

# One For The Road

Rick Wakeman

You're standing hands in pockets  
Back to the wall  
19 and six foot two  
But not standing tall  
He's got a bit  
He'll catch a girlfriend or two  
But black white or yellow  
His color is blue

Hey, get on with life  
Stop moaning  
Get off your back  
Where's the spirit that  
This beat generation lacks  
You've no pride  
No moral fibre, no rules, no code  
I'm not like you  
I'll have one for the road

But some part's been broken  
Up on the sad and low  
She knows he won't be  
Calling her name anymore  
She spends all day gazing  
Down at the square  
Wondering what happened to  
The perfect affair

Hey, get on with life  
Stop moaning  
Get off your back  
Where's the spirit that  
This beat generation lacks  
You've no pride  
No moral fibre, no rules, no code  
I'm not like you

The boys all roam London  
Where you've got nothing  
You've got a lot  
To prove or die

They'll raise a little local trouble  
Corner some, and break some more  
Tell them why  
They're outta work  
And in the hole  
On the streets again  
They ain't no never (gonna have)  
Any life

They're out of work again  
With three million friends  
In the line

The boys are on the move  
When you've got nothing

You got a lot to prove  
Or die

(It's no good to me)  
I'll have one for the road  
(It's no good to me)  
Just one for the road  
(It's nothing to me)  
I'll have one for the road  
(It's nothing to me)  
One for the road

It's nothing to me  
Nothing to me  
Nothing to me  
(Backs to the wall, the wall)

He's in the bar  
Where he's been half the nights  
There ain't no problem  
That he hasn't put right  
He knows the way to get shot of his load  
Solves every crisis  
With a foot on the road

Hey, get on with life  
Stop fooling  
Get off your back  
Where's the spirit that  
This beat generation lacks  
You've no pride  
No moral fibre, no rules, no code  
I'm not like you

I'll have one for the road  
I'll have one for the road  
One for the road.