

## **New Model Army** **"Bd7"**

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Well the warm wind blew through the 60s  
But it didn't blow much round here  
Disappointment hidden in the jutting chin - 'we didn't  
want it all anyway'  
White paint daubed on a gritstone wall, the words of  
the prophets told  
And we smiled to ourselves every time we walked by  
The junction up on All Saints Road  
'It's a mean old scene'

It doesn't do much for business or the paper-crack  
West-End dream  
The council took it down every now and again  
But it was written up fresh and clean  
Stick your head above the parapet  
They're going to arrange to put you down  
Bad stories in the clubs at night, scrap metal in a  
rusting town  
'It's a mean old scene'

BD7 and October evenings of endless rain  
The backed-up storm drains bubbling and hissing  
And the cats all running for shelter, fur matted and  
drenched  
Twenty-nine years on and nothing's changed  
Though in the end they took it down stone by stone  
But we're still laughing all the way to the edge  
Of our beloved, unredeemable, desperate town  
'It's a mean old scene'

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