

It was 1962
I was two years out of school
When I got on board a boat
That was bound for Liverpool
The day I went away
I remember it so well
Said goodbye to the North Wall
And bid a fond farewell

When I got down to the smoke
It was 1963
I got a job doing meals on wheels
Round NW3
I was terrorising grannies
For ten lousy bob a week
I was smashed and blacked
And drunk and yawning in NW3

In the filth and piss they lived in
They would sometimes hum an air
Or talk in tongues of madness
Keeping time upon a chair
And for their wrists a numbered tab
In Westminster morgue
On a cold hard slab
When I was still a young man
In NW3

Now I'm spent of love and rage
And I'm going home again
Never did nobody wrong
Never earned a decent wage
So thanks for sweet fuck all
Once more look at the North Wall
Say goodbye to all of that
And bid a fond farewell

At the top of the Pentonville Road
I watched the sun setting
The town spread out before me
Looked beautiful to me
Away from all the sighing
The suffering and the dying
I dreamed of the future
Of the young and the free

But the years they went by quickly
Now I swear I won't return here
Where each day just bring me closer
To the final misery
My kids will never scrape shit round here
I won't die crying in a pint of beer
Or eat their stinking meals on wheels
In NW3.