

Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel "Death Trip"

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So now we're on a death trip
Listen to the blood drip
Oozing from a curled lip
Ever thought of dying slowly
Ever thought of dying totally unholy
Someone's trying to fool us
Maybe it's their daughters
Can you hear the Walrus
Offering a sad solution
He's calling out for teenage revolution
And "Can you think of one good reason to remain?"
To you, afficianados
Fooling with bravado
To keep me on my guard-o
And cause a consciousness explosion
It's getting difficult to keep my mind in motion
Images of sunshine
Lease to make the words rhyme
Let me die in eight time
Let me write a tale to no-one
Let me write a tale to make you think you're someone
And "Can you think of one good reason to remain?"
Interval:
We'll grow Sweet Ipomoea
To make us feel much freer
Then take a pinch of Schemeland
And turn it into Dreamland
"softly, Lautrec," she whispered in awe,
"build me a picture of children at war"

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