

Last Day Of The Miner's Strike

Pulp

Kids are spitting on the Town Hall steps
and frightening old ladies,
I dreamt that I was living back
in the mid 1980's.
People marching, people shouting,
people wearing pastel leather.
The future's ours for the taking now,
if we just stick together.[Chorus]
And I said "Hey, lay your burden down.
Seems the last day of the miners' strike,
was the Magna Carta in this part of town" Well my body sank below the ground
it became as black as night,
overhead the sounds of horses hooves,
people fighting for their lives.
Some joker in a headband was still
getting chicks for free.
And big brother was still watching you
back in the days of '83.[Chorus] Well, by 1985 I was as cold
as cold could be,
but no-one's underground to dig me out
and set me free.
'87 socialism gave way to socialising
so put your hands up in the air
once more the North is rising[Chorus] Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah,
Don't let them fool you again
sing Hallelujah By now I'm sick and tired of just
living in this hole,
so I took the ancient tablets, blew off the dust,
swallowed them whole.
Oh come on let's get together,
oh come on the past is gone.
Well the very first Commandment,
Come on! Come on, let's get it on!
Let's get it on![Chorus]

Songwriters

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