

## King Arthur

The Mekons

Blue mist rolled through cans and weed  
the street lamps lit empty rail yards  
in the shadows a man hid  
his eyes as cold as the grave  
his mind was filled with memories  
of friends long gone by  
The vans roared around him  
in the spotlight he cried

Noone ever says good bye these days  
we're all too busy running scared  
with eyes of broken ice I watched you go  
we're falling like leaves from the tree

Scattered all over from Newport to Leeds  
people hiding people like bees  
talking of unity crippled by fate  
divided and lonely too weak and too late  
Across Treaty Square the lights burn late  
they're working overtime in the cells tonight  
Away down the streets as empty as a vote  
south of the river down in the pod

Noone ever says