

# Hawkwind, Over The Top

This is a very heavy microphone stand  
Ah, no queen could brandish this I tell ya that  
It's a real man's microphone stand  
Here, Dave, here  
Where'd you get these stands from?  
(Laughs)  
Ah, they're really heavy  
So are you

Well, we're gonna do something really heavy in a minute  
Like, er  
Fall off the stage on top of you  
With about two hundredweight of iron in my hand

You're a very tiny person, aren't you?  
Eh? (Laughs)  
You're all very tiny down there

Y'know when I'm up here  
I feel so big and mighty  
I fell like I'm the  
Master  
Of the  
Universe

You made me feel like that  
And now, it's almost true  
And just wait and see  
What we do with it

All right, cut the Gypsy music!  
Band of Gypsies!

(Music changes)  
(These lyrics are Calvert's poem 'The Awakening')

All in a day's work  
All in, all in

All in a day's work  
All in, all in

All in a day's work  
I know

I would rather the fire-storms of atmospheres  
Than this cruel descent from a thousand years of dream  
Into the starkness of this capsule  
Where two of our crew still lie  
Suspended cool  
In their tombs of sleep  
The nagging choirs of memory  
The tubes and wires worming from their flesh  
To machinery  
I would have to cut  
Such midwifery is but one function  
Of the leader here

Floating in a sac of fluid  
Dark  
A clear century of space away from Earth  
One man stirs from the trauma of his birth  
Attending to the hypno-tapes  
Assuring him

This was reality  
However grim  
Oh, our journey's end

The landing itself was nothing  
We touched upon a shelf of rock  
Selected by the auto-mind  
And left the galaxy of dreams  
Behind

And it's all a fable for fountains now  
It's all a fable for fountains now!  
It's all a fable for fountains now!

And were your childhood dreams  
All a fable?

For fountains now  
For fountains now  
Now, now  
Now, now, now  
Fountains, fountains  
All going up in fountains, fountains  
All a fable for fountains now

Go on  
There's no other

(These lyrics are from Calvert's poem 'Over The Top')

But just a minute now  
When you gaze into my eyes  
You're looking at your own reflection  
And all you see is your disguise  
You wear for your own protection

So don't go telling me that you know just when to stop!  
When to stop  
You know you go  
Over the top  
Over the top  
It's over the top

Hey I'm going, over the top  
Over the top, oh!  
Over the top, all right here it goes...

In 1916  
We dug the trenches  
But we don't need them  
We have our own defences  
We don't need no officers  
To blow no whistle and scream  
Come on you guys  
Wake up out of your dream  
And follow me  
'cause I'm going

Over the top  
Over the top  
Follow me  
Over the top

Here goes now...

Your country needs you  
Hey Kitchener, don't you know that moustaches went out with the Beatles?

Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!

Hung up on the wire

Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Give me white feather!  
Hung upon the wire  
Hung upon the wire  
Strung on barbed wire  
Huh, strung on barbed wire

Goodbye genocide...