There's only one way of life And that's your own

My father when I was younger
Took me up on to the hill
That looked down on the city smog
Above the factory spill
He said this is where I come
When I want to be free
Well he never was in his lifetime
But these words stuck with me

I ran from all of this
And I climbed that highest hill
And looked down on my life
Beneath the factory spill
I looked down onto my life
As the family disgrace
Then to all my friends on the starting line
Their wages off to chase
And all my friends and all their jobs
And all the bloody waste

I grew up, learned to love and laugh
Circled A's on the underpass
But the noise we thought would never stop
Died a death as the punks grew up
And we choked on our dreams
We wrestled with our fears
Running through the heartless streets
Chasing our ideas

And the problems of the world
Won't be solved by this guitar
And they won't stop coming either
By the life I've had so far
And the bright lights of my home town
Won't be getting any dimmer
Though their calling has receded now
Like some old distant singer
And they don't seem so appealing
To the eyes of this poor sinner

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