

## New Slough

The Blue Van

We're pushing through  
You talk of ancient gold  
A tale already told and  
The wall-street crack ain't coming back

You better face it  
It's our time now, so don't you patronise  
The tables have turned and we've rolled the dice

I'm a rebel with a cause  
But I ain't no Richie Rich  
You've forgotten who you were  
Give it up for all the kids

'Cause I know the taste of blood  
I know the smell of sweat  
Look through my eyes and you'll see them wet  
1-2-3, I'd like to look upon thee

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