

The Best Years of Our Lives

Steve Harley

European Maids, hard to ignore
You, me and the boys, barred from the shore
Fresh-faced imbeciles, laughing at me
I've been laughing myself, is that so hard to see?
Do I have to spell each letter out, honestly!
If there's no room for laughter there's no room for me
Try looking at you, rather than me
No truth is in here, it's all fantasy
Since the last time we met I've been through
About seven hundred changes and that's just a few
And the changes all tend to be something to do
But you've got to believe that they're all done for you

You'll think it's tragic when that moment arrives

Ah, but it's magic, it's the best years of our lives
Lost now for the words to tell you the truth
Please banter with me the banter of youth
If I knew how to say it I'd say it for you
If I knew how to whisper I'd whisper for you
If I knew how to waltz I'd get up and dance for you
If I thought I could run I'd come running to you
I've discovered now how to be fair
This I could teach you if only I dare
The only conclusion I've reached in my life
Is that if I should die I should die by the knife
Since it's only a matter of courage all right,
Die a man or a martyr, the two would be nice, so nice