

Small Faces, The Universal

There's such a lot of good ways to be bad
And so many bad ways to be good
And they might rent it
I hate to tell them
'Sorry, but I haven't got the money anymore
Just for the day I thought I'd leave love alone
Hold hands with day
And if I'm so bad why don't they take me away
Just like what you hear with a shell pressed to your ear
That's the sea in the trees in the morning
And on the universal
Good morning, Steve
Well you won't believe me today
Working doesn't seem to be the perfect thing for me
So I continue to play
And if I'm so bad why don't they take me away
Well a hippy-trippy name dropper came through my door
He said, I just bumped into Mick, he told me You know where to score.
No not me friend
I mind my own and my own minds me
Well my love is at the foot of your hand
Come what may
But if June comes first, please won't you take me away