

Last Day Of The Miner's Strike

Pulp

Kids are spittin' on the Town Hall steps and frightenin' old ladies

I dreamt that I was livin' back in the mid 1980s

People marchin', people shoutin', people wearin' pastel leather

The future's ours for the takin' now, if we just stick togetherAnd I said

"Hey, lay your burden down

Seems the last day of the miners' strike

Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"Well, my body sank below the ground, it became as black as night

Overhead the sound of horses' hooves, people fightin' for their lives

Some joker in a headband was still gettin' chicks for free

And Big Brother was still watching you, back in the days of '83And I said

"Hey, lay your burden down

Seems the last day of the miners' strike

Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"Well by 1985, I was as cold as cold could be

But no one's underground to dig me out and set me free

'87 socialism gave way to socialisin'

So put your hands up in the air once more, the north is risin'And I said

"Hey, lay your burden down

Seems the last day of the miners' strike

Was the Magna Carta in this part of town"Ah, sing Hallelujah

Ah, sing Hallelujah

Don't let them fool you again

Ah, sing Hallelujah, ahhBy now I'm sick and tired

Of just living in this hole

So I took the ancient tablets, blew off the dust

Swallowed them wholeOh, come on, let's get together

Oh, come on, the past is gone

Well, the very first commandment

Come on, come onLet's get it on

Come on, let's get it on

Get it on

Ah, get it onHey, lay your burden down

Seems the last day of the miners' strike

Was the Magna Carta in this part of town

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