

Gin Palace

The Mekons

Down in the Glen there's a band of old men
Drinking their cider till dawn
Warming to fires made of ashcans and tyres
The outcasts on Liberty hill
In the Gin Palace now!
We're swaying together as one
Ill-defined features and hair stood on end
The Dandys the Fops and the Goths
Come on and get dressed baby pull on your pants
We're going to go out tonight
Through the dirty dark streets
So cold and so bleak
See the lights turn fog into gold
A community centre for the hopeless
The brains of the dispossessed
Sometimes it turns reeling into your arms
Cling together excited and laughing
Strangers flung together on a fast fun-house floor
It turned you out of your bed
The right to stew in your own juice
The freedom to freeze and die
Inside so hot so bright and so loud
The people all talking at once
Flashing dark eyes shining red lips
Beautiful glistening clothes
In the Gin Palace now!
We're swaying together as one
They've cashed in the chips on our shoulders
In the Casino economy
Place your bets