Peter Hammill, Nadir's Big Chance

I've been hanging around, waiting for my chance
to tell you what I think about the music that's gone down
to which you madly danced--frankly, you know that it stinks.
I'm gonna scream, gonna shout, gonna play my guitar
until your body's rigid and you see stars.

Look at all the jerks in their tinsel glitter suits.
pansying around; look at all the nerks
in their leather platform boots, making with the heavy sound...
I'm gonna stamp on the stardust and scream till I'm ill--
if the guitar don't get ya, the drums will.

Now's my big break--let me up on the stage,
I'll show you what it's all about; enough of the fake,
bang your feet in a rage, tear down the walls and let us out!
We're more than mere morons, perpetually conned,
so come on everybody, smash the system with the song.

Smash the system with the song!