

Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing

Buffalo Springfield

Hey, whos that stompin all over my face?
Wheres that silhouette Im tryin' to trace?
Whos puttin' sponge in the bells I once rung?
And takin' my gypsy before shes begun Just singin' and dreamin' of whats in my mind
Before I can take home whats rightfully mine
Joinin and a listenin and talkin in rhymes
Stoppin the feelin' to wait for the times Whos sayin', baby, that dont mean a thing?
Cause nowadays Clancy cant even sing And whos all hung up on that happiness thing?
Whos tryin' to tune all the bells that he rings?
And whos in the corner and down on the floor?
With pencil and paper just countin' the score Whos tryin' to act like hes just in between?
The night isnt black, if you know that its green
Dont bother lookin', youre too blind to see
Whos comin' on like he wanted to be? Whos sayin', baby, that dont mean a thing?
Cause nowadays Clancy cant even sing And who's coming home on the old nine-to-five?
Whos got the feelin' here to keep him alive?
Though havin it, sharin it aint quite the same
You painted it golden nugget, you cant lay a claim Whos seein' eyes through the crack in the floor?
There it is, baby, dont you worry no more
Who should be sleepin but is writin' this song?
Wishin and a hopin he werent so damned wrong Whos saying, baby, that dont mean a thing?
Cause nowadays Clancy cant even sing Whos saying, baby, that dont mean a thing?
Cause nowadays Clancy cant even sing

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