

# The Kinks, Over The Edge

Everybody is a victim of society  
Comedy, tragedy, vaudeville and variety  
Pantomime players in the grand tradition  
Winners and losers till the intermission

Girl, I know the world's a stage  
That's what the poet said  
But I think our weird relationship  
Is way above my head  
I'll be your Casanova whipping by  
If that's what you desire  
But once I start performing  
I can't easily retire

I'll swing on a trapeze  
I'll jump through hoops  
And I'll eat fire  
Be a human cannon ball  
And walk on the high wire  
Put on make-up, wear a wig  
I'll be your tragic clown  
But once you've got me up there  
I can't easily come down

Don't drive me over the edge of it  
Can't you see I've got mixed-up emotions  
Joined the crowd just to be part of it  
That was the start of it  
Oh, now I'm over the edge  
(Don't drive me over the edge of it)  
Oh, over the edge

The world is turning upside-down  
Civilization's dead, over the edge  
Economic turmoil, now the world is in the red  
Democracy's a shadow of its former glory  
Law and orders broken-down  
End of story

My next door neighbour's totally snapped  
He's gone over the edge  
He's putting up barbed wire barricades  
Around the garden hedge  
And planting land mines on the lawn  
He's gone barmy  
According to his wife, he's formed a secret army  
Ever since he got laid off  
Something inside snapped  
His wife says he's gone 'round the twist  
Now there's no turning back  
All night he waits in the garden shed  
For the enemy to attack  
A suburban vigilante  
Dressed up in a union jack  
He's over the edge, oh, over the edge

Don't drive me over the edge of it  
Woman, you are gonna drive me  
Totally over the edge  
Is it yes or is it no  
Are you gonna take the pledge  
The pressures of society are getting to your brain  
And forced you to act weird  
And put me under all this strain

But don't drive me over the edge of it  
Stop while I've still got emotions  
Joined the crowd, just to be part of it  
That was the start of it  
Oh, over the edge  
Don't drive me over the edge of it

Everybody is a victim of society  
Comedy, tragedy  
Vaudeville, variety  
Pantomime players in the grand tradition  
Forced into roles that leave them totally driven  
Right over the edge