

Dexys Midnight Runners **"There, There, My Dear"**

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Dear Robin,
Hope you don't mind me writing, it's just that
there's more than one question I need to ask you.
If you're so anti-fashion why not wear flares, instead
of dressing down all the same.
It's just that looking like that I can express my
dissatisfaction.

Dear Robin, let me explain, though you'd never see in
a million years.
Keep quoting cabaret, Berlin, Burroughs, J.G. Ballard,
Duchampe, Beauvoir, Kerouac, Kirkegaard, Michael
Rennie.
I don't believe you really like Frank Sinatra.

Dear Robin, you're always so happy, how the hell do
you get your inspiration?
You're like a dumb patriot.
If you're supposed to be so angry, why don't you
fight and let me benefit from your right?
Don't you know the only way to change things is to
shoot men who arrange things.

Dear Robin, I would explain, but you'd never see in a
million years.
Well you've made your rules but we don't know that
game, perhaps I'd listen to your records but your
logic's far too lame and I'd only waste three
valuable minutes of my life with your insincerity.

You see Robin I'm just searching for the young soul
rebels, and I can't find them anywhere.
Where have you hidden them?
Maybe you should welcome the new soul vision.

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