70s 80s

Nightmares On Wax

Thatcher was in power
Times were tight and sour
The letter A was sprayed in a circle everywhereAnd 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 bikesMom 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 townAnd 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 desktopsRiots 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
Reminiscin' 'bout the days in the brick backyard
Just a 70s baby, early 80s child
Reminscin' 'bout the days and you think times are hardOh, 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, yeahNow 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 thatJust 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 hardEvery brick and every stone thrown
Was for you and me
They stood firm
Truly revolutionary
Gave back as good as what they go

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