

## Robert Plant "Tin Pan Valley"

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I come from the tin pan valley and I'm moving right  
along  
I live on former glory, so long ago and gone  
I'm turning down the talk shows, the humour and the  
couch  
I'm moving up to higher ground - I've found a new way  
out

These parasols and barbecues and loungers by the  
pool  
The late night conversations filled with twentieth-  
century cool  
My peers may flirt with cabaret - some fake the rebel  
yell  
Me, I'm moving up to higher ground - I must escape  
their hell

Let me suspend my thirst for knowledge in your  
powder, sweat and sighs  
A grudge of Christian women - a stain of spotless wives  
A perfect destination inside a perfect world  
I take the bottle to the baby - you take the hammer to  
the pearl

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Every day's like Sunday, down here on memory lane  
Salad days and no good ways drive me quite insane  
A cocktail-clouded troubadour attempts to speak in  
tongues  
He's said enough - I'm through the door - I'm moving  
right along  
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