

1974

Robyn Hitchcock

You have two coffees  
One of them is one coffee too many for you  
On a health kick  
Trying to lead a middle-aged life  
Well, it's either that or drop dead  
Wait 'til you get older than this  
And then turn around and tell me I was young for my age  
Yeah  
And it feels like 1974  
Waiting for the waves to come and crash on the shore  
But you're far in land  
You're in funky denim wonderland  
You and David Crosby and a bloke with no hand  
You've got hair in places  
Most people haven't got brains  
Ooh  
But it feels like 1974  
Syd Barrett's last session, he can't sing anymore  
He's gonna have to be Roger now for the rest of his life  
Oh  
Enough about me, let's talk about you  
You were working at the Earth Exchange at half twenty-two  
'Rebel Rebel' was your favorite song  
On the Archway Road  
Where it all belongs  
All those molecules of time  
That you thought you'd shed forever  
All those inches of time  
That you thought you could just say bye-bye  
And as Nixon left the White House  
You could hear people say,  
"They'll never rehabilitate that mother  
No way."  
Yep  
Whirry-whirry goes the helicopter out of my way  
I've got president to dump in the void  
Ooh  
Python's last series and The Guardian said,  
"The stench of rotting minds"  
But what else could you smell back then?  
You didn't have to inhale too hard  
You could smell the heads festering in the backyard  
There's a baby in a basket and it's taken your name  
And one day it'll grow up and say,  
"Who are you,  
Eh?"  
And you say that's where it ended  
But I say no no no, it just faded away  
August was grey  
It feels like 1974  
Ghastly mellow saxophones all over the floor  
Feels like 1974  
You could vote for Labour, but you can't anymore  
Feels like 1974  
Digging Led Zeppelin in Grimsby  
Oh Christ  
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