

Death Trip

Cockney Rebel

So now we're on a death trip, listen to the blood drip
Oozing from a curled lip, ever thought of dying slowly
Ever thought of dying totally unholy

Someone's trying to fool us, maybe it's your daughters
Can you hear the walrus offering a sad solution?
He's calling out for teenage revolution
And can you think of one good reason to remain? To remain? To remain? To remain?

To you aficionados, fooling with bravado
Keep me on my guard-o cause a consciousness explosion
It's getting difficult to keep my mind in motion

Images of sunshine, please to make the words rhyme
Let me die in eight-time, let me write a tale to no one
Let me write a tale to make you think you're someone
Can you think of one good reason to remain? To remain? To remain? To remain?

We'll grow sweet Ipomoea to make us feel much freer
Then take a pinch of Schemeland and turn it into Dreamland
'Softly Lautrec' - she whispered in awe
'Build me a picture of children at war'

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