

# Jools And Jim

Pete Townshend

Anyone can have an opinion  
Anyone can join in and jump  
Anyone can pay or just stay away  
Anyone can crash and thump

But did you read the stuff that Julie said?  
Or little Jimmy with his hair dyed red?  
They don't give a shit Keith Moon is dead  
Is that exactly what I thought I read?

Typewriter tappers  
You're all just crappers  
You listen to love with your intellect  
A4 pushers  
You're all just cushions  
Morality ain't measured in a room  
He wrecked.

Anyone can by some leather  
Ain't no better than wearing sheep  
anyone can sell lucky heather  
You can see that words are cheap!

But did you read the stuff that Julie said?  
Or little Jimmy with his hair dyed red?  
They have a standard of perfection there  
That you and me can never share

Typewriter bangers on  
You're all just hangers on  
Everyone's human 'cept Jools and Jim  
Late copy churners  
Rock and Roll learners  
Your heart's are melting in pools  
Of gin

But I know for sure that if we met up eye to eye  
A little wine would bring us closer, you and I  
'Cos your right, hypocrisy will be the death of me  
And theirs an I before e when your spelling ecstasy  
And you, you two.....

Did you hear the stuff that Krishna said?  
Or know for you that Jesus' blood was shed?  
Is it in your heart or in your head?  
Or does the truth lie in the center spread?

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Oklahoma, Oklahoma, Oklahoma.....OK.