

# 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.