

# Roger Tylor, No Violins

We were talkin' 'bout the old times  
We went walking, down the streets we used to run.  
Remember when you were angry  
About every cause to be had  
We weren't all bad --  
I'm not talkin' 'bout security complex  
I ain't talkin' 'bout some monochrome duplex  
I ain't talkin' 'bout some new kinda weird sex  
I'm just talkin' 'bout -- you and me  
The way we used to be -- hey  
I'm just talkin' 'bout you and me brother  
I'm just talkin' 'bout -- another time and place  
We were hungry. We were mad  
We were angry. We were glad  
We were really Jack the lad  
We weren't all bad  
We went down. We cruised around  
We went down, down, down in the violence  
We went around. We went around and round and  
round  
We didn't hear no violins  
Where's the madness. Where's the fire  
With the flames gettin' higher  
Where's the saints. And the liars