

Sandi Thom, Oh I wish I was a punk rocker

Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
In 77 and 69 revolution was in the air
I was born too late to a world that doesnt care
Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
When the head of state didnt play guitar,
Not everybody drove a car,
When music really mattered and radio was king,
When accountants didnt have control
And the media couldnt buy your soul
And computers were still scary and we didnt know everything
Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
In 77 and 69 revolution was in the air
I was born too late to a world that doesnt care
Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
When popstars still remained a myth
And ignorance could still be bliss
And when God Save the Queen she turned a whiter shade of pale
When my mom and dad were in their teen
and anarchy was still a dream
and the only way to stay in touch was a letter in the mail
Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
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Oh I wish I was a punk rocker with flowers in my hair
When record shops were on top
and vinyl was all that they stocked
and the super ***** was still drifting out in space
kids were wearing hand me downs,
and playing games meant kick arrounds
and footballers still had long hair and dirt across their face
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