

A Tale Of Two Sixties

Barclay James Harvest

I'm hitting the road to heading nowhere
Got no place to go
I'm stuck inside my generation
Round and round i go.

I'm sick of the sound of rolling thunder
Times they were a-changing
And rock'n'roll died with easy rider
Tearing up my traces.

David bowie was hunky dory
Aladdin quite insane
Give the sound of arthur lee with
Forever changes, i'll remember
And more again, don't leave me ever
Buddy holly said, "baby, please be mine"
All the time.

I'm cutting out now before the new wave
Takes my surf board flair
Remember the time when zappa said
"punk, where you going with that
Flower in your hair?"

There's so many who's who's, rolling stones,
Rod stewards and small faces
And tommy's the king of pinball flings
That chases my generation.

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