

## 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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