

Liberteenage Rag

Edwyn Collins

The morning dawned and I logged on
The poisoned fruit of the devil's spawn
There was nothing sacred as far as I could see
There was nothing sacred as far as I could see
The libertine's dream in virtual reality

I took a walk to clear my head
Like a snake with a skin to shed
If I could break out I surely would
But there's a stake-out in my neighborhood
And my getaway car's got away for good

I'll take a train, I'll take a plane
Away up north where they know my name
But they don't bug me the way that some folks do
I'll take this guitar, I'll maybe start anew
'Cause otherwise I'll stay down here and stew

Upon a Hill of Many Stones
Five miles south of the Great Grey Cairns
I felt the full force of five thousand years
I felt the full force of five thousand years
And I felt the sting of time's eternal tears

The libertine's dream in virtual reality
And I called this song my liberteenage rag