

DJ Food

"The Ageing Young Rebel Gentle Cruelty"

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feat. Ken Nordine)

An Ageing Young Rebel

Called What's His Name

Wanted to be different

while he stayed the same

The he couldn't

he just couldn't

No matter what he would try

Told be his mother

An aging old thing

You better go see clever

You give clever a ring

Which he did

Called him up

Just so Mommy wouldn't cry

Clever hear his story

About different and the same

You crazy

This some silly game

Oh no

Like Mommy said

I gotta straiten up my head
Clever is so clever
Is cleverness enough
Can you help this ageing rebel
Do you really have the stuff
Bet you don't have
Bet the bread that you'll pass the buck instead
Clever sends our hero
To a funny darken room
Where a crowd of cunning listens
Giggles in the gloom
That's you problem aging rebel
Don't you really know the score
You crazy think your going to change this crazy world
Better see your self a shrink
Cunningly the argue about our boy
Whose breaking down the door
Now he's running down the dark
Diabolical awaits
Grabs him by the ankle
Ani't it just like fait
Diabolical laughs
In an alley full of suit
Forget the same
you'll be different now

Somewhat shorter on one side

Let go

Oh no

Would you diabolical inside

Panic in his brain pulls and gets away

Losses him a foot it's a dark and evil day

See him running limping blood

Something soft is just ahead

Something soft is gentle

He's fallen at her side

She comforts him with kisses

He dreams of suicide

Gentle is so gentle

Grabs the trouble by its root

Bandages his stump

Cuts off his other foot

So you see it seems to me a gentle kind of cruelty

Ageing rebels older a little wiser maybe too

Gentleness has fixed him

Does he look like me and you

Footless and fancy free

Think how happy Mom will be

Footless and fancy free

Think how happy Mom will be

