Harry & Maggie

Swervedriver

I was born on a close street down a hill
The trees that line the street could sense the winter change
They felt the chill, they ducked and dived
And so we knew they were aliveUntil the year the silver rain came down
The trees turned mauve and so did my hands
Oh and the sound, there was no sound and I'm freezing in the sun
Nobody cares to hide the dope heads and the suicides
'Cause everyone freezes in the sunAnd it's fallin' awayI kicked around with Harry who lived near Salisbury Plain
He worked on the cathedral there every now and again
He worked with stone, carved with stone, odd jobs on the telephone
One sunny day he was sent to the Houses of ParliamentChippin' away at the gargoyles under the blistering sun
He carved out 'Maggie Sucks' on the backs of every one
And so in five-hundred years there's gonna be some history here
After it all subsides in the sunAnd it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it underAnother day, another loon, a new pied piper calls the tune
So blow it up, watch it explode, Noah's Ark on overload
Wrestle with the results and throw 'em round the ring
Everybody knows there ain't no rules in wrestling
(Everybody knows there ain't no rules)The referee's a dupe, only old ladies and children believe
I'm getting up now to leave, I'll go back to that street someday
The air's better there anyway
Though the trees are still gonna freeze in the sunAnd it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it underFallin' away and it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it underFallin' away and it's fallin' away
And I don't wanna know
I'm glad I don't know
What's draggin' it underFallin' away

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