

Robert Plant

"Tin Pin Valley"

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I come from 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.

There's parasols and barbeques and loungers by the
pool
The late night conversations filled with 20th century
cool
My peers may flirt with cabaret, some fake the rebel
yell
Me - I'm moving up to higher ground, I must escape the
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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