

Dandy

Ian Hunter

Something is happening, Mr Jones
My brother says you're better than the Beatles or the Stones
Saturday night 'n Sunday morning
You turned us into heroes, can you hear the heroes sing?

Dandy, you're the prettiest star
There ain't no life on Mars but we always thought there might be
Dandy, you opened up the door
You left us wanting more, and then we took the last bus home

Who let the genie outta the lamp?
And little Lord Fauntleroy, who let him outta his amp?
Saturday night 'n Sunday morning,
Well Trevor's getting bolder, 'n Woody likes to hit things

Dandy, this world was black 'n' white
You showed us what it's like to live inside a rainbow
Dandy, You thrilled us to the core
You left us wanting more, and then we took the last bus home

You beat up Goliath, you had it all
The voice, the look, the songs that shook
The gift of the gab 'n the gall
Saturday night 'n Sunday morning
When all we had to look forward to was the weekend, you made our lives worth living

Dandy, you're still the prettiest star
There ain't no life on Mars but we always thought there might be
Dandy, you took us to the fair
Cabaret Voltaire - and then we caught the last bus home

Dandy, you know we've waited long enough
They should put a statue up in Piccadilly Circus
Dandy, you blew us all away moutta the drab and the grey
And then we caught the last bus home

Dandy, the keeper of the flame, we won't see your like again
No, Dandy was a one-off
Dandy, look at what you've become
I guess I owe you one, so thanks for the memories