

The Good, The Bad & 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