

Mr. Soft

Cockney Rebel

Mr. Soft, turn around and force the world
To watch the things you're going through
Oh, Mr. Soft, believe everything they tell you
And be damned if they'll thank you

You paint everything so cruel
Coming on like Mr. Cool
Paint your face and shut the gate
No one's coming home till late, ooh-la!

Don't you know ? Life gets tedious enough
Without this extra grudge to bare
You, so slow, shift your ideas, make your mind up
In a jiffy, let's be fair

We'll all be taking off tonight
Turn off your eyes and shut the light
You're the most, you're so unreal
We'd all be dead without your spiel, ooh-la, ooh, take it!

Ooh!

Oh, Mr. Soft, go to town and bring the dawn in
In the morning on your way
Mr. Soft, put your feet upon the waters
And play Jesus for the day

You begin to hear them mumble
Spot the Starman, rough-and-tumble
Fight the good fight, sling your axe
Watch the speaker lead the packs, ooh, here we go, we go!