

Swervedriver, Harry & Maggie

I was born on a close street down a hill
The trees that line the street
Could sense the winter change
They felt the chill
They ducked and dived
And so we knew that they were alive
Until the year the silver rain came down
The trees turned mauve
And so did my hands
Oh, and the sound . . .
There was no sound and I'm freezing in the sun
Nobody cares to hide the dopeheads and the suicides
'Cause everyone freezes in the sun
And it's fallin' away

I kicked around with Harry
Who lived near Salisbury Plain
He worked on the cathedral there every now and again
He worked with stone, carved with stone
Odd jobs on the telephone
One sunny day he was sent to the Houses of Parliament
chipping' away at the gargoyles
Under the blistering sun
He carved out "Maggie Sucks" on the backs of every one
And so in five-hundred years
There's gonna be some history here
After it all subsides in the sun

And it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it under

Another day, another loon
A new pied piper calls the tune
So blow it up, watch it explode
Noah's ark on overload
Wrestle with the results and throw 'em round the ring
Everybody knows there ain't no rules in wrestling
(everybody knows there ain't no rules)
The referee's a dupe
Who only old ladies and children believe
I'm getting up now to leave
I'll go back to that street someday
The air's better there anyway
Though the trees are still gonna freeze in the sun

And it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it under