The General's Boombox

Street Dogs

You were the razor edge poet
From a punk lost generation
Shaking off praise, so humble man
Shattering expectation
You're relevant right now
More so than you were yesterdaySeventy seven broke
Your voice came charging through
Was that changing of the guard
Bearer of the new flame
Begging what's my name
Who's to blame
We're under complete control
You taught us all when we were young
To be true to ourselvesYou lit the fire in us
And we play on in your trust
A reluctant, poetic guttersnipe
Beyond images and songs
More than your memory carries on
As the general's boombox still plays on
As the general's boombox still plays onYou evolve with each new year
You always push for change
When you got called out
You stood your ground and kept it tight
Let the ragga drop
Act like a cop
When Bernie got in your head
You sacked St. Mick
Went on a walkabout and stayed true to yourselfYou lit the fire in us
And we play on in your trust
A reluctant, poetic guttersnipe
Beyond images and songs
More than your memory carries on
As the general's boombox still plays on
As the general's boombox still plays onI remember the cold December day
When I got the news
I will never forget, I will never forgetFound some guitars
Broke up bars
Chapter 11
Detroit StarsYou boot it, you boot it, you boot to fullCan hear that angry spirit

In garages around the world
From amplifiers, barrel fires, everywhere
They sing it on, won't forget
You're living onYou lit the fire in us
And we play on in your trust
We'll try to carry on the flame
Do you right boyo
And if you listen close enough
You can hear him in our songsAs the general's boombox still plays on
As the general's boombox still plays on

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