

Pretty Maids, Too Late, Too Loud

Back when I was younger
Just a blue-eyed restless kid
Hangin' round the radio
In fact that was all I did
Mama said you better son
Take good care of school
Wasn't one they counted on
I was crazy like a dog on the loose

At the age of fifteen
Just another sixties' breed
No one really understood
What music meant to me
Boy you get your education
Daddy said to me
Thought I'd end up as the black sheep
Of the family

Wild as the river
I freaked down the floor
Feeding the fever
As he kicked in the door and said

Too late too late too loud
I can't take it
Too late too late too loud
Just turn it down
And then I rocked him to the ground
Yes I did

Nineteen years and travelling
Got a suitcase in my hand
No money in the bank
You see but I don't complain
Me and the boys are playing hard
Running out the line
We're out there killing time
We're just shaking out some brains

Racing the crowd
Got that rock'n roll feeling
Everyone shouts
But nobody's screaming

Too late too late too loud
I can't take it
Too late too late too loud
Now just turn it down

I can't take it
I can't take it

Too late too late too loud...