

1989

The Rakes

Spent the night in three drinks time  
Where the bars were full it was summertime  
Punks were hangin out in the park  
While someone practised electric guitar  
We drank some homemade wine  
Now my heads not straight  
So I lean for a minute on a cemetery gate  
Half expecting to catch a sight  
Of the dead Russian soldiers marching into the night

La la la la la laaaaa

Feel the sea like the blood is shed  
As the dawn rubs up against our aching head  
Girls light up pull there hoods up tight  
Stuck the money in your bra that you made last night  
Well I spent the night in three drinks time  
Bars were full there was no closing time  
Punks comparing tattoos and their scars  
Now everyone's waiting for the band to start

La la la la la laaaaaaa

(its alright if it all goes wrong in this cold lone city no one  
knows where your from)

Woohoo woohoo woohoo

Oh the camera pulls away to show a hidden alleyway  
Of broken bags and dreams by Turkish cafes  
Where the dirty little pigeon played his inner puddle  
By the drip drip drip of an emptying bottle  
Of champagne perched on top of a half bombed church  
Seeing angels who hear our wounds that make no sounds  
The bird flies out to meet the hopes of the dream  
And see what such grand stories  
He's in the right to the left wing  
He tries so hard  
But falls back to earth to the filth of the yard  
The singers blood runs cold like the spree  
But not this girl not when she was 19

It was 1989

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knows where your from