

Tull Jethro

"Big Dipper"

Visit "[Big Dipper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

he mist rolls off the beachers; the train rolls into the station

Weekend happiness seekers - pent-up saturation

Well, we don't mean anyone any harm

We weren't on the Glasgow train

See you at the Pleasure Beat, Roller-coasting heroes

Big Dipper riding - we'll give the local lads a hiding

If they keep us from the ladies

Hanging out in the penny arcades

Shaking up the Tower Ballroom

Throwing up in the bathroom, landlady's in the backroom

I'm the Big Dipper, it's the weekend rage

Rich windowed landlady give me your spare front-door key

If you're 39 or over, I'll make love to you next Thursday

I may stay over for a week or two

Drop a post card to me mum, I'll see you on the waltzer

We'll go big-dipping daily...

* Too Old To Rock'n'Roll, Too Young To Die

Yes'n she's bad-eyed and loveless

A young man's fancy and an old man's dream

I'm self-raising and I flower in her company

Give me no sugar without her cream

She's a warm fart at Christmas

She's a breath of Champagne on a sparkling night

Yes'n she's bad-eyed and loveless

Turns other women to envious green

Yes'n she's bad-eyed and loveless

A young man's vision - in my old man's dream

* Big Dipper

The mist rolls off the beaches; the train rolls into the station

Weekend happiness seekers - pent-up saturation

Well, we don't mean anyone any harm

We weren't on the Glasgow train

See you at the Pleasure Beat, Roller-coasting heroes

Big Dipper riding - we'll give the local lads a hiding

If they keep us from the ladies

Hanging out in the penny arcades

Shaking up the Tower Ballroom

Throwing up in the bathroom, landlady's in the backroom

I'm the Big Dipper, it's the weekend rade.

Rich widowed landlady give me your spare front-door key

If you're 39 or over, I'll make love to you next Thursday

I may stay over for a week or two

Drop a postcard to me mum, I'll see you on the waltzer

We'll go big-dipping daily ...

Big Dipper riding - we'll give the local lads a hiding

If they keep us from the ladies

Hanging out in the penny arcades

Shaking up the Tower Ballroom

Throwing up in the bathroom, landlady's in the
backroom

I'm the Big Dipper, it's the weekend rade.

* Too Old To Rock'n'Roll, Too Young To Die

The old Rocker wore his hair too long

Wore his trouser cuffs too tight

Unfashionable to the end - drank his ale too light

Death's head belts buckle - yesterday dreams

The transport "Caf" prophet of doom

Ringin' no change in his double-sews seams

in his post-war-babe gloom

Now he's too old to rock'n'roll, but he's too young to die

He once owned a Harley Davidson and A Triumph
Borneville

Counted his friends in burned out spark plugs

And prays that he always will

But he's the last of the blue blood greaser boys

All his mates are doing time

Married with three kids up by the ring road

Sold their souls straight down the line

And some of them own little sports cars

And meet at the tennis club do's

For drinks on a Sunday - work on Monday

They've thrown away their blue suede shoes

Now they're too old to rock'n'roll, but they're too young
to die

So the old Rocker gets out his bike to make a ton

Before he takes his leave

Upon the AI by Scotch Corner just like it used to be

And as he flies - tears in his eyes - his mind -

whipped words echo the final take

As he hits the trunk road doing around 120

with no room left to brake

And he was too old to rock'n'roll, but he was too young
to die

* Pied Piper

Well if you think Ray blew it, there was nothing to it

They patched him up as good as new

Now you can see him every day - riding down the
queen's highway

Handing out his small cigars to the kids from school

And all the little girls with their bleached blonde curls

Clump up on their platform soles

And they say, " Hey, Ray - let's ride away

Downtown where we can roll some alley bowls "

And Ray grins from ear to ear and whispers ...

So follow me. Trail along, my leather jacket's buttoned
up

And my four-stroke song will pick you up when your last
class ends

And you can tell all your friends

The Pied Piper pulled you, the mad biker fooled you

I'll do what you want to

If you ride with me on a Friday anything goes

So follow me, hold on tight

My school girl fancy's flowing in free flight

I've a tenner in my skin tight jeans

You can touch it if your hands are clean

The Pied Piper pulled you, the mad biker fooled you

Visit [Tull Jethro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.