

# Hawkwind, Spirit Of The Age

I would've liked you to have been deep frozen too  
And waiting still as fresh in your flesh for my return to earth  
But your father refused to sign the forms to freeze you  
Let's see you'd be about 60 now, and long dead by the time I return to earth  
My time held dreams were full of you as you were when I left, still underage  
Your android replica is playing up again it's no joke  
When she comes she moans another's name  
But that's the spirit of the age, that's the spirit of the age

I am a clone, I am not alone  
Every fibre of my flesh and bone is identical to the others  
Everything I say is in the same tone as my test tube brother's voice  
And there's no choice between us  
If you had ever seen us you'd rejoice in your uniqueness  
And consider every weakness something special of your own  
Being a clone I have no flaws to identify  
Even this doggerel that pours from my pen  
Has just been written by another twenty telepathic men  
Word for word it says:  
"Oh, for the wings of any bird other than a battery hen".