

Robert Plant, Tin Pan Valley

I come from Tin Pan Valley and I'm moving right along
I live on former glory, so long ago and gone
I'm turning down the talk shows, the humour and the couch
I'm moving up to higher ground, I've found a new way out.

There's parasols and barbeques and loungers by the pool
The late night conversations filled with 20th century cool
My peers may flirt with cabaret, some fake the rebel yell
Me - I'm moving up to higher ground, I must escape this hell.

Let me suspend my thirst for knowledge in your powder, sweat and sighs
A grudge of Christian women, a stain of spotless wives
A perfect destination inside a perfect world
I take the bottle to the baby, you take the hammer to the pearl

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Every day's like Sunday, down here on memory lane
Salad days and no good ways drive me quite insane
A cocktail clouded troubadour attempts to speak in tongues
He's said enough, I'm through the door I'm moving right along

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