

Rakes, The

"1989"

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Spent the night in three drinks time
Where the bars were full it was summertime
Punks were hangin out in the park
While someone practised electric guitar
We drank some homemade wine
Now my heads not straight
So I lean for a minute on a cemetery gate
Half expecting to catch a sight
Of the dead Russian soldiers marching into the night

La la la la laaaaa

Feel the sea like the blood is shed
As the dawn rubs up against our aching head
Girls light up pull there hoods up tight
Stuck the money in your bra that you made last night
Well I spent the night in three drinks time
Bars were full there was no closing time
Punks comparing tattoos and their scars
Now everyone's waiting for the band to start

La la la la laaaaaa

(its alright if it all goes wrong in this cold lone city
no one knows where your from)

Woohoo woohoo woohoo

Oh the camera pulls away to show a hidden alleyway
Of broken bags and dreams by Turkish cafes
Where the dirty little pigeon played his inner puddle
By the drip drip drip of an emptying bottle
Of champagne perched on top of a half bombed
church
Seeing angels who hear our wounds that make no
sounds
The bird flies out to meet the hopes of the dream
And see what such grand stories
He's in the right to the left wing
He tries so hard
But falls back to earth to the filth of the yard
The singers blood runs cold like the spree

But not this girl not when she was 19

It was 1989

Its alright if it all goes wrong in this cold lone city
no one knows where your from

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