

The Loved Ones

"Lover's Town Revisited"

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It's that summer of the evening
Get ready and roll the cassette
There's boys outside preaching genocide
And trying to think up some sort of threat
And the ladies in the cloakroom
Take no notice of me
I wish myself was back at home
But there's nothing safe in watching tv

There's something born tomorrow
That I lost when I was out for a drink
How many gangs is it gonna take
To change the way I think
It takes more than good intentions

And a big bloke on the door
And though it's never the same after the first time
That doesn't stop them coming back for more

Fighting in the dance halls happens anyway
Sometimes it makes me stop and think
Sometimes it makes me turn away
Sometimes it makes me stop and think
Sometimes it makes me turn away
Sometimes it makes me stop and think
But most times it makes me run away

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