rover.

Crowd at the ticket turnstile  
Set for a seat in the stand  
And they all pass running  
Till there's one of them stretched out  
Marked by more than the makers brand.