

No Ordinary Return

Latin Quarter

Blood on o Burberry Jacket
Streaked but it won't soak through
There's a young man praying
For a passing patrol car
On a street that they don't go to.
This is no ordinary return
The day turned lethal
This is no ordinary return
Should have taken the "special"
This is no ordinary return.
Grip on a stolen cheque-card
He was going to sign it there
There's a diesel stopping for the snappiest shopper
All dressed to kill in his leisure wear.
A blue, blue sky
Goes rolling over ond over
Till the smoke comes pouring
From a stolen Rover.
Crowd at the ticket turnstile
Set for o seat in the stand
And they all pass running
Till there's one of them stretched out
Marked by more than the makers bran