

Mill Street Junction

Be Bop Deluxe

Behind the gasworks after midnight
Mad Jane she holds a sweaty hand
And though the rain runs down the gutter
She dreams she hears the gasworks band

Somewhere Cathedral bells are screaming
As someone's dog answers a call
And in the back row of the empire
The phantom of the bingo hall
The phantom of the bingo hall

Meanwhile the miners on the night shift
Stand by the pit head in the cold
And though their faces look quite dirty
You know to them it feels like gold

A neon sign bleeds in the darkness
A thousand clubs for working men
But crazy Jane oh she's a mill girl
It's plain she's coming down again
It's plain she's coming down again
She's coming down again