

First Thing in the Morning

Roy Harper

Yesterday the poppies sprang
From bodies of complaint
Heroes mown in thousands
To preserve a coat of paint

That once was spread on thin air
And is consequently faint
Without it got to my time-zone
This evening

And here's the future
Here and now for what it's worth
And hallelujah
There ain't a way this fool can leave this earth

Round and round
Round and round
Round and round

The company this evening
Are conveniently spaced
As not to rock the boat
On which they placed themselves in haste

In rows of nuclear hutches
Watching boxes and disgraced
On board the sinking Mayflower

Of the conscience

And here's the future
Here and now for what it's worth
And hallelujah
There ain't a way this fool can leave this earth

First thing in the morning
When there ain't a place to go
Nowhere to get up to bade
Not a stroke to do

I'll meet you undercover
And we'll make it nice and slow
To celebrate the passions
Of great fortune

'Cause here's the future
Here and now for what it's worth
Hallelujah
There ain't a way I wanna leave this earth
There ain't a way
There ain't a way I wanna leave this earth

Round and round
Round and round
Round and round