

Phoenix Foundation, The

"40 Years"

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I'm your man from December
I only wish I could remember
All the names of the people
And all the names of the streets
And all the birds in my books about birds
And all the words in my dictionary

I'm your man from December
I only wish I could remember
All the lights of the cars in the streets
As they blind me to the spot and then knock me off my feet
And I'm feeling this stagnation but it's just a fabrication
Born out of complications from my primary vocation

40 years x4

I'm your man
So come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
And get over here
I'm your man from December
I only wish I could remember
All the names of the freaks and the fakes
And all the names of the creeks and the lakes
And all the birds in my books about birds
And all the words I ever heard
I ever heard in my head, oh my

40 Years x7

Of the sound ringing in my ears, in my ears

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