

Robyn Hitchcock "1974"

Visit "[1974](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You have two coffees
One of them is one coffee too many for you
On a health kick
Trying to lead a middle-aged life
Well, it's either that or drop dead
Wait 'til you get older than this
And then turn around and tell me I was young for my
age
Yeah
And it feels like 1974
Waiting for the waves to come and crash on the shore
But you're far in land
You're in funky denim wonderland
You and David Crosby and a bloke with no hand
You've got hair in places
Most people haven't got brains
Ooh
But it feels like 1974
Syd Barrett's last session, he can't sing anymore
He's gonna have to be Roger now for the rest of his life
Oh
Enough about me, let's talk about you
You were working at the Earth Exchange at half twenty-
two
'Rebel Rebel' was your favorite song
On the Archway Road
Where it all belongs
All those molecules of time
That you thought you'd shed forever
All those inches of time
That you thought you could just say bye-bye
And as Nixon left the White House
You could hear people say,
"They'll never rehabilitate that mother
No way."
Yep
Whirry-whirry goes the helicopter out of my way
I've got president to dump in the void
Ooh
Python's last series and The Guardian said,
"The stench of rotting minds"
But what else could you smell back then?

You didn't have to inhale too hard
You could smell the heads festering in the backyard
There's a baby in a basket and it's taken your name
And one day it'll grow up and say,
"Who are you,
Eh?"
And you say that's where it ended
But I say no no no, it just faded away
August was grey
It feels like 1974
Ghastly mellow saxophones all over the floor
Feels like 1974
You could vote for Labour, but you can't anymore
Feels like 1974
Digging Led Zeppelin in Grimsby
Oh Christ

Visit [Robyn Hitchcock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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