

4th June 1976

Came out of the Century,
Unaware of what was to be,
Gurdip Chagger and a few of his friends,
Just another bunch of Indians.

Just another King-Street-film-night,
Shop-soiled-street in sodium sight,
Lazy-night-traffic-car ambles past,
Quiet Southall evening – just won't last.

He walked away,
From the cinema's day,
Slowly walked,
Easy talked,
Not a look behind,
Surrounded by his kind,
To the black,
He carelessly turned his back.

Thug-youths white,
Split the night,
One with the knife,
Triggered the strife.

- Ch. *The night that Chagger died,
Were you one of those who cried?
Were you one of those who died inside?
The night Gurdip Chagger died.*

He ran across the street,
Behind him pounding feet,
Blood running fast,
His life won't last.

Stumbled on to the Victory,
Red mist, his eyes only see,
Falls down, with his lifeblood failing,
Grabs up at the zebra railing.

Look in his eyes is asking why?
Why it was he had to die?
Were you one of those who sighed inside?
The night Gurdip Chagger died.

- Ch. *The night that Chagger died,
Were you one of those who cried?
Were you one of those who died inside?
The night Gurdip Chagger died.*