

One For The Road

Rick Wakeman

You're standing hands in pockets
Back to the wall
19 and six foot two
But not standing tall
He's got a bit
He'll catch a girlfriend or two
But black white or yellow
His color is blue

Hey, get on with life
Stop moaning
Get off your back
Where's the spirit that
This beat generation lacks
You've no pride
No moral fibre, no rules, no code
I'm not like you
I'll have one for the road

But some part's been broken
Up on the sad and low
She knows he won't be
Calling her name anymore
She spends all day gazing
Down at the square
Wondering what happened to
The perfect affair

Hey, get on with life
Stop moaning
Get off your back
Where's the spirit that
This beat generation lacks
You've no pride
No moral fibre, no rules, no code
I'm not like you

The boys all roam London
Where you've got nothing
You've got a lot
To prove or die

They'll raise a little local trouble
Corner some, and break some more
Tell them why
They're outta work
And in the hole
On the streets again
They ain't no never (gonna have)
Any life

They're out of work again
With three million friends
In the line

The boys are on the move
When you've got nothing

You got a lot to prove
Or die

(It's no good to me)
I'll have one for the road
(It's no good to me)
Just one for the road
(It's nothing to me)
I'll have one for the road
(It's nothing to me)
One for the road

It's nothing to me
Nothing to me
Nothing to me
(Backs to the wall, the wall)

He's in the bar
Where he's been half the nights
There ain't no problem
That he hasn't put right
He knows the way to get shot of his load
Solves every crisis
With a foot on the road

Hey, get on with life
Stop fooling
Get off your back
Where's the spirit that
This beat generation lacks
You've no pride
No moral fibre, no rules, no code
I'm not like you

I'll have one for the road
I'll have one for the road
One for the road.