Dagenham Dave

The Stranglers

Dave was from out of town
Manchester's likely too
Had read De Sade to Marx
More read than me and you
Scaffolding pays good bread
It pays for drugs and kicks
Dave only had one love
Had no real need for chicks
Dave was so far ahead
But now he's dead

I'm not going to cry
I bet he hit that water high

I guess he lost control
And welcomed in the night
It was too much for him
What were his thoughts that night?
The river Thames is cold
It keeps on flowing on
But it left Dave alone
It just kept flowing on

There's city sickness here
But now he's dead

Late night a street in the west of the city
There was a place there where he lost himself
Strange feelings did he feel there
Strange people did he meet there
Angry sounds did he hear there
Like the howling of bulls

I'm not going to cry
I bet he hit that water high

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