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We demand a universal grid
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ID-Ray High, Gridlife Chronicles, November the tenth, 1992 I'm working on my own in here, going over some old music I did in 1970

It's got something, something special, I could really dream the  $\ensuremath{\mathbf{n}}$ 

It ain't such a bad dream either.

Walking to a club

I've been completely degraded by chasing publicity
Degraded, yeah, I'll never go back, I know too much
I know how it's done, I can't discover it all over again, make
it seem new

You're great, Ray, you know that, man, here, hold up, this is t he place

What? Can't go in here, that bloody cow Ruth Streeting uses this club

She hates my guts

It's her job to hate your guts, she's a journalist, it's nothin g personal

Oh sod it, I forgot, of course she won't be here, she's in the States

Oh c'mon, let's go in anyway We've got to get back in the mainstream sometime

Come on, you own shares in the place

That cow wrote that I'm ugly Well, you are ugly I'm not Yes, you are No, I'm not Well, you are, actually

Oh bullocks, Oh, let's go in