

John Miles, Pull The Damn Thing Down

(Miles, Marshall)

Pull the damn thing down,
We're gonna build a highway.
And either side we'll beautify
With concrete reaching to the sky.
Pull the damn thing down,
Soon you won't remember,
As all the people turn their backs
On cobbled stones and chimney stacks.
Pull the damn thing down!

They're gonna pull his house down,
They say that it's a slum.
No thought for peoples feelings
'Cause progress has to come.
The home he's had for sixty years
Is standing in their way,
So they'll find an institution
Where he'll spend his lonely days.

Pull the damn thing down,
We're gonna build a highway.
And I decide we'll beautify
With concrete reaching to the sky.
Pull the damn thing down,
Soon you won't remember,
As all the people turn their backs
On cobbled stones and chimney stacks.
Pull the damn thing down!

He's back home for the first time
In nearly twenty years,
With money and position
And wife in mink and furs.
Places that he used to know
Before he broke the ties
Are all multi-storey car parks
And he can't believe his eyes.

Pull the damn thing down,
We're gonna build a highway.
And I decide we'll beautify
With concrete reaching to the sky.
Pull the damn thing down,
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As all the people turn their backs
On cobbled stones and chimney stacks.
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People don't want changes
To keep up with the times.
Secure in their surroundings
And leading quiet lives.
And then the man from London town
Decides to rearrange
And the place that they remember
Will just never be the same.

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And I decide we'll beautify
With concrete reaching to the sky.
Pull the damn thing down,

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As all the people turn their backs
On cobbled stones and chimney stacks.
Pull the damn thing down!