

## The NWRA

## The Fall

When it happened we walked through all the estates, from Manchester right to, er, Newcastle. In Darlington, helped a large man on his own chase off some kids who were chucking bricks and stuff through his flat window. She had a way with people like that. Thanked us and we moved on.

'Junior Choice' played one morning. The song was 'English Scheme.' Mine. They'd changed it with a grand piano and turned it into a love song. How they did it I don't know. DJs had worsened since the rising. Elaborating on nothing in praise of the track with words they could hardly pronounce, in telephone voices.

I was mad, and laughed at the same time. The West German government had brought over large yellow trains on Teeside docks. In Edinburgh. I stayed on my own for a few days, wandering about in the, er, pissing rain, before the Queen Mother hit town.

I'm Joe Totale  
The yet unborn son  
The North will rise again  
The North will rise again  
Not in 10,000 years  
Too many people cower to criminals  
And government crap  
The estates stick up like stacks  
The North will rise again X4  
Look where you are  
Look where you are  
The future death of my father

Shift!  
Tony was a business friend  
Of RT XVII  
And was an opportunist man  
Come, come hear my story  
How he set out to corrupt and destroy  
This future Rising

The business friend came round today  
With teeth clenched, he grabbed my neck  
I threw him to the ground  
His blue shirt stained red  
The north will rise again.  
He said you are mistaken, friend  
I kicked him out of the home

Too many people cower to criminals  
And that government pap  
When all it takes is hard slap

But out the window burned the roads  
There were men with bees on sticks  
The fall had made them sick  
A man with butterflies on his face  
His brother threw acid in his face  
His tatoos were screwed

The streets of Soho did reverberate  
With drunken Highland men  
Revenge for Culloden dead  
The North had rose again  
But it would turn out wrong  
The North will rise again

So R. Totale dwells underground  
Away from sickly grind  
With ostrich head-dress  
Face a mess, covered in feathers  
Orange-red with blue-black lines  
That draped down to his chest  
Body are a tentacle mess  
And light blue plant-heads  
TV showed Sam Chippendale  
No conception of what he'd made  
The Arndale had been razed  
Shop staff knocked off their ladders  
Security guards hung from moving escalators

And now that is said  
Tony seized the control  
He built his base in Edinburgh  
Had on his hotel wall  
A hooded friar on a tractor  
He took a bluey and he called Totale  
Who said, "the North has rose again"  
But it will turn out wrong

When I was in cabaret  
I vowed to defend  
All of the English clergy  
Though they have done wrong  
And the fall has begun  
This has got out of hand  
I will go for foreign aid  
But he Tony, laughed down the phone  
Said "Totale go back to bed"  
The North has rose today  
And you can stuff your aid!  
And you can stuff your aid!