

Edwyn Collins

"The Campaign For Real Rock"

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Don't try so hard to be different
The cracks are beginning to show
You drift like a cloud through the festival crowd
In a frock coat from Saville row

You've just been to a all night party
Where I have to admit it takes pluck
To go out on the floor and proclaim, "What a bore"
In a T-shirt that reads, 'Disco Sucks'

Yes, here he comes, the not so young
Pretender to the throne
He's singing rag, mamma, rag
Won't you give that poor dog a bone?

And he's wondering why we can't connect
When he's sworn to us that he's totally wretch
On the rustic charm that he affects
On a public schoolboy whim

With a raggle taggle plastic gypsy
Robert Zimmerframe
With a synthesized accordion
A scramblin' up my brain

With a fiddle dee dee, a fiddle on high
Excuse me folks while I kiss the sky
Or at any rate give it one more try
Before I die, before I die

The overrated hit the stage
Overpaid and over here
And their idea of counter culture's
Momma's charge account at sears

And they're wondering why we can't connect
With the ritual of the trashed guitar
One more paltry empty gesture
The ashes of a burned out star

Yes, here they come, both old and young
A contact low or high

The gathering of the tribes descending
Vultures from a caustic sky

The rotting carcass of July
And ugly sun hung out to dry
Your gorgeous hippy dreams are dying
Your frazzled brains are putrefying

Repackaged, sold and sanitized
The devil's music exorcised
You live, you die, you lie, you lie, you die
Perpetuate the lie, perpetuate the lie,
Perpetuate the lie, just to perpetuate the lie

Yes, yes, yes, it's the summer festival
The truly detestable summer festival
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