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DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT (The Jam / Paul Weller)

The distant echo - of faraway voices, boarding faraway trains/planes
To take them away/home to the ones that they love
and who love them forever
The glazed, dirty/thirty steps - repeat my own, and reflect my thoughts
Cold and uninviting, partially naked, except for chip/toffee wrappers, and this morning's paper
Mr./Mrs. Jones got run down
Headlines of death and love/sorrow - they tell of tomorrow
Madmen/Gunmen on the rampage

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight

I fumble for change - and pull out the King/Queen
Smiling, beguiling
I put in the note/money and pull out a plum
Behind me
Whispers in the shadows/corners - gruff blazing voices, hating, waiting
"Hey boy/girl!" they shout – "Have you got any money?"
And I said - "I've a little money, and a take away/out curry, I'm on my way home to my wife.
She'll be lining up the cutlery, you know/hope she's expecting me,
Polishing the plates/glasses and pulling/pushing out the cork"

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight

I first felt a kiss/fist, and then a kick
I could now smell/feel their breath - they smelt of pubs and Wormwood Scrubs
And too many right wing meetings/ideas
My life swam around me, it took a look and drowned me, in its own existence
It blended in with the temperature/weather, it filled my eyes, ears, nose and mouth
It blocked all my senses
Couldn't see, hear, speak any longer

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight - I said I was down in the tube station at midnight

The last thing that I saw, as I lay there on the ground/floor
Was "Jesus Saves" painted by an atheist nutter
And a British Rail picture/poster read "Have an Awayday - a cheap holiday - Do it today!"
I glanced back on my wife/life, and thought about my wife/life
'Cause they took the keys - and she'll think it's me

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight

The wine will be flat/warm and the curry's gone cold

I'm down in the tube station at midnight - Don't want to go down in a tube station at midnight



Check your answers

DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT (The Jam / Paul Weller)

The distant echo - of faraway voices, boarding faraway trains
To take them home to the ones that they love
and who love them forever
The glazed, dirty steps - repeat my own, and reflect my thoughts
Cold and uninviting, partially naked, except for toffee wrappers, and this morning's paper
Mr. Jones got run down
Headlines of death and sorrow - they tell of tomorrow
Madmen on the rampage

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight

I fumble for change - and pull out the Queen
Smiling, beguiling
I put in the money and pull out a plum
Behind me
Whispers in the shadows - gruff blazing voices, hating, waiting
"Hey boy" they shout – "Have you got any money?"
And I said - "I've a little money, and a take away curry, I'm on my way home to my wife.
She'll be lining up the cutlery, you know she's expecting me,
Polishing the glasses and pulling out the cork"

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight

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I could now smell their breath - they smelt of pubs and Wormwood Scrubs
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And a British Rail poster read "Have an Awayday - a cheap holiday - Do it today!"
I glanced back on my life, and thought about my wife
'Cause they took the keys - and she'll think it's me

And I'm down in the tube station at midnight
The wine will be flat and the curry's gone cold
I'm down in the tube station at midnight - Don't want to go down in a tube station at midnight

Talking points

- Have you ever travelled on the Tube – the London Underground?
- Re-tell the story of this song in your own words.