

# I WAS ABDUCTED BY THE EIGHTIES

I was abducted by the Eighties.  
I never saw them coming.  
I was on my way home one night  
at about three in the morning,  
minding my own business,

when bam! Without warning  
I was being catapulted from scene to scene,  
to the music from The A Team,  
dressed for all the world like a new romantic,  
feeling a twat and starting to look it,  
with some pointy shiny shoes  
and a Mel Gibson-type mullet.

Landing from moment to moment,  
like the bloke from Quantam Leap,  
cocking every one of them up  
and changing our history to the one you now know.

You might not believe me,  
but I was the suspicious white stain on the hair of Dickie Davis.  
I wrote a song for Europe to help you make your mind up  
that Bucks Fizz were shit.  
I was always on the side of Inspector Chism.  
I shot JR and got wankered with Sue Ellen.  
I fouled Linekar from behind  
and offered him his first Walkers crisp.

*99 red balloons* - I was the hair in Nina's armpits.

I'm responsible for all the things that went wrong  
in the decade that bought you Neighbours and The Birdie Song,  
and *what an atmosphere*.  
*I love a party with a happy Ayatollah*  
surfing on a satanic verse with Salman Rushdie.  
I drove around in a Nissan Sunny,  
got pissed at the Vic with Den and Angie.  
The eighties was shit and it was all my fault.  
I was Jive Bunny.

I sold you that Betamax video recorder  
and rigged all the elections for Margaret Thatcher,  
to get revenge on the decade that wrecked my adolescence.  
I sprayed "Free George Jackson"

in the Blue Peter garden,  
put their tortoise into hibernation,  
told a dirty joke and offended Ben Elton.  
I sold arms to Iran and Iraq.  
I discovered Bros and Kylie and Jason,

not to mention Five Star and Roland Rat  
and everything else that left a nasty taste in the trap  
throughout the decade  
of Just Say No, Feed the World, ET and Live Aid;  
I was Rocky, Rambo, Top Gun and The Terminator,  
I shot the Pope and got laid by Boris Becker.  
*Vorch Sprung Dorch Technic* he said as he was doing it,  
which made McCenroe lose his temper and I'll always regret it.

Living on a Prayer with Bon Jovi's hair,  
It was me who made off with Shergar  
and poisoned all the air  
around Chernobyl, in the nineteen eighties - decade of the disaster,  
I worked for NASA.

I introduced Charles to Diana and Fergie to Andrew,  
but It's My Party and I'll Cry if I Want To  
join the SDP/Liberal Alliance, get done for tax evasion,  
dance all night to acid house, drop a tab and go on Wogan,  
with Huey Lewis and the News, Oliver Reed and Ian Botham.

I was yuppies, wads and Loadsamoney  
and, although it might sound twisted,  
I was Kevin Keegan's barber,  
if such a man existed.

I lost my faith at Bhopal and rained on Greenham Common,  
had a spoil over oil with General Galtieri,  
fell out with Gaddafi and blew up his children,  
and then screamed for retribution for the children of Lockerbie.

I introduced Michael Ryan to his AK47 and watched him go berserk,  
pulled the sheet from under Fleet Street  
and starved the miners back to work - albeit temporarily.

I was Reagan's latex brain,  
slowly decomposing, like the spuds of Percy Thrower.  
I was the hands of Kenny Everett  
and Diego Maradona.

Somewhere in a distant green and pleasant universe

exists a Nineteen Eighties  
where everything was hunky dory,  
before I got bounced through time like a tennis ball  
and cocked it all up and put it in your memory,

*so listen very carefully. I shall say this only once:*  
I'm responsible for Murder She Wrote,  
Heart to Heart and Back to the Future,  
thrash metal and the arms race,  
Cagney and Lacey and video nasties,

Samantha Fox, Ultravox,  
Beverly Hills Cop and Fraggles Rock,  
Afghanistan, the Star Wars programme,  
Banana Man and Bananarama,  
Donkey Kong and Pac Man,  
Morrissey and Michael Jackson,  
Dire Straits and Robert Palmer;

Scrappy Doo and The Proclaimers,  
footless tights and legwarmers,  
René and Renata,  
The Pet Shop Boys and Spycatcher;

and in public I apologise  
for Miami Vice and Cats Eyes  
and causing people far and wide  
to cry out "Cowabunga".

It was all my fault,  
so smack me in the face with Mallet's Mallet,  
feed me Golden Wonder snacks  
and sew my arse together,  
'cause Frankie says Relax  
and honestly, believe me, I deserve no better.

I was abducted by the Eighties.  
I never saw them coming.  
And whether we die of AIDS or Salmonella,  
or simply hit the deck just like that Tommy Cooper;  
fall in love, get nuked from above,  
or slowly choke to death on the grease from the hair of Brian Ferry,  
I have to explain that I'm the one to blame.  
It's all my fault.  
I'm ever so sorry.

Rob Gee