

Numan Gary

"The Monday Troop"

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Final bow
In a disused music hall
Of laughter and mime
The airwave police
Were the only
Admirers to admire

Sliding sideways in a rusty old Ford
The drivers broke down and
A young girl screams
Walking through rock dreams
Tall stories
Mobile T.V. radio
Nobody came

The station is abandoned
Deserted for peace day
Some old man said 'Just do your best'
And I think passed away

My shadow is never far behind
And I must find another role to play
Visit maskmaker
Please bend my mind
Someone, no one
I really don't mind
Nobody cares

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