

## Strawbs "A Song For Me"

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Strawbs - A Song For Me

Once I was a minstrel boy, I sang just like a bird I used to trade in memories, I relived every word But the galleries are empty now, the crowds have all gone home

I locked away my songs, I sang them on my own I sang them on my own.

Now those who walk behind me have heard it all before They knew the many reasons I screwed them like some whore

Like jumped-up jacks of all trades they walked with fettered legs

And wondered where the tent went when I pulled out all the pegs

I pulled out all the pegs.

This song is sung for me This song is sung for me This song is sung for me

This song is sung for me

This song is sung for me.

The peaceful queen of platitudes sat resting on his throne

His laurel wreath was slipping as he retrieved his buried bone

Ah but I had got there sooner, I had chewed away the fat

While he slept in the gutter, I slept on the mat I slept on the mat.

This song is sung for me

This song is sung for me.

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