

# 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 alive Until 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 sun And it's fallin' away I 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 Parliament Chippin' 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 sun And it's fallin' away  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm glad I don't know  
What's draggin' it under Another 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 sun And it's fallin' away  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm glad I don't know  
What's draggin' it under Fallin' away and it's fallin' away  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm glad I don't know  
What's draggin' it under Fallin' away and it's fallin' away  
And I don't wanna know  
I'm glad I don't know  
What's draggin' it under Fallin' away

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>