

## Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing

Carpenters

Sing, sing

Who's that stompin' all over my face?  
Where's that silhouette I'm trying to trace?  
And who's putting sponge in the bells I once rung  
And taking my gypsy before she's begun

Just singing and a dreaming of what's in my mind  
Before I can take home what's rightfully mine  
Joinin' and a listenin' and talkin' in rhymes  
Stoppin' the feeling to wait for the times

R: Who's saying maybe  
That don't mean a thing"  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing

Sing, sing

Who's all hung-up on that happiness thing?  
Who's trying to tune all the bells they ring?  
And who's in the corner and down on the floor  
With pencil and paper just counting the score

Who's trying to act like he's just in-between?  
The night isn't black, if you know that it's green  
Don't bother looking, you're too blind to see  
Who's coming on like he wanted to be?

R:

Sing, sing

Who's coming home on the old 9 to 5?  
Who's got the feeling here to keep him alive?  
Though havin' it, sharin' it, ain't quite the same  
You painted it golden nugget, you can't lay claim

Who's seeing eyes through the crack in the floor?  
There it is baby, don't you worry no more  
Who should be sleepin', but 's writing this song  
Wishin' and a-hopin' he weren't so damned wrong

R: (2x)