

Still Life

Kirsty MacColl

I walked down by the river where we used to go
And underneath the bridge where we first kissed
The old town that we knew is dead and gone
Gone
The sickly sun shines grayly through the mist
And like the love we used to know
The poisoned river waters flow
And then they're gone
For some of us still life moves on
Our love is just a relic of the past
You'd never recognise the old town now
Somewhere behind the concrete and the glass
The monuments of england's sacred cow
Where are all the human beings?
Have they been sent to milton keynes?
They used to live round here but now they're gone
For some of us still life moves on