

Pete Townshend, Jools And Jim

Anyone can have an opinion
Anyone can join in and jump
Anyone can pay or just stay away
Anyone can crash and thump

But did you read the stuff that Julie said?
Or little Jimmy with his hair dyed red?
They don't give a shit Keith Moon is dead
Is that exactly what I thought I read?

Typewriter tappers
You're all just crappers
You listen to love with your intellect
A4 pushers
You're all just cushions
Morality ain't measured in a room
He wrecked.

Anyone can buy some leather
Ain't no better than wearing sheep
Anyone can sell lucky heather
You can see that words are cheap!

But did you read the stuff that Julie said?
Or little Jimmy with his hair dyed red?
They have a standard of perfection there
That you and me can never share

Typewriter bangers on
You're all just hangers on
Everyone's human 'cept Jools and Jim
Late copy churners
Rock and Roll learners
Your heart's are melting in pools
Of gin

But I know for sure that if we met up eye to eye
A little wine would bring us closer, you and I
'Cos your right, hypocrisy will be the death of me
And theirs an I before e when your spelling ecstasy
And you, you two.....

Did you hear the stuff that Krishna said?
Or know for you that Jesus' blood was shed?
Is it in your heart or in your head?
Or does the truth lie in the center spread?

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Oklahoma, Oklahoma, Oklahoma.....OK.