

Last Day of the Miners' Strike

Pulp

Kids are spittin' on the Town Hall steps and frightenin' old ladies
I dreamt that I was livin' back in the mid 1980s
People marchin', people shoutin', people wearin' pastel leather
The future's ours for the takin' now, if we just stick together

And I said
"Hey, lay your burden down
Seems the last day of the miners' strike
Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"

Well, my body sank below the ground, it became as black as night
Overhead the sound of horses' hooves, people fightin' for their lives
Some joker in a headband was still gettin' chicks for free
And Big Brother was still watching you, back in the days of '83

And I said
"Hey, lay your burden down
Seems the last day of the miners' strike
Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"

Well by 1985, I was as cold as cold could be
But no one's underground to dig me out and set me free
'87 socialism gave way to socialisin'
So put your hands up in the air once more, the north is risin'

And I said
"Hey, lay your burden down
Seems the last day of the miners' strike
Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"

Ah, sing Hallelujah
Ah, sing Hallelujah
Don't let them fool you again
Ah, sing Hallelujah, ahh

By now I'm sick and tired
Of just living in this hole
So I took the ancient tablets, blew off the dust
Swallowed them whole

Oh, come on, let's get together
Oh, come on, the past is gone
Well, the very first commandment
Come on, come on

Let's get it on
Come on, let's get it on
Get it on
Ah, get it on

Hey, lay your burden down
Seems the last day of the miners' strike
Was the Magna Carta in this part of town