

Death Trip

Steve Harley

So now we're on a death trip
Listen to the blood drip
Oozing from a curled lip
Ever thought of dying slowly
Ever thought of dying totally unholy

Someone's trying to fool us
Maybe it's your daughters
Can you hear the Walrus
Offering a sad solution
He's calling out for teenage revolution
And "Can you think of one good reason
To remain?"

To you afficianados
Fooling with bravado
To keep me on my guard-o
And cause a consciousness explosion
It's getting difficult to keep my mind in motion

Images of sunshine
Lease, to make the words rhyme
Let me die in eight-time
Let me write a tale to no-one
Let me write a tale to make you think you're someone
And "Can you think of one good reason
To remain?"

Interval: We'll grow Sweet Ipomoea
To make us feel much freer
Then take a pinch of Schemeland
And turn it into Dreamland
"Softly, Lautrec," she whispered in awe
"Build me a picture of children at war"