Martin

Snuff

Bless that summer of eighty-eight
On a bench outside the Ox & Gate
With a sponge, spanner and rusty nail
And a nice sharp piece of string
Didn't make sense then don't make sense now
But what the fuck's it matter
Martin missed it doing timeSome with smileys and bandanas
Some trailing heavy manners
From the darts to the bookies to the phone
To the bar to the cab waiting outside
The pub changed hands and word got around
Barred nutters flooded back from miles around
It was a battleground - it went off every nightMartin, Martin, I'm sure he's firing somewhere
Martin, Martin, fired up inside
He pushed it all two steps too far la la la la la
Long arm of the law
Martin missed it doing timeThe back bar's cheesier, Big John looks queasier
Nostalgas easier as time goes by
But that nostalga thing says
'where the fuck you're looking?'
You just missed it doing time.

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