

Babylon Blues

Ian Hunter

Take a look at yourself babe, take a look at yourself
Take a look at yourself babe
You ain't exactly a picture of health
In your finest hour at the height of your power
Everything's gone sour
Your ivory tower morphed into a cell

Confidence shattered, mad as a hatter,
What's the matter, what's the matter, what's the matter, what's the matter with you?
Don't try pulling me down to your level
Ain't nothing worst than a phony-assed rebel
You do what you want to but leave me out o' this
You're tangled up in the Babylon blues

You a yellowin' book, got an amethyst skin, you been taken in by the parasites
Feeding off your adrenalin
You gotta fight without, you gotta fight within, you gotta flat-out swim
That ominous current that's sweeping you in

Meals on wheels? Sympathy?
What d'ya want, What d'ya want, What d'ya want, What d'ya want from me?
There's a big black cloud hangin' over your head
Looks like silver but it's heavy as lead
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Say you gonna quit, that's the end of it, but the pieces don't fit, what am I stupid?
I don't buy it, I don't buy it
Just another blind beggar on the road to fame
With a messed up body and a messed up brain, I don't buy it
I don't buy it
I don't buy it
I don't buy it
I don't buy it

It's a cynical world, babe, it's a bad old world, it's a sinister world babe
You get what you want and you're still miserable
At the terminal gate, at the terminal gate, at the terminal gate
You better back off before it's too late
And I remember when you opened your mouth and
Everybody freaked at what came out
When I'm gone, remember that
You can't take the alley outta none o' those cats

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