

# 70s 80s (Radio Edit)

## Nightmares On Wax

Thatcher was in power  
Times were tight and sour  
The letter A was sprayed in a circle everywhere And everybody's head was gettin' shaved or spiked  
My sister stitched her flares and made 'em into drainpipes  
She was into Adam Ant and Wuthering Heights  
I was getting into Madness and grifter bikes Mom had to work late, I had no complaints  
Used to get away with murder when Grandad babysat  
Used to play fox and hound 'til the sun came down,  
Singin' Lip Up Fatty, running wild through the ghost town And all I wanted was Doc boots and braces  
My ear pierced, "So, mum, what's a racist?"  
She didn't explain that we weren't quite Caucasian,  
As we could see black children on some future occasion  
And she'd keep that shtum  
All my friends are gettin' brainwashed  
NF and swastikas they're scratchin' on the desktops Riots and violence on the TV  
Broken down on Newsround while eatin' Toast Toppers, watchin' coppers get beat down  
Church discos and trips with the play scheme  
Dancin' to ska, kissing the girl of my dreams  
My tenth birthday and those two-tones stay pressed  
Money in my card I bought One Step Beyond, yes  
Lent it to a friend, never got it back  
Dear Jim could you fix it for me?  
Remember that? Just a 70s baby, early 80s child  
Reminscin' 'bout the days in the brick backyard  
Just a 70s baby, early 80s child  
Reminscin' 'bout the days and you think times are hard Oh, let me tell you now, woo, oh, a wicked witch was in  
power  
And oh, my god she did devour  
Cast a spell called depression made a living hell  
Turned man against man forgot the boys and girls  
We had no future, home computer  
Had to make do with what we had  
Knock-a-door-run and the hand-me-down gowns  
Current beat, upbeat, Cracker Jack of Underground, synthpop, Muppet Show, electro on the radio  
Mum, turn it up, it's a new thing, yeah Now all I want is high tech's with fat bass  
He?s got the next best friend started scratchin' and breakin'  
Snatch your racks and battery by the stack to keep the boom box from going flat  
Didn't cope and went in over the store with a performance kid this place has never been so packed  
Street light for a spot light, cardboard box for a stage

And if you had a score to settle you resolved it with your breakin'  
Not like now they're using guns and bats  
Robbin' old folk, we don't need no more of that Just a 70s baby, early 80s child  
Reminiscin' 'bout the days in the brick backyard  
Just a 70s baby, early 80s child  
Reminscin' 'bout the days and you think times are hard Every brick and every stone thrown  
Was for you and me  
They stood firm  
Truly revolutionary  
Gave back as good as what they go

Songwriters  
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