

Oxymoron

"Another Quiet Night In England"

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Just another quite night in England
And far away the dogs are barking
Just another quite night in England
Decent folk are all in their beds
And he is sleeping like the dead
And another quiet night goes by
His father used to own the factory
But his son cashed in and he sold the site
And a town fell silent overnight
Where is the pit and the mill
Where is the skill and the sweat from their hands?
Gone with the smoke and the heat
The noise and the beat of the heart of the land
And money moves without a whisper
Money has no home or nation
It has no friends and it won't stay long
Another quiet night and the dogs are barking
You wake to the smell of burning tyres
Sirens wail and the street's on fire
And another headline hits the presses
The truth runs in, the news creeps out
People stare if you scream and shout
And another quiet night goes by

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