

That Same So-So Tune

Chumbawamba

"Bang, the little drummer takes a solo, reaching his young hands all over traps and kettles and cymbals and foot-peddle BOOM in a fantastic crash of sound - but what will happen?"

The dance halls are dark now
The ballrooms are closed
No wax for my needle and I don't suppose
You'll be swinging by anytime soon
Singing that same so-so tune
Nobody's playing
No-one's been paid
The music's all stopped and
You never said you could
Wait from September to June
Singing that same so-so tune
While brothers are fighting and working to rule
Here's a tired, sentimental old song
It goes: 'Ooh, baby, baby
Treating me wrong'
We'll be back where we belong before long
(It's the beat of the heart)
(It's the beat of the heart)
(It's the beat of the heart)
(It's the beat of the heart)
(It's the beat of the heart)

While brothers are fighting and working to rule
Here's a tired, sentimental old song
It goes: 'Ooh, baby, baby
Treating me wrong'
We'll be back where we belong before long
I've heard all the stories
It's wild and it's new
Hot sounds in the city
But what can I do?
Might as well shoot for the moon
Singing that same so-so tune
Singing that same so-so tune