

Buffalo Springfield, Nowadays Clancy Can't Even

Who's that stomping all over my face
Where's that silhouette I'm trying to trace
Who's putting sponge in the bells I once rung
And taking my gypsy before she's begun
To singing in the meaning of what's in my mind
Before I can take home what's rightfully mine
Joinin' and listenin' and talkin' in rhymes
Stoppin' the feeling to wait for the times

Who's saying baby, that don't mean a thing
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing

And who's all hung-up on that happiness thing
Who's trying to tune all the bells that he rings
And who's in the corner and down on the floor
With pencil and paper just counting the score
Who's trying to act like he's just in between
The line isn't black, if you know that it's green
Don't bother looking, you're too blind to see
Who's coming on like he wanted to be

And who's coming home on the old nine-to-five
Who's got the feeling that he came alive
Though havin' it, sharin' it ain't quite the same
It ain't no gold nugget, you can't lay a claim
Who's seeing eyes through the crack in the floor
There it is baby, don't you worry no more
Who should be sleepin', but is writing this song
Wishin' and a-hopin' he weren't so damned wrong