

Mr. Richard

Interlude

Saw a suit in Daddy's wardrobe, I took a swipe
Lapels, size of islands, gangster white line pinstripe
Laughed off the street in the name of my rock n' roll
Still a caterwauling groove will start off vacation
Eighties plastic Soul don't give palpitation
Richie, he no like, he call out the firing squad

Ba ba ba

Richie look for suede, me I look for leather
Sartorially we groove, occasional disaster
For tight black canvas no make for a straight legged sixties scenester
Then we hit the street with poise of commando
Clothes, guitar but arsenal missing one thing
Exotic Glasgow chick, they call her the Carmen Veranda

Ba ba ba

Me and Richie dream to be like Mr Richard
Strung out secure yes we make like junkie
Hooked up on that stuff they call it the rock n' roll
I need to consecrate, I need consecration
Clipped and soulful guitar riffing out the nation
The nation in my head the national sixties sensation

Ba ba ba

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