

In My Day

Gregory Hines

old sailor walked my way, sipped his pint and told me about his day. hey hey. he said "son times have changed and nothing ever seems to stay the same". hey hey. you've got your widescreen sets, your dead cert bets, wine, women, song and dance always practise safe sex. sinking colour fast food high percent booze porta bubble phones got your hair like Kieth Moon.

In my day no-one sits through my turn ups,
In my day no-one stole from their neighbours,
In my day catch a film you've got some pay leff,
In my day, hey, hey.

Old sailor walked away left me to think how much the days have changed, hey, hey. And I realised after a while he'd robbed me blind and slipped away, hey, hey. He'd nicked my twelve quid watch my left foot sock, flicked ash in the pocket of my stay pressed slacks. So the days haven't changed exactly the same. Take away the change same day same ways. In my day no-one sits through my turn ups,

In my day no-one stole from their neighbours,
In my day catch a film you've got some pay leff,
In my day, hey, hey.

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