

Under The Volcano

The Pretty Things

Flew into existence, just a sweet bird of youth.
Hugged my friends on the pavement,
Hid my dreams on the roof.
Wrapped in a blanket from the national health.
It isn't money but then what is wealth?

My dad he left me back in '56,
The moon got tilted and the sadness was mixed.
My mother loved me, but she couldn't do much,
She brought her kids up in a rabbit hutch.
Well it feels all right,
Wish it felt good every night.

Chuck Berry riffing drove me into my teens,
The way I swaggered it was pure James Dean.
In Indo China things were getting hot,
I found the answer on a used car lot.

The sun gets murdered as we hold back the night,
The road's a river, but it feels alright.
Route signals flashing and the border's gone,
I'm rolling southward to a Maggie Bell song.