

King Arthur

The Mekons

Blue mist rolled through cans and weed
the street lamps lit empty rail yards
in the shadows a man hid
his eyes as cold as the grave
his mind was filled with memories
of friends long gone by
The vans roared around him
in the spotlight he cried

Noone ever says good bye these days
we're all too busy running scared
with eyes of broken ice I watched you go
we're falling like leaves from the tree

Scattered all over from Newport to Leeds
people hiding people like bees
talking of unity crippled by fate
divided and lonely too weak and too late
Across Treaty Square the lights burn late
they're working overtime in the cells tonight
Away down the streets as empty as a vote
south of the river down in the pod

Noone ever says