

Tom Robinson Band

"1967, So Long Ago"

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Fighting with the kids on the fairground
Caravans and TV masts
Generating trucks and Alsatians
I never seen you run so fast
Picking through the litter left afterwards
For .22 shells in the grass
Found a pound note and a keyring
Martin, it's funny them days are past

Saturday flicks at the fleapit
When we had the money to go
Always on the side of the outlaws
And staying for the second show
Bonfires down at the bombsite
And watching the embers glow
Candles and cake in the dugout
Martin, it seems so long ago

1967... it seems so long ago
We were only eleven
It seems so long ago

Day return to Southend Central
Nanny's little treat on the train
Every year we sat on her blanket
And every year it started to rain
Eating apples off the allotments
And swapping cigarette cards
Lending Fat Freddy's train set
And treading on his restaurant car

1967... it seems so long ago
We were only eleven
It seems so long ago

Now I don't wanna give up football
And I don't wanna settle down
Maybe there's life after 25
But I don't feel like sticking around
I don't wanna work in a garage
I don't want my dreams to fold

Never want to have to stop laughing
Martin I'm terrified... of getting old

1967... seems so long ago
1967... it seems so long ago

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