

Peter Hammill, Pushing Thirty

Seems the fashion's for one-liners these days,
the kind that get up everyone's nose,
so much back-slapping that the vertebrae
are fatally exposed...

Me, I'm pushing thirty, pulling sixteen,
though much of what's around me is dead.
They got so shirty when I tried to glean
the meaning from what they'd said:
"If you wanna be a viable artist when you're twenty-five
you'd better be a meat-head by the time you're twenty-one."
But now I'm pushing thirty and I'm still alive,
so tell me who, tell me who,
tell me who, yeah, tell me who has won?

See the survivors in the upcoming acts,
they and the moguls make a regular killing
others take it lying on their backs,
young blood is always so willing.

Me, I'm pushing thirty, that's the way it is,
too late to change my mind.
They play it dirty in the record biz
and you've got to toe the line.
If you wanna be an A & R man when the singing's done
you'd better make sure that you hedge your bets.
Me, I'm pushing thirty and still having fun,
I haven't stopped, I haven't stopped,
I haven't stopped, I haven't stopped that yet!

All the writers watch each other for the way to go,
follow each other like lemmings
swear they're all waiting for Nicky Lowe
to turn out like David Hemmings...

Me, I'm pushing thirty and the steady zone,
perhaps I should retire,
but even if it all deserts me and I'm left alone
I still know that I'm fuelled by fire.
In this rubbish world you've got to keep that under the lid,
'cos they all hope it'll disappear...
but even though I'm pushing thirty,
maybe on the skids,
I still can be, I still can be,
I still can be, I still can be Nadir!

I still can be Nadir!
Yes, I still can be Nadir!
Got a sixteen-year-old heart!