

Editing Floor Blues

Cat Stevens

I was born in the West-End
In the summer of '48
Above a small cafe
Some people liked to come there and call it night
But for me it was all day
Oh! Now the dogs keep a-growlin'
Round my front door
And the truth howled out from the editing floor
Years went by
Quarrymen came along
This boy became a star
Then he dropped, but got up again
With a black everly guitar
Then he searched along the road
A good song he was looking for
And the truth sang out from the editing floor
Big brother took a trip
As bold as he could be
To the place, he heard
Where the good prophets used to walk
High above this dark world
Then the word came down
And the little brother saw
How the truth was buried on the editing floor
One day the papers rang us up
T'check if I said this?
I said, "Oh boy!
I'd never say that!"
Then we got down to the truth of it
But they never printed that!
Just like Socrates, the man from Greece
Fell down on his knees
Said, Lord! Forgive them please
Forgive them please
And he spoke no more
And the cup spilled out on the editing floor