

It was 1962  
I was two years out of school  
When I got on board a boat  
That was bound for Liverpool  
The day I went away  
I remember it so well  
Said goodbye to the North Wall  
And bid a fond farewell

When I got down to the smoke  
It was 1963  
I got a job doing meals on wheels  
Round NW3  
I was terrorising grannies  
For ten lousy bob a week  
I was smashed and blacked  
And drunk and yawning in NW3

In the filth and piss they lived in  
They would sometimes hum an air  
Or talk in tongues of madness  
Keeping time upon a chair  
And for their wrists a numbered tab  
In Westminster morgue  
On a cold hard slab  
When I was still a young man  
In NW3

Now I'm spent of love and rage  
And I'm going home again  
Never did nobody wrong  
Never earned a decent wage  
So thanks for sweet fuck all  
Once more look at the North Wall  
Say goodbye to all of that  
And bid a fond farewell

At the top of the Pentonville Road  
I watched the sun setting  
The town spread out before me  
Looked beautiful to me  
Away from all the sighing  
The suffering and the dying  
I dreamed of the future  
Of the young and the free

But the years they went by quickly  
Now I swear I won't return here  
Where each day just bring me closer  
To the final misery  
My kids will never scrape shit round here  
I won't die crying in a pint of beer  
Or eat their stinking meals on wheels  
In NW3.