

# The Best Years of Our Lives

Steve Harley

European Maids, hard to ignore  
You, me and the boys, barred from the shore  
Fresh-faced imbeciles, laughing at me  
I've been laughing myself, is that so hard to see?  
Do I have to spell each letter out, honestly!  
If there's no room for laughter there's no room for me  
Try looking at you, rather than me  
No truth is in here, it's all fantasy  
Since the last time we met I've been through  
About seven hundred changes and that's just a few  
And the changes all tend to be something to do  
But you've got to believe that they're all done for you

You'll think it's tragic when that moment arrives

Ah, but it's magic, it's the best years of our lives  
Lost now for the words to tell you the truth  
Please banter with me the banter of youth  
If I knew how to say it I'd say it for you  
If I knew how to whisper I'd whisper for you  
If I knew how to waltz I'd get up and dance for you  
If I thought I could run I'd come running to you  
I've discovered now how to be fair  
This I could teach you if only I dare  
The only conclusion I've reached in my life  
Is that if I should die I should die by the knife  
Since it's only a matter of courage all right,  
Die a man or a martyr, the two would be nice, so nice