

Going Back To Coventry (P. Simmonds)

We hit this town last summer
On the inter-city train
Me and Joe came down together
Just like we'd always been
Well I could play the guitar
An Joey had the brains
There was nothing left of Coventry
But a black and bloody stain

We walked up through Victoria
Named after the Empire's Queen
Signed on down in Westminster,
Found digs in Kensington Lane
The first night we went out
We both got drunk and made a noise
Ran back across the Vauxhall bridge
Chased by the Chelsea boys

Next day we got up early
Just before the London rain
Joey had a meeting with a man
They called John Wayne
He offered Joe a job,
No questions asked, cash in hand
Putting up an office block
On an empty patch of land

Tracks like a rainbow heading south
Takes me to a place I've dreamed about

While Joey screwed the social,
I would practice my guitar
And took a few auditions playing
'Whiskey in the Jar'
Now I'm a one man band
And Joey he;s my manager
And he tells me one day soon
He's going to make us into stars

So now we're both out working
On the tourists in the street
And we spend our nights in Soho
Like two moths drawn to the heat
We've got the rhythm of the river
And the rushing of the drains
It's like going back to Coventry
On that inter-city train

Tracks like a rainbow heading south
Takes me to a place I've dreamed about