

Over the Border

Saint Etienne

When I was 10 I wanted to explore the World
There were these older kids at school who'd gone all the way to Somerset
Just to see Peter Gabriel's house, Peter Gabriel from Genesis
They way they'd dressed, the way their hair fell over their coat collars
It all happened because of music, I wanted to know why
I couldn't go to Somerset on my own, so I used Top of the pops as my World
Atlas

In 1974, I bought my first single, from Woollies in Redhill
I started to memorise the charts, to memorise the leagues
Tuesday lunchtime at 12:45, Saturday afternoon at five o'clock
I didn't go to church, I didn't need to
Green and yellow harvests, pink pies, silver bells and the strange and
Important sound of the synthesiser.

Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay
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Kevin drove us to parties in his Morris Minor
And there were boys, and there was booze, and mock Tudor semis
And first kisses, and terrible chat up lines
But in the end, the conversation always turned to music

I was in love, and I knew he loved me because he made me a tape
I played it in my bedroom, I lived in my bedroom, all of us did
Reading Smash Hits and Record Mirror, Paul Morley and the NME,
Dave McCulloch and Sounds, Modern Eon and Modern English
Mute, Why, Zoo, Factory
Cutting them up, sucking them in, managing the story on our own

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I had my mocks a month later
But I just wanted to listen to Dexys, New Order, anything on postcard
A few weeks and I'd be free
A few weeks and music wouldn't have to be so private, it would be there for
Me
It would be there for me, and when I was married, and when I had kids

Would Marc Bolan still be so important

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