

Mr. 20th Century Man

Stephen Duffy

Come over to my garden, let's listen to the trees
Swaying to the rhythm set up by the breeze
I'd like to play you new songs that I wrote on my knees
And if you'd like to live here then we can cut some keys

The clothes you wore, you had to change
For you were getting bored
In studied rags, do slip straps show
Now you can't be ignored

Mister twentieth century man
You don't have to pretend that everything won't end
Mister twentieth century man
Say goodbye to your shoes, turn off the news

Mister twentieth century man, it's over
Who'll miss the twentieth century man?

Haven't I been lucky? I've been allowed to sing
Fooled them when they bought me I didn't sell a thing
I want to make you happy I want this song to bring
All the love in this world the last tulips of spring

A way to live, a way to go
These things I can not find
But when I think I'm all played out
A song will come to mind

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