

Soft Machine, Moon In June (Vers?o Especial Pa

I can still remember
The last time we played on Top Gear
And though each little song
Was less than three minutes long
Mike squeezed a solo in... somehow
And although we like our longer tunes
It seemed polite to cut them down
To little bits - they might be hits
Who gives an... after all?
Tell me how would you feel
In the place of John Peel?
You just can't please
all of the musicians all the time

Playing now is lovely
Here in the BBC
We're free to play almost as long and as loud
As a jazz group, or an orchestra on Radio Three
There are dancehalls and theatres
With acoustics worse than here
Not forgetting the extra facilities
Such as the tea machine, just along the corridor
So to all our mates like Kevin,
Caravan, the old Pink Floyd
Allow me to recommend 'Top Gear'
Despite its extraordinary name
Yes, playing, playing now is lovely
Here in the BBC
We're free to play almost as long and as loud
As the foreign language classes... and the John Cage interview...
and the jazz groups... and the orchestras on Radio 3

Pop stars drink each others' wine
Plough each others' earth
Hoping for companionship
And then perhaps rebirth
Plant seeds in fresher plots of earth
Bound up in concepts and dreams
And fears of worse things to come
They never do
They stay the same
Music-making still
Performs a normal function
Background noise for people
Eating and talking and drinking and smoking
That's all right by us
Don't think that we're complaining
After all it's only leisure time, isn't it?

I could almost sing this song
In a nice tone of voice
If I had to, I'd be glad to
It's awfully nice to be here
So let's open the beers and get tipsy
We'd be mad to
But if you sound refined
You just can't blow the mind of a kiddy
Or a young lady
And if you come from the sun
You just can't fool a mum into thinking
That you're alright, really
So before this feeling dies
Remember, I could be telling lies

Now, I love your eyes
See how the time flies
I think it's so great
You seem to change your fate
By working and playing
Something new in every way
Can be yours in a day
But I wonder what I'm really saying
So just before this feeling dies
Remember I may be telling lies
Falsehoods
White lies
Adverts
Idle chat
Banter
Half-truths
Rumours
And just lies, plain lies...

I shan't say...
One more word...
So instead... I'll play drums...