

## Jet Set Roger

### "From A Dead Beat To An Old Greaser"

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From a dead beat to an old greaser, here's thinking of  
you.

You won't remember the long nights;  
Coffee bars; black tights and white thighs  
In shop windows where blonde assistants fully-  
fashioned a world made  
Of dummies (with no mummies or daddies to reject  
them).

When bombs were banned every Sunday and the  
Shadows played F.B.I.

And tired young sax-players sold their instruments of  
torture ---

Sat in the station sharing wet dreams of Charlie Parker,  
Jack Kerouac, Ren\'e Magritte, to name a few of the  
heroes

Who were too wise for their own good --- left the young  
brood to  
Go on living without them.

Old queers with young faces --- who remember your  
name,

Though you're a dead beat with tired feet;  
Two ends that don't meet.  
To a dead beat from an old greaser.

Think you must have me all wrong.  
I didn't care, friend. I wasn't there, friend,  
If it's the price of pint that you need, ask me again.

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