

CURTAIN DOWN

Words: Ian Music: Luke and Oliver

*The curtain's coming down in our cities and our towns
Nobody can sing far from the centre of things
The multi-coloured world is turning into brown
Time for curtain down all around*

When there's nowhere for the flowers to grow
You soon forget there was a garden there
And when there's nowhere for the people to go
When they've swapped their theatre seat
For an easy chair
You can call it reallocation of scarce resources
But I call it despair
I call it despair
And damage like this will take years to repair

It reminds me of Dr. Beeching
Who trimmed the railway
Closing lines and stations
It reminds me of Mrs Thatcher
Who took it on herself
To make a pit-free nation
You can say I'm exaggerating
But one tool of the poet is exaggeration
So while you're digesting that information
Give us what we want, an explanation
What happened? Did you run out of cash or patience?
Or was it just a little bit of irritation
That outside the palaces of exultation
People were making through graft and perspiration
Amazing centres of inspiration?

And when there's nowhere for the hope to go
You can soon forget there was hope there at all
Just kids hanging round a bus stop
Who kick a half inflated ball
Against the shut health centre wall
You can say that I'm simplifying
You can accuse me of generalisation
But just listen for the sound of crying
And watch the fists clench in sheer frustration
Then tell me that the money can't spread
Right across the country's map
And when the buskers stand there singing
Please don't chuck all your pennies
In the most expensive cap