

The Style Council

"All Gone Away"

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The wind blows whispers down the street
Having free reign with the town so bleak
Like everything else, it's all gone away

The Town Hall clock gives forth its chime
For no one there to ask the time
Like everything else, they've all gone away

The grocer's shop hangs up its sign
The sign say's closed it's a sign of the times
Like everything else, they've all gone away

But somewhere the party never ends
And greedy hands rub together again
Shipping out the profits that they've stolen

But somewhere the party never ends
And greedy hands rub together again
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An eerie wail comes from the pit
The ghosts of the men take the morning shift
Just like clockwork rusting away

Come take a walk upon these hills
And see how monetarism kills
Whole communities, even families
There's nothing left, so they've all gone away

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