

Do You Remember

Good Shoes

On a train from Brighton to Clapham
And I've been losing my head
And interesting and understated
I've been thinking it's better unsaid
The hope and glory
Of something needlessly boring
On a train from Brighton to Clapham
This journey brings back memories
Of cold wind and cycling
I think things were better back then
When we expected nothing
Did things for love and not money
Do you remember?
All the things that they said they would do
But which never came true