

Lost In London

The Tangent

I ended up in London several hours ahead of time,
In the small hours of the morning and they'd even closed the Circle Line,
I'd hitch-hiked it in one lift! The kind of trip of which you dream -
Until one day you don't need it, then you get it!... so it seems.
I wandered in from Acton, even passed the BBC,
Imagining that one day they'd all be interviewing me,
I've got a rendezvous this morning with Virgin A & R
I'm a hopeful with a bag of tapes, and Shank's Pony for a car...
I'm a Yorkshire Kid in London - and I need lots of space
Winding roads and open fields you don't have in this place,
I'm here to see your empire, is it true what I have heard?
You've got more people here than Sweden,
But it's the loneliest place in the world.
Found an "all-night-cafe" but I didn't stay too long,
I didn't have much money (besides, this was someone else's song)
I saw the aisles of Knightsbridge. I even gigged the Albert Hall!
But in all the hours of wandering, talked to nobody at all.
McEnroe was losing, for the first time which seemed - wrong!
And the Virgin guy was watching while he listened to my songs,
I don't know if he heard them with so much drama on the screen,
But I didn't sign a contract, - it was Andy: "Love-Fifteen!!"
I was a Yorkshire Kid in London, I didn't understand,
All the chaos and the "MIND THE GAP!!!" in your gold-paved business land,
I was so small you could have eaten and never sensed the taste,
I was David, you - Goliath
But my stones just went to waste.
Instrumental...
At Brent Cross Shopping Centre, thumb pointing up back home,
A wiser man is waiting for some kindly soul to pull over,

I end up with protesters, who tried to stop a war,
But they went ahead and fought it, and I guess to me that matters more.
We're all Yorkshire Folk in London when it comes to being heard,
We give our all but no-one hears or notices one word,
And thought a million voices tell us not to go and take Iraq,
We still went in, and we still haven't come back.
Poignant Instrumental.