Barclay James Harvest, Classics: A Tale Of Two

I'm hitting the road to heading nowhere
Got no place to go
I'm stuck inside my generation
Round and round I go
I'm sick of the sound of Rolling Thunder
Times they were a-changing
And rock 'n' roll died with Easy Rider
Tearing up my traces

David Bowie was Hunky Dory Aladdin quite insane Give me the sound of Arthur Lee with Forever Changes, I'll remember Andmoreagain, don't leave me ever Buddy Holly say "Baby, please be mine" All the time

I'm cutting out now before the New Wave Takes my surf board flair Remember the time when Zappa said "Punk, where you going with that flower in your hair?"

There's so many who's whos Rolling Stones Rod Stewarts and Small Faces And Tommy's the king of the pinball flings That chased my generation

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