

Carpenters

"Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing"

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Sing, sing

Who's that stompin' all over my face?

Where's that silhouette I'm trying to trace?

And who's putting sponge in the bells I once rung

And taking my gypsy before she's begun
Just singing and a dreaming of what's in my mind

Before I can take home what's rightfully mine

Joinin' and a listenin' and talkin' in rhymes

Stoppin' the feeling to wait for the times
(*) Who's saying maybe

That don't mean a thing"

'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing

Sing, sing

Who's all hung-up on that happiness thing?

Who's trying to tune all the bells they ring?

And who's in the corner and down on the floor

With pencil and paper just counting the score
Who's trying to act like he's just in-between?

The night isn't black, if you know that it's green

Don't bother looking, you're too blind to see

Who's coming on like he wanted to be?

Repeat (*)

Who's coming home on the old 9 to 5?

Who's got the feeling here to keep him alive?

Though havin' it, sharin' it, ain't quite the same

You painted it golden nugget, you can't lay claim
Who's seeing eyes through the crack in the floor?

There it is baby, don't you worry no more

Who should be sleepin', but 's writing this song

Wishin' and a-hopin' he weren't so damned wrong
Repeat (*) twice

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