

Man, Bedtime Bone

In your age, you've got blinds
To show the good and bad times
Sitting there singing songs of lament
Wishing you were young and innocent

You had too much too soon
Can you get up, get out, give a poor man some room
Like a dog with his bedtime bone
Ain't no home when you're sitting there alone

People come and people go
And just hang around till they grow old
You say something that you want heard
But no-one is listening to your kind words

Put all your bags down from nowhere
And the people stand there, look up and stare
They like the something, something winds
But the man in the back row drinks all the tins