

Portastudio

Roddy Frame

In the approach of midlife
I received a letter from an eloquent friend
Saying he was touched by my progress
A kind of poem to the words that I'd penned
My ego under attack I felt myself shrinking back
From his embrace into a place that I know
Felt relief in resentment couldn't see what it meant
The jealous echo of a hurt long ago
I'm so vain
Thought this song was about me
Now it's gone down the drain
Turning against me
Calling me names
And me, well I'm still screwing around with a portastudio
You're in the rain, arguing with your girl
Friend it's the same
Rules and restraints
I strum and I scrawl
Watching the paint stay wet on the walls
The mercury falls
And everything's changed
Nothing has changed
I'm turning over a new page
I'm taking stock of all the gifts
I'm sorry if I have hurt you
It's been so hard to find the freedom in me
I'm dedicating this song to someone I know who's gone
Cut all my records with a steady hand
I'm talkin' 'bout Mr Blair up in his room in his chair
Working some magic I still can't understand
Is that all gone
No autumn light through the window
No, man the cut's still on
Between the tracks, hear the wind blow
Two seconds of time
And in we fade

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