

There, There, My Dear

Dexys Midnight Runners

Dear Robin,

Hope you don't mind me writing, it's just that there's more than one question I need to ask you.

If you're so anti-fashion why not wear flares, instead of dressing down all the same.

It's just that looking like that I can express my dissatisfaction.

Dear Robin, let me explain, though you'd never see in a million years.

Keep quoting cabaret, Berlin, Burroughs, J.G. Ballard, Duchampe, Beauvoir, Kerouac, Kirkegaard, Michael Rennie.

I don't believe you really like Frank Sinatra.

Dear Robin, you're always so happy, how the hell do you get your inspiration?

You're like a dumb patriot.

If you're supposed to be so angry, why don't you fight and let me benefit from your right?

Don't you know the only way to change things is to shoot men who arrange things.

Dear Robin, I would explain, but you'd never see in a million years.

Well you've made your rules but we don't know that game, perhaps I'd listen to your records but your logic's far too lame and I'd only waste three valuable minutes of my life with your insincerity.

You see Robin I'm just searching for the young soul rebels, and I can't find them anywhere.

Where have you hidden them?

Maybe you should welcome the new soul vision.