

Tumbling Down

Steve Harley

Gee, but it's hard when one lowers one's guard to the vultures
Now me I regard it's a torturous hardship that smolders
Like a peppermint eaten away
Will I fight, will I swagger or sway?
Hee hee, my lady, she cries like a baby to scolders
See her tumbling down, tumbling down

Hail to the monkey, we're having a funky reunion
Wasted and sunk, he can only have Sunday communion
He got nicotine stains in his eyes
He got nothing to protect but his pride
Oh! smother the kiss or be drowned in blissful confusion
See it tumbling down, tumbling down

Juvenile tale, see the Tintanic sail into Brighton
The Hemingway stacatto, the tragic bravado can frighten
To be here, there and everywhere's fine
But do you have to be so swift all the time
Deliver the dawn to the Moulin-Rouge on the horizon
Watch it tumbling down, tumbling down
Tumbling down, tumbling down

Oh dear, look what they've done to the blues, blues, blues
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