

Going Slow

Tin Star

So you want to be in tune with the times?
Trade your six pack for a v-sign
"Marry me tax free seeks easily pleased"
Thanks for coming (the pleasure was all mine)
Watch them beat the meat and sell it to fleet street witness extra-ordinary crimes
Draw a chalk line around yours and mine
It's a great idea but no one has the energy
Except space age boys with high tech toys
You got kiddies on your mind

I don't know
Getting nowhere
Just getting by
Going slow

Maybe he was smacked as a child
He feels so way down the food chain
To be so way down way down the food chain
Everything's an enemy when you feel like a sea anemone
Heaven above it's the lord of love
It's the European son-of-a-gun
Making a beeline for the London skyline
With great ideas but no one has the energy
Words just seem to roll off his tongue

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Married the girl from the News of the World
Got nothing to say got one on the way
The face of today is the mask of tomorrow
Married the girl from the News of the World
"Mentally ill seeks baby girl sixty-a-day whaddya say?"

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>