

# All Gone Away

## The Style Council

The wind blows whispers down the street  
Having free reign with the town so bleak  
Like everything else, it's all gone away  
The Town Hall clock gives forth its chime  
For no one there to ask the time  
Like everything else, they've all gone away  
The grocer's shop hangs up its sign  
The sign say's closed it's a sign of the times  
Like everything else, they've all gone away  
But somewhere the party never ends  
And greedy hands rub together again  
Shipping out the profits that they've stolen  
But somewhere the party never ends  
And greedy hands rub together again  
Shipping out the profits that they've stolen  
An eerie wail comes from the pit  
The ghosts of the men take the morning shift  
Just like clockwork rusting away  
Come take a walk upon these hills  
And see how monetarism kills  
Whole communities, even families  
There's nothing left, so they've all gone away

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