

Kevin Ayers, Feelin', Reelin', Squealin'

This is a token of words unspoken to you
Honey, I'm feelin' reelin' and squealin' for you
Why don't you tell me
One way or another
That you'd rather be
Your father and mother.

This is a feeling from the ceiling of my dreams,
I get hung up, tied and strung up on your scene.

I'm something far away
It doesn't matter what I say.

You've got your simple plays
You're safely tucked away.
Are you happy? are you happy?

This is a feeling from the ceiling of my dreams,
I get hung up, tied and strung up on your scene.

I close my eyes on your soft guitar....

This is feelin'
This is squealin'
This is reelin'.. .