

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
And more again, 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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