

# Buffalo Springfield, Nowadays Clancy Can't Even

Who's that stomping all over my face  
Where's that silhouette I'm trying to trace  
Who's putting sponge in the bells I once rung  
And taking my gypsy before she's begun  
To singing in the meaning of what's in my mind  
Before I can take home what's rightfully mine  
Joinin' and listenin' and talkin' in rhymes  
Stoppin' the feeling to wait for the times

Who's saying baby, that don't mean a thing  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing

And who's all hung-up on that happiness thing  
Who's trying to tune all the bells that he rings  
And who's in the corner and down on the floor  
With pencil and paper just counting the score  
Who's trying to act like he's just in between  
The line isn't black, if you know that it's green  
Don't bother looking, you're too blind to see  
Who's coming on like he wanted to be

And who's coming home on the old nine-to-five  
Who's got the feeling that he came alive  
Though havin' it, sharin' it ain't quite the same  
It ain't no gold nugget, you can't lay a claim  
Who's seeing eyes through the crack in the floor  
There it is baby, don't you worry no more  
Who should be sleepin', but is writing this song  
Wishin' and a-hopin' he weren't so damned wrong