

Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel

"49th Parallel"

Visit "[49th Parallel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Think I'll have lines on my face
When I get out of this place
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull
It wouldn't help to deny
I'm well advised to comply
By the rules or be ever so tearful

I caught a vulture, he came up behind me
I put a chain on his claws
I caught another, been trying to find me
I slit a vein in his jaws
Tied the two of them up with guitar strings (only fed
them a bone)
Grinned and put my hands in my pockets
To drift away to a land of my own

Think I'll have lines on my face
When I get out of this place
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull
It wouldn't help to deny
I'm well advised to comply
By the rules or be ever so tearful

We played a game of cowards and heroes
We lay the rules on the floor
But then we spoke of flowers and quiros
It ended up in a draw
But all the time they were bound and belittled
I wouldn't let them go, go, go!
I only want to use them for skittles
And drift away to a land of my own

They were begging over and over
If we behave can we feed?
Began to throw them piece of clover
And said;now count the leaves!
I realised it was only a battle
And went to look for the war (haw! haw!)
My brains began then to rattle
And drift away to a land of their own

Visit [Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.