

Over The Top

Hawkwind

This is a very heavy microphone stand
Ah, no queen could brandish this I tell ya that
It's a real man's microphone stand
Here, Dave, here
Where'd you get these stands from?
Ah, they're really heavy
So are you

Well, we're gonna do something really heavy in a minute
Like, er
Fall off the stage on top of you
With about two hundredweight of iron in my hand

You're a very tiny person, aren't you?
Eh?
You're all very tiny down there

Y'know when I'm up here
I feel so big and mighty
I fell like I'm the
Master
Of the
Universe

You made me feel like that
And now, it's almost true
And just wait and see
What we do with it

All right, cut the Gypsy music!
Band of Gypsies!

All in a day's work
All in, all in

All in a day's work
All in, all in

All in a day's work
I know

I would rather the fire-storms of atmospheres
Than this cruel descent from a thousand years of dream
Into the starkness of this capsule
Where two of our crew still lie
Suspended cool
In their tombs of sleep
The nagging choirs of memory
The tubes and wires worming from their flesh
To machinery
I would have to cut
Such midwifery is but one function
Of the leader here

Floating in a sac of fluid
Dark
A clear century of space away from Earth

One man stirs from the trauma of his birth
Attending to the hypno-tapes
Assuring him
This was reality
However grim
Oh, our journey's end

The landing itself was nothing
We touched upon a shelf of rock
Selected by the auto-mind
And left the galaxy of dreams
Behind

And it's all a fable for fountains now
It's all a fable for fountains now!
It's all a fable for fountains now!

And were your childhood dreams
All a fable?

For fountains now
For fountains now
Now, now
Now, now, now
Fountains, fountains
All going up in fountains, fountains
All a fable for fountains now

Go on
There's no other

But just a minute now
When you gaze into my eyes
You're looking at your own reflection
And all you see is your disguise
You wear for your own protection

So don't go telling me that you know just when to stop!
When to stop
You know you go
Over the top
Over the top
It's over the top

Hey I'm going, over the top
Over the top, oh!
Over the top, all right here it goes...

In 1916
We dug the trenches
But we don't need them
We have our own defences
We don't need no officers
To blow no whistle and scream
Come on you guys
Wake up out of your dream
And follow me
'Cause I'm going

Over the top
Over the top
Follow me
Over the top

Here goes now...

Your country needs you
Hey Kitchener, don't you know that moustaches went out with the Beatles?

Give me white feather!
Give me white feather!
Give me white feather!

Hung up on the wire

Give me white feather!
Give me white feather!
Give me white feather!
Hung upon the wire
Hung upon the wire
Strung on barbed wire
Huh, strung on barbed wire

Goodbye genocide...