

1973

Mental As Anything

Who would ever want to leave
What a shame to even go
Soon the blinking on of fluoros
Will have us on the street
Everybody's happy here
I've hardly seen a fight
The music's swimming in my ear
I love the pulsing lights oh yeah

The room is more than half way filled
The night's a big success
The bands have all been dressed to kill
The third one was the best
And in the break we headed out
To drink three cans of beer
That Jeff had borrowed from his dad
He said he wouldn't care

So we rolled a racehorse
And the stars began to fall

But we didn't even look back
And the drums filed up the hall

I even had the luck to talk to you
Wendy from 3E3
She told me as she left the toilets
She'd go around with me
We stood together at the front
Holding hands, holding hands
I couldn't leave the axeman's fingers
As he played and played and played

Now the stony lights are humming
And we're filing out the door
I hope these kind of nights keep running
'Cause I'll be coming back for more and more
It was 1973, it was 1973, it was 1973