

Spirogyra, Time Will Tell

If you don't like lying in the sun
you might as well not be here
What's the point of always working
Shut your eyes and let the colours come
And block out all the black and white
And dirty grey and damp and dust
And dry rot in the roof

On the beach we lit a fire
A Frenchman gave us wine and whiskey
Out to sea the British navy
Keeps an eye on foreign shipping
To keep us safe from war
The hope of which is all
That keeps our soldiers sleeping through the night

If you don't like lying in the sun
You might as well not be here
Let the sea come up and cover you
You will feel a new dimension
Like sleeping on a featherbed and dreaming of
a world in which you do not have to work

You suffer, you cry
You labour, you die
Things will change, Time Will Tell
Things will change, Time Will Tell

In the courtyard children play
In their lives, the sun is shining through
They'll all be socialists, atheists
They'll all be, scientists, humanists
Egalitarian, vegetarian, internationalists

They'll all be mystics, they'll all be gods
They'll all be famous, they'll all be sods
Things will change, Time Will Tell
Things will change, Time Will Tell
For what you want to be, you must try to be
You will all be free