

# Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing

Neil Young

Who's that stomping all over my face?  
Where's that silhouette I'm trying to trace?  
Who's putting sponge in the bells I once rung  
And taking my gypsy before she's begun To singing the meaning of what's in my mind  
Before I can take home what's rightfully mine  
Joinin' and listenin' and talkin' in rhymes  
Stoppin' the feeling to wait for the times Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing And who's all hung-up on that happiness thing?  
Who's trying to tune all the bells that he rings?  
And who's in the corner and down on the floor  
With pencil and paper just counting the score? And who's trying to act like he's just in between?  
The line isn't black, if you know that it's green  
Don't bother looking, you're too blind to see  
Who's coming on like he wanted to be? Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing And who's coming home on the old ninety-five?  
Who's got the feeling that he came alive  
Though havin' it, sharin' it ain't quite the same  
It ain't no gold nugget, you can't lay a claim Who's seeing eyes through the crack in the floor  
There it is, baby, don't you worry no more  
Who should be sleepin', but is writing this song  
Wishin' and a-hopin', he weren't so damned wrong Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing  
Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing  
'Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing

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