

# Slip Kid

The Who

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight ...

I've got my clipboard, text books  
Lead me to the station  
Yeah, I'm off to the civil war  
I've got my kit bag, my heavy boots  
I'm runnin' in the rain  
Gonna run till my feet are raw

Slip kid, slip kid, second generation  
And I'm a soldier at thirteen  
Slip kid, slip kid, realization  
There's no easy way to be free  
No easy way to be free

It's a hard, hard world

I left my doctor's prescription bungalow behind me  
I left the door ajar  
I left my vacuum flask  
Full of hot tea and sugar  
Left the keys right in my car

Slip kid, slip kid, second generation  
Only half way up the tree  
Slip kid, slip kid, I'm a relation  
I'm a soldier at sixty-three  
No easy way to be free

Slip kid, slip kid

Keep away old man, you won't fool me  
You and your history won't rule me  
You might have been a fighter, but admit you failed  
I'm not affected by your blackmail  
You won't blackmail me

I've got my clipboard, text books  
Lead me to the station  
Yeah, I'm off to the civil war  
I've got my kit bag, my heavy boots  
I'm runnin' in the rain  
Gonna run till my feet are raw

Slip kid, slip kid, slip out of trouble  
Slip over here and set me free  
Slip kid, slip kid, second generation  
You're slidin down the hill like me  
No easy way to be free  
No easy way to be free  
No easy way to be free