

# Running with the Front Runners

Ben Watt

Down on Curtain Road  
I went looking for a little experience  
Among the Mohawks and the plastic glasses  
A basement and condensation  
The Sunday shakers, the last chance takers  
Monday looming, everybody weaving  
Girlfriends and soft-edged boys  
The all-night stragglers I take a step into a ritual of strangers  
Lift myself out of myself  
And join a temporary family  
In a liminal collusion Running with the front runners  
Running with the front runners  
Outside the roads are emptying  
The wind is in the scaffolding  
The Vietnamese is closing  
The big lofts are going up  
Ten years on the frontier  
Then the licences stop coming in  
Police raids on the building  
The wind is in the scaffolding I take a step into a ritual of strangers  
Lift myself out of myself  
And join a temporary family  
In a liminal collusion Running with the front runners  
Running with the front runners Drop the tempo to 118  
It's how we celebrate  
These are the last days of disco  
Until the new days of disco  
I take a step into a ritual of strangers  
Lift myself out of myself  
And join a temporary family  
In a liminal collusion Running with the front runners  
Running with the front runners  
Living on the other side  
Living on the other side

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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