

Kevin Ayers, All This Crazy Gift Of Time

Does the world seem good to you?
Does the music get to you?
Does the wisdom of your heart
Show you how to play your part?

All my blond and twilight dreams;
All those strangled future schemes;
All those glasses drained of wines,
All this crazy gift of time.

You, dear sister, kiss of mine
Can you cope with all this time,
With your mystic all awry
Feeling small beneath the sky.

All my blond, etc.

Happy birthday to you all
I hope you really have ball.
And when you're walking up the road,
I hope you finally explode!

Goodbye, everybody
Now it's time to go.
I hope I don't leave you feeling low, Oh no....