

The Ballad of the Jersey Wives

Jeff Beck

9.03 in September

News reader wept, man, we all can remember.
All I was left with was a wedding ring.
But without him this gold band
It just don't mean a thing.

And it all played out like a bad B-movie,
But there were holes in the plot
And the actors didn't move me.
You think that I'm mad but I know to my core.
I've read the official truth
But there's a truth worth fighting for.

Bang, bang, bang at the door,
Bang at the door, bang at the door.
Kick, kick, kick down the door,
Kick down the door 'til the door is no more

Now I shout at shadows while we swing at ghosts,
Chase cowards down corridors
While our children grow.

Do you know what its like to scream
At the top of your lungs
And have not one single person look up
From their sums?

But I'll bellow my son 'til the day that I die
For the fatherless children
And the husbandless wives

And the military man with his oil black gun.
Just patted my head and said
"Darling, what's done is done".

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The door is no more...