

Groovy Times

The Clash

The high street shops are boarded up
An' the terrace it is fenced in
See through shields are walled across
The way that you came in
But there's no need to get excited
As the lorries bring the bacon in
'Cause the housewives are all singing
Groovy times are here again They discovered one black Saturday
That mobs don't march they run
So you can excuse the nervous triggerman
Just this once for jumping the gun
As they were picking up the dead
Out of the broken glass
Yes it's number one
The radio set to return have come to pass Groovy times
Groovy times
Groovy times Hey Groovy Yeah, the intake is on the uptake
And the acceleration's pretty grim
I can remember his first appearance
Now look what's happened to him
So they put him in a dog suit
Like from 1964
The king of early evening
ITV will return forever more Groovy times
Groovy times
Groovy times

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