

## **Barclay James Harvest**

### **"Classics: A Tale Of Two Sixties"**

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I'm hitting the road to heading nowhere  
Got no place to go  
I'm stuck inside my generation  
Round and round I go

I'm sick of the sound of Rolling Thunder  
Times they were a-changing  
And rock 'n' roll died with Easy Rider  
Tearing up my traces

David Bowie was Hunky Dory, Aladdin quite insane  
Give me the sound of Arthur Lee with  
Forever Changes, I'll remember  
And more again, don't leave me ever  
Buddy Holly say, "Baby, please be mine"  
All the time

I'm cutting out now before the New Wave  
Takes my surf board flair  
Remember the time when Zappa said  
"Punk, where you going with that flower in your hair?"

There's so many who's, who's Rolling Stones  
Rod Stewards and Small Faces  
And Tommy's the king of the pinball flings  
That chased my generation

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