

Hold on Tight

The King Blues

They say it ain't safe to go out anymore,
So the police station has bolted up the door,
The floor's full of torn up betting stubs,
They put televisions in my favourite pubs,
So our homes get bulldozed, no-one watches,
They want soap operas and not soap boxes,
This town has left me high and dry,
But I'll be here til the day I die,

They tell me I'm just pissed off,
Yeh maybe I'm pissed off,
I'd rather be pissed off,
Than be pissed on,

So if the world burns down outside,
And they battle on the frontline,
My darling I'll hold on tight,
My darling I'll hold on tight,

As the world burns down outside,
And they battle on the frontline,
My darling I'll hold on tight,
My darling I'll hold on tight,

We beg for another show we can watch til we're sick,
Just like a donkey chasing a carrot on a stick,
Watching our lives filmed in a soft focus,
With abracadabra and hocus pocus,
One billion channels and there's still nothing on,
The television will not be revolutionised, the announcer says,
"And now for something completely indifferent",

Cos I demand my rock 'n' roll with blood, sweat and tears,
And I demand my reggae to cause bleeding in my ears,
I demand my punk rock to start a revolution,
I demand my hardcore to sound like an execution,
I demand soundsystems on the streets playing the loudest tracks,
I demand no rent, no bills, no council tax,
I demand love that isn't measured by the relationships of characters
on Friends,
Or the words to some dire R&B song about what a good man,
what a mighty mighty good man is,

So as the world burns down outside,
And they battle on the frontline,
My darling I'll hold on tight,
My darling I'll hold on tight.