

Tull Jethro

"From A Dead Beat To An Old Greaser"

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From a dead beat to an old greaser

Here's thinking of you

You won't remember the long nights

Coffee bars; black tights and white thighs in shop windows

Where blonde assistants fully-fashioned

A world made of dummies (with no mummies or daddies to reject them)

When bombs were banned every Sunday

And the Shadows did FBI

And tired young sax-players their instruments of torture -

Sat in the station sharing wet dreams of

Charlie Parker, Jack Kerouac, Rene Magritte

To name a few of the heroes who were too wise for their own good

Left the young brood to go on living without them

Old queers with young faces - who remember your name

Though you're a dead beat with tired feet

Two ends that don't meet to a dead beat from an old greaser

Think you must have me all wrong

I didn't care friend; I wasn't there friend

If it's the price of a pint that you need, ask me again

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