

Queen "Drowse"

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It's the sad eyed goodbye
Yesterday's moments I remember
It's the bleak street, weak kneed partings I recall
It's the mistier mists the hazier days
The brighter sun and the easier lays
There's all the more reason for laughing and crying
When you're younger and life isn't to hard at all

It's the fantastic drowse
Of the afternoon Sundays
That bored you to rages of tears
The unending pleadings
To waste all your good times
In thoughts of your middle-aged years
It's the vertical hold all the things that you're told
For the everyday hero it all turns to zero
And there's all the more reason
For living or dying when you're young
And your troubles are all very small

Out here on the street we'd gather and meet
And scuff up the sidewalk
With endlessly restless feet
Half on the time we'd broaden our minds
More in the pool hall
Than we did in the school hall
With the down town chewing gum bums
Watching the night life the lights and the fun

Never wanted to be the boy next door
Always thought I'd be something more
But it ain't easy for a small town boy
It ain't easy at all
Thinkin' it right and doin' it wrong
It's easier from an arm chair
Waves of alternatives wash over my sleepiness
Have my eggs poached for breakfast I guess

I think I'll be Clint Eastwood
Jimi Hendrix he was good
Let's try William the conqueror
Now who else do I like?

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