

Ageing Raver

Roy Harper

Stain-glass people filling the sooty city but he's
sleeping
Ageing raver part-time shaver ageing raver

Eight in the morning daydreams are forming but he's
sleeping
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He's a younger version of a face upon a picture inside
an antique locket
Staggering around outside of time inside the candy of a
bottle in his pocket
He's no idea which way the sun has gone
Hyde Park Corner on Sunday and Whitehall's a terribly
good place to sit
And Newquay's a good beach to lie on and dry in the sun
and sing "Trouble in Mind"
Fifty times in-between every trip
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Party at midnight waterloo station everyone smiling
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Her mummy's in Bermuda - Daddy's trying hard to lose
her. The King's Road's absolutely full of holes

Picasso's in the bathroom marble couches in the toilet
and a bidet in the Rolls
And Wimpole Street hormone like an ocean never drains
The see-saw city of London - The jigsaw puzzle of light
The flashing elastic confusion of all that's been done
- and the reasons for doing
That all disappeared in the night

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Dog-end saver ageing raver sunshine craver ageing raver
sunshine craver