

Steve Hackett

"The Best Years Of Our Lives"

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European Maids, hard to ignore

You, me and the boys, barred from the shore

Fresh-faced imbeciles, laughing at me

I've been laughing myself, is that so hard to see?

Do I have to spell each letter out, honestly!

If there's no room for laughter there's no room for me

Try looking at you, rather than me

No truth is in here, it's all fantasy

Since the last time we met I've been through

About seven hundred changes and that's just a few

And the changes all tend to be something to do

But you've got to believe that they're all done for you

Chorus: You'll think it's tragic when that moment
arrives

Ah, but it's magic, it's the best years of our lives

Lost now for the words to tell you the truth

Please banter with me the banter of youth

If I knew how to say it I'd say it for you

If I knew how to whisper I'd whisper for you

If I knew how to waltz I'd get up and dance for you

If I thought I could run I'd come running to you

I've discovered now how to be fair

This I could teach you if only I dare

The only conclusion I've reached in my life

Is that if I should die I should die by the knife

Since it's only a matter of courage all right,

Die a man or a martyr, the two would be nice, so nice

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