

## **Thompson Richard**

### **"Al Bowlly's In Heaven"**

Visit "[Al Bowlly's In Heaven](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Well we were heroes then, and the girls were all pretty  
And a uniform was a lucky charm, bought you the key  
to the city  
We used to dance the whole night through  
While Al Bowlly sang "The Very Thought Of You"  
Now Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Well I gave my youth to king and country  
But what's my country done for me but sentenced me  
to misery  
I traded my helmet and my parachute  
For a pair of crutches and a demob suit  
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Hard times, hard hard times  
Hostels and missions and dosser's soup lines  
Can't close me eyes on a bench or a bed  
For the sound of some battle raging in my head

Old friends, you lose so many  
You get run around, all over town  
The wear and the tear, oh it just drives you down  
St Mungo's with its dirty old sheets  
Beats standing all day down on Scarborough Street  
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

Can't stay here, you got to foot-slog  
Once in a blue moon you might find a job  
Sleep in the rain, you sleep in the snow  
When the beds are all taken you've got nowhere to go

Well I can see me now, I'm back there on the dance  
floor  
Oh with a blonde on me arm, red-head to spare  
Spit on my shoes and shine in me hair  
And there's Al Bowlly, he's up on a stand  
Oh that was a voice and that was a band  
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo now

