

Bells are chiming for victory  
There's a page back in history  
45  
They came back to the world that they fought for  
Didn't turn out just like they thought  
45

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
What did you lose?  
What did you gain?  
What did you win?

Nine years later a child is born  
There's a record, so you put it on  
45  
Nine years more, if we're lucky now  
Nine-year-old puts his money down  
45  
Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I held for you  
45  
There's a stack of shellac and vinyl  
Which is yours now and which is mine?  
45

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
What did you lose?  
What did you gain?  
What did you win?

Bass and treble heal every hurt  
There's a rebel in a nylon shirt  
But the words are a mystery, I've heard  
'Til you turn it down to 33 and 1/3  
'Cos it helps with the elocution  
Corporations turn revolutions  
45

So don't you weep and shed  
Just change your name instead  
What do you lose when it all goes to your head?

I heard something peculiar said:  
"Perhaps he's got a shot and now he's dead"  
45  
Bells are chiming and tears are falling  
It creeps up on you without a warning  
45  
Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I bless  
I'd be lost, I confess  
45