

# I Wish I Was a Punk Rocker (With Flowers in My Hair)

Sandi Thom

Oh, I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair  
In '77 and '69, revolution was in the air  
I was born too late to a world that doesn't care  
Oh, I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair

When the head of state didn't play guitar  
Not everybody drove a car  
When music really mattered and when radio was king  
When accountants didn't have control  
And the media couldn't buy your soul  
And computers were still scary and we didn't know everything

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When pop stars still remained a myth  
And ignorance could still be bliss  
And when God Save the Queen she turned a whiter shade of pale  
When my mom and dad were in their teens  
And anarchy was still a dream  
And the only way to stay in touch was a letter in the mail

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When record shops were on top  
And vinyl was all that they stocked  
And the super info-highway was still drifting out in space  
Kids were wearing hand-me-downs  
And playing games meant kick arounds  
And footballers who had long hair and dirt across their face

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