

Steve Harley "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 your 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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