

# King Crimson, Lament

I guess I tried to show you how  
I'd take the crowd with my guitar  
And business men would clap their hands  
And clip another fat cigar  
And publishers would spread the news  
And print my music far and wide  
And all the kids who played the blues  
Would learn my licks with a bottle neck slide

But now it seems the bubble's burst  
Although you know there was a time  
When love songs gathered in my head  
With poetry in every line  
And strong men strove to hold the doors  
While with my friends I passed the age  
When people stomped on dirty floors  
Before I trod the rock'n'roll stage

I'll thank the man who's on the 'phone  
And if he has the time to spend  
The problem I'll explain once more  
And indicate a sum to lend  
That ten percent is now a joke  
Maybe thirty, even thirty-five  
I'll say my daddy's had a stroke  
He'd have one now, if he only was alive

I like the way you look at me  
You're laughing too down there inside  
I took my chance and you took yours  
You crewed my ship, we missed the tide  
I like the way the music goes  
There's a few good guys who can play it right  
I like the way it moves my toes  
Just say when you want to go and dance all night...