

Vice Squad

"What For The 80's"

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Hello, good evening-a homely face
To tell stories of disaster and disgrace
In the privacy of your own home
You can't even smell the burning Rome

So What for the eighties
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No law and order on our streets
In the hands of liars and cheats
No job, no future's now for real
Just time to fight and time to steal

No worry, no cause for concern
Our rulers manager on what they earn
Parties and functions every night
It's okay Jack, -I'm alright

So What for the eighties

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