Apricots

Scumbo

Back in the eighties
The air smelled like roses
I flew my big black balloon
As an accountant, over the city
Staring straight at the moon

Then all my friends quit smoking
Saying an ill wind had set in
None of us can win

I started drinking in city gymnasiums
Hanging out with the guys
Now all the streets are empty
No one calls I'm eating in apricots from tins

Get in the car
No
Get in the car
No

Look I said get in the car
I told you I'm not going
No, no, no, I'm not going
I won't get in the car

Get in the car
No, I'm not going

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