

Fever Tree, Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing

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 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?
And 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.

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

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.

Who's saying baby,

that don't mean a thing,
'Cause nowadays Clancy
can't even sing.