You might remember
How it used to be
3 and 9 could show you
Any fantasy
Parti-coloured pictures
Now and then 3D
No cheap nostalgia
Conjured up by me

Back to the old days
Close to home
Show me some new ways
I'll carry on
Whether making out or played out
Three and nine make twelve
I've a dozen reasons
Lying on the shelf

B Feature back rows
Filed away
No point pretending
Change is here to stay
3 and 9 to 45
Decimal romance
If you've warmed to centigrade
You stand a sporting chance

I'm not so special
You're a misfit too
Why must they interfere
In everything we do?
Should we play safe now
Or go all the way?
Six and two threes now
More I cannot say