

Apathy 83

Ian Hunter

Standin` on the edge of Vesuvius - my mouth is runnin` dry
Drunk on wine & wisdom - giving it all away
Old enough to hate tomorrow - young enough not to know where to
run
Oh there ain`t no rock`n roll no more - just the music of the y
oung

Apathy for the devil Apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil ,N Apathy for the son.

The moon shines brightly on some summer lawn -
and envy caught like a leaf
Comes floating down upon this frozen desert sand -
spitting bullets through the night
The siren wails on the ambulance - compassion touches my head `
n it bleeds
There ain`t no rock`n roll no more just the sickly sound of gre
ed.

And it`s Apathy for the devil And it`s Apathy for the devil
And it`s Apathy for the devil `N Apathy for the creed

No more gardens for the gardenless - no more - havens for the h
avenless
No more helpers for the helplessness - no more - somethings for
a less
For the law is now the lawless
`N the flaw is now the flawless
`N the crime is now accepted
`N the criminal respected
`N now evil gets elected
`N now sinful get selected
Heed a president proven rotten Now officially forgotten

Was it your General Sheridan who once said "The only good, good
man is a dead good man."
It was not me babe
I just said keep your head `n your bread well down under them f
loorboards

`N you - you look like you gone with the wind
Running naked through the streets
Wired out - tired out - transcendental mental - only laughing i
n your sleep
Nostalgia is starting to focus too late, imagination is startin
g to itch
There ain`t no rock`n roll no more just the music of the rich

`N it`s Apathy for the Devil `N it`s Apathy for the Devil
`N it`s Apathy for the Devil Apathy`s at fever pitch