

Kinks

"Over The Edge"

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Everybody is a victim of society
Comedy, tragedy, vaudeville variety
Pantomime players in the grand tradition
Winners and losers till the intermission

Girl, I know the world's a stage
That's what the poet said
But I think our weird relationship
Is way above my head
I'll be your Casanova whipping boy
If that's what you desire
But once I start performing
I can't easily retire

I'll swing on a trapeze
I'll jump through hoops
And I'll eat fire
Be a human cannon ball
Walk on the high wire
Put on make-up, wear a wig
I'll be your tragic clown
The once you've got me up there
I can't easily come down

Don't drive me over the edge of it
Can't you see I've got mixed-up emotions?
Joined the crowd, just to be part of it
That was the start of it

Oh, Now I'm over the edge
Don't drive me over the edge of it
Oh, Over the edge

The world is turnin' upside-down
Civilization's dead
Economic turmoil, now the world is in the red
Democracy's a shadow of its former glory
Law and orders broken down
End of story

My next door neighbour's totally snapped
He's gone right over the edge

He's playing up barbed wire barricades
Around the garden hedge
And planting land mines on the lawn
He's gone barmy
According to his wife
He's formed a secret army

Ever since he got laid off
Something inside snapped
His wife says he's gone 'round the twist
Now there's no turning back
All night he waits in the garden shed
For the enemy to attack
A suburban vigilante
Dressed up in a union jack
He's over the edge

Oh, Over the edge
Don't drive me over the edge of it

Woman, you are gonna drive me
Totally over the edge
Is it yes or is it no?
Are you gonna take the pledge?
The pressures of society are getting to your brain
And forced you to act weird
And put me under all this strain

But don't drive me over the edge of it
Stop while I've still got emotions
Joined the crowd, just to be part of it
That was the start of it

Oh, now over the edge
Don't drive me over the edge of it
Oh, over the edge
Don't drive me over the edge of it

Everybody is a victim of society
Comedy, tragedy, vaudeville, variety
Pantomime players in the grand tradition
Forced into roles that leave them totally driven

Right over the edge

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