

Edwyn Collins, The Campaign For Real Rock

Don't try so hard to be different
The cracks are beginning to show
You drift like a cloud through the festival crowd
In a frock coat from Saville Row
You've just been an all-night party
Where I have to admit it takes pluck
To go out on the floor and proclaim "What a bore"
In a T-shirt that reads "Disco Sucks"
Yes, here he comes, the not-so-young
Pretender to the Throne
He's singing "Rag, Momma, Rag"
Won't you give that poor dog a bone?
And he's wondering why we can't connect
When he's sworn to us that he's totally wrecked
On the rustic charm that he affects
On a public schoolboy whim
With a raggle taggle plastic gypsy
Robert Zimmerframe
With a synthesized accordian
A-scramblin' up my brain
With a fiddle-dee-dee a fiddle on high
Excuse me folks while I kiss the sky
Or at any rate give it one more try
Before I die
Before I die

The overrated hit the stage
Overpaid and over here
And their idea of counter-culture's
Momma's charge account at Sears
And they're wondering why we can't connect
With the ritual of the trashed guitar
One more paltry empty gesture
The ashes of a burned out star
Yes here they come, both old and young
A contact low or high
The gathering of the tribes descending
Vultures from a caustic sky
The rotting carcass of July
An ugly sun hung out to dry
You gorgeous hippy dreams are dying
Your frazzled brains are putrifying
Repackaged, sold and sanitized
The devil's music exorcised
You live, you die, you lie, you lie, you die
Perpetuate the lie
Perpetuate the lie
Perpetuate the lie
Just to perpetuate the lie

Yes yes yes it's the summer festival the truly detestable summer festival
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