The Indelicates "Last Significant To be Made in Rock'n' Roll"

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Once, in a corridor in Memphis,
Was a singer took a breath
And wrote the birth of the teenager
Now we come to write his death
We've learned a lot of bitter lessons
Seen the way ideals age
Seen the lies and seen the boredom
Seen the coming final page

This is the last significant statement
To be made in rock and roll
Farewell to Gods and to Lords and to Ladies
Religions and the soul
This is the last significant statement
To be made in rock and roll
Everything that follows is a footnote
That we can turn to when we are...

...Old, My love. Goodnight my love We are old, my love Goodnight my love.

The fanzine writers write for broadsheets
The poor men found their daughters wealthy
Rebellion shores up the market
Rebellion keeps the nation healthy
This thing I loved, this thing I worshipped
This cruel, deceptive, vicious thing.
I shall leave you to die where you lie
I shall forget my dying king

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To be made in rock and roll
Everything that follows is a footnote
That we can turn to when we are...

...Old, My love.
Goodnight my love
We are old, my love
Goodnight my love.
So old, my love
So old, my love
Baby love, my baby love
I cherish you, my love.

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