

## The Perishers

### "40 Years"

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I'm your man from December  
I only wish I could remember  
All the names of the people  
And all the names of the streets  
And all the birds in my books about birds  
And all the words in my dictionary

I'm your man from December  
I only wish I could remember  
All the lights of the cars in the streets  
As they blind me to the spot and then knock me off my feet  
And I'm feeling this stagnation but it's just a fabrication  
Born out of complications from my primary vocation

40 years x4

I'm your man  
So come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
And get over here  
I'm your man from December  
I only wish I could remember  
All the names of the freaks and the fakes  
And all the names of the creeks and the lakes  
And all the birds in my books about birds  
And all the words I ever heard  
I ever heard in my head, oh my

40 Years x7

Of the sound ringing in my ears, in my ears

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