

Backside

Strawbs

The boy stood on the burning stage, his back against the
mast

He did not dare to turn around till Davy Bowie passed
The stardust painted round his eyes was really fading
fast.

Oh but I think I'm going to come again.

Oh but I think I'm going to come again.

The spiders from Uranus were climbing up the walls
With such a space (?) the oddity, his fey libido calls
But the people in the front row can only see his smalls.

Oh but I think I'm going to come again.

Oh but I think I'm going to come again.