

# Tim Finn, Suicide On Downing St.

It was no personal defeat,  
That suicide on Downing Street,  
They found him burning in his car,  
He paid the price for what we are.

A stroke of luck, a trick of fate,  
The life I build, the mess I make,  
Too young to retire, too old to live,  
This message all he had to give,

(Chorus)  
Derek Bainbridge did not die in vain,  
And I will sing his sad luck story,  
Desparation is a warning flame,  
Now we stand or fall with Derek Bainbridge.

He came 160 miles,  
To wipe away all those smug smiles,  
The empty hours dragging by,  
His spirit withered up inside.

(Chorus)  
He felt the man that he could be,  
Was only wasted potential.  
He went swimming in the deep forbidden sea,  
Looking for that extra dimension,  
In a selfish blue nation.

It was no personal defeat,  
That suicide on Downing Street,  
You cannot call us civilized,  
As long as one life is denied.

(Chorus)  
Swinging on a one-way pendulum,  
Driving down a dead end highway,  
Desparation is a warning flame,  
Now we stand or fall,  
Do we stand or fall.