

## Hawkwind

### "Over The Top Live"

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Intro, stage banter]]

This is a very heavy microphone stand.  
Aha, no queen could banish this I tell you that.  
This is a real man's microphone stand 'ere Dave.  
'Ere, where d'you get these stands from?  
They're really heavy.  
So are you.  
Well we're gonna do something really heavy in a  
minute.  
Like, err.., fall off the stage on top of you,  
With about two hundredweight of iron in my hand.  
You're a very tiny person, aren't you? Eh?  
You're all very tiny down there.  
You know, when I'm up here, I feel so big and mighty,  
I feel like I'm the  
Master  
Of the  
Universe.  
You made me feel like that,  
And now,  
It's almost true.  
Just wait and see,  
What we do.

Alright, cut the gypsy music.  
A band of gypsies...

[[Begin song proper(?)]]

All in a day's work, all in, all in.  
All in a day's work, all in, all in.  
All in a day's work, all in all.

I would rather the firestorms of atmospheres  
Than this cruel descent from a thousand years of  
dream.  
Into the starkness of this capsule,  
That two of our crew still lie suspended,  
Cool in their tombs of sleep.  
The nagging choirs of memory,

The tubes and wires worming from their flesh to  
machinery  
I would have to cut.  
Such midwifery is but one function  
Of the leader here.  
He's floating in a sac of fluid dark, a clear  
Century of space away from earth.  
One man stares from the trauma of his birth.

Attending to the hypno-tapes, assuring him,  
This was reality, however grim.  
Oh our journey's end  
The landing itself was nothing;  
We touched upon a shelf of rock selected by the  
automind.  
And left the galaxy of dreams behind.  
And it's all a fable for fountains now.  
It's all a fable for fountains now.  
It's all a fable for fountains now.  
All your childhood dreams, all are a fable,  
For fountains now,  
For fountains now,  
Now now,  
Now now now,  
Fountains, fountains,  
All going up in fountains, fountains.  
All a fable for fountains now  
Come on, ?????????? ????????????????

And just a minute now.  
When you look into my eyes,  
You're looking at your own reflection.  
And all you see is your disguise  
You wear for your own protection.  
So don't go telling me that you know just when to stop,  
When to stop.  
You know you go over the top.  
Over the top.  
It's over the top.  
Over the top.  
Hey he's going, over the top.  
Over the top, oh.  
Over the top, alright here it goes...

In 1916,  
They dug the trenches.  
We don't need them;  
We have our own defences.  
We don't need no officers to blow no whistle and  
scream  
"Come on you guys wake up out of your dream

And follow me  
Cos I'm going,  
Over the top.  
Over the top.  
Follow me over the top.  
Here goes now,  
Your country needs you."  
(Hey Kitchener, don't you know that moustaches went  
out with the Beatles?)  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Hung upon the wire.  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Hung upon the wire.  
Hung upon the wire.  
Strung on barbed wire.  
Huh, strung on barbed wire.

Goodbye genocide.....

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