

English Dogs, Ghost Of The Past

I look out there to see the few
Whos changed not me and you
You have your voices and your means
We are dying a death or so it seems

[Chorus:]

Why can the voiles all shout back?
Why can the people all come back
Its up to you to find a way
The chosen few come on today
The good times werent so long ago
They aint the people we used to know
Now grown up living with a wife
A boring haircut with a boring life
Re-light the old flame bring in the new
Cos it only happens with me and you
Wegot to try to stop the rot
Cos if you dont well be forgot