

The Style Council, All Gone Away

The wind blows whispers down the street,
Having free reign with the town so bleak -
Like everything else it's - all gone away.
The Town Hall clock gives forth its chime,
For no-one there to ask the time -
Like everything else they've - all gone away.

The Grocer's shop hangs up its sign
The sign say's closed it's a sign of the times -
Like everything else they've - all gone away.

But somewhere the party never ends
And greedy hands rub together again -
Shipping out the profits that they've stolen

An eerie wail comes from the pit,
The ghosts of the men take the morning shift -
Just like clockwork - rusting away.

Come take a walk upon these hills
And see how monetarism kills -
Whole communities -
Even families -
There's nothing left so - They've all gone away.