

Ian Hunter, Apathy 83

(Ian Hunter)

Standin' on the edge of Vesuvius - my mouth is runnin' dry
Drunk on wine & wisdom - giving it all away
Old enough to hate tomorrow - young enough not to know where to run
Oh there ain't no rock'n roll no more - just the music of the young

Apathy for the devil Apathy for the devil
Apathy for the devil 'N Apathy for the son.

The moon shines brightly on some summer lawn -
and envy caught like a leaf
Comes floating down upon this frozen desert sand -
spitting bullets through the night
The siren wails on the ambulance - compassion touches my head 'n it bleeds
There ain't no rock'n roll no more just the sickly sound of greed.

And it's Apathy for the devil And it's Apathy for the devil
And it's Apathy for the devil 'N Apathy for the creed

No more gardens for the gardenless - no more - havens for the havenless
No more helpers for the helplessness - no more - somethings for a less
For the law is now the lawless
'N the flaw is now the flawless
'N the crime is now accepted
'N the criminal respected
'N now evil gets elected
'N now sinful get selected
Heed a president proven rotten Now officially forgotten

Was it your General Sheridan who once said "The only good, good man is a dead one
It was not me babe
I just said keep your head 'n your bread well down under them floorboards

'N you - you look like you gone with the wind
Running naked through the streets
Wired out - tired out - transcendental mental - only laughing in your sleep
Nostalgia is starting to focus too late, imagination is starting to itch
There ain't no rock'n roll no more just the music of the rich

'N it's Apathy for the Devil 'N it's Apathy for the Devil
'N it's Apathy for the Devil Apathy's at fever pitch