

Badfinger, Old Fashioned Notions

You're filling my head with your notions
You take what you want
mess up the man in me
Making a fuss about no one
There's devils in your head
Such an old fashioned notion, baby

Now you're putting me on once again
I see you looking for another one
To play a pawn in your game
You're gonna be the death of me
Go play in someone else's tree
You're gonna end up in a dream
You're gonna be a star

People will try to bring you down
Don't let them see you when you frown
People will come, people will go
In my time, be mine. Pray in time

Bend my space, distort my time
Forsake those who stay behind
Revelations in my time
Kill the prophet, drink your wine

Tear a page out of your memory
You can buy a replacement part of me
And what fate will we find?

It's hard for me to be in any other dream
Maybe I'm a fool compared with you
What can I do
Tell me what can I do