

Bob Geldof, Too Late God

Too late
It's too late God
Didn't you get my message
Too late
It's too late God
Didn't you get my call
How long
How long con
Combien ans avant mon respond
How long
Un a cent
Un a cent a mort (or more)

Time flies
Like a brick
Sliding down my face like jelly roll
Try to hide
My belly slide
Half-way to being old

Things you do
Things you don't do
Things you do or don't will haunt you
It's harder to
Start anew
And I wouldn't if I could do

Fell in love
Fell out of love
Melted down like Chernobillyboil
Fell in love my turtledove
Turtles fly too slow

Incarnate
Re-incarnate
Incarnate me in my muddy hole
Won't come back
As a rat
Wouldn't if I could do

There I was
Here I am
A responsible citizen
A pillar of
All that's good
Put myself to sleep

Hormone twitch
Get the itch
Headfirst into male-o-menopause
Like a twat
Dye my thatch
Get an eighteen year old girl

Friends of mine
Leave their wives
For a top-down B.M.W
They seemed so sane yesterday
Life is really strange

Here we go
Here we go
Singing like some soccer hooligan
Call you back

When I'm at
70 years old

*written by Bob Geldof, Rick Smith, and Karl Hyde

*taken from the album entitled "The Happy Club"