

# The Good, The Bad and The Queen, 80's Life

Where do I see the light  
It's all gone dead in a way  
Cos more or less and get on by  
My made up thing on the day  
Oh Lord can a stone  
Be ballest for an aching soul  
Just learning how to know your mind  
No hiding out on the way back  
To get out before I'm feeling  
You just blow them all away  
It's eighties life  
But it all looks good on you  
Suddenly police run out  
And hope is found in a sound  
Cos I don't want to live a war  
That's got no end in our time  
Call it living in this country  
Calling it missing dawn patrol  
It's eighties life  
And it's all gone right on you