

# New Model Army, F(no.)ny

Took a drink from the bottle in my coat  
I can smell it now like it was yesterday  
The cold November winds biting round those Bradford streets  
Going downtown to the club where your band used to play  
Well the years go by, and the choices come  
We fall by the wayside one by one  
Ch: And there's nobody left but you now  
There's nobody left but you  
Stevie he was always just the quiet one  
Got married, got buried the way that people do  
Came back ten years later, tried to make up he was still young  
With all the drugs and the girls and the stuff he thought he should have had  
But you, your monsters became your friends  
And you'll carry them with you till the bitter end  
Ch: And there's nobody left but you now . . .  
Only you, only you  
Somehow you survived, well I don't know how  
And you still burn the same, maybe a little slower now  
You remember the winter of '79 and going down in the rain to the Royal Standard to watch the Ruts