

~~Listening to Old Rock'n Roll
2 months after June
The 50's had its own thin soul
Of riches and airplane glue
I don't want no make believe
Or cars or guns or shoes
There is nothing left for me but you~~

Do not know what it is
It has slipped my eyes
Cannot find it anyplace
Must wear some disguise
Hunted in the village and in the forest
Maybe I have lost it ^{too}
~~once it was~~ I'm not through
~~But~~ Did I ever lose it
It cannot be found
I have looked in every square
and checked all around
Guess I'll check my pockets and read the ^{daily} news
Met a man from the planet earth
Who told me what to do
Really made me angry
He never gave a clue
God damn I know I'll never be through
Nothing will ever do