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 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