

## 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