

Well the warm wind blew through the 60s  
But it didn't blow much round here  
Disappointment hidden in the jutting chin - 'we didn't want it  
all anyway'  
White paint daubed on a gritstone wall, the words of the prophe  
ts told  
And we smiled to ourselves every time we walked by  
The junction up on All Saints Road  
'It's a mean old scene'

It doesn't do much for business or the paper-crack West-  
End dream  
The council took it down every now and again  
But it was written up fresh and clean  
Stick your head above the parapet  
They're going to arrange to put you down  
Bad stories in the clubs at night, scrap metal in a rusting tow  
n  
'It's a mean old scene'

BD7 and October evenings of endless rain  
The backed-up storm drains bubbling and hissing  
And the cats all running for shelter, fur matted and drenched  
Twenty-nine years on and nothing's changed  
Though in the end they took it down stone by stone  
But we're still laughing all the way to the edge  
Of our beloved, unredeemable, desperate town  
'It's a mean old scene'