

Ian Hunter

"Apathy 83"

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I'm standin' on the edge of Vesuvius
My mouth is runnin' dry
Drunk on wine and wisdom
Giving it all away

Old enough to hate tomorrow
Young enough not to know where to run
Oh there ain't no rock 'n' roll no more
Just the music of the young

And it's apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
'N' apathy for the son

The moon shines brightly on some summer lawn
And envy caught like a leaf
Comes floating down upon this frozen desert sand
Spitting bullets through the night

The siren wails on the ambulance
Compassion touches my head 'n' it bleeds
There ain't no rock 'n' roll no more
Just the sickly sound of greed

And it's apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
'N' apathy for the creed

No more gardens for the gardenless
No more havens for the havenless
No more helpers for the helplessness
No more somethings for a less

For the law is now the lawless
'N' the flaw is now the flawless
'N' the crime is now accepted
'N' the criminal respected

'N' now evil gets elected
'N' now sinful get selected

Heed a president proven rotten
And now officially forgotten

Was it your General Sheridan who once said
"The only good, good man is a dead good man", it was
not me babe
I just said keep your head 'n your bread
Well down under them floorboards

You, you look like you gone with the wind
Running naked through the streets
Wired out, tired out, transcendental mental
Only laughing in your sleep

Nostalgia is starting to focus too late
Imagination is starting to itch
There ain't no rock 'n' roll no more
Just the music of the rich

'N' it's apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil
Apathy's at fever pitch

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