

5:15

The Who

Why should I care, why should I care?

Girls of fifteen
Sexually knowing
The ushers are sniffing
Eau-de-coloning
The seats are seductive
Celibate sitting
Pretty girls digging
Prettier women.

Magically bored
On a quiet street corner
Free frustration
In our minds and our toes
Quiet storm water
M-m-my generation

Uppers and downers
Either way blood flows.

Inside outside, leave me alone.
Inside outside, nowhere is home.
Inside outside, where have I been?
Out of my brain on the five fifteen.

On a raft in the quarry
Slowly sinking.
On the back of a lorry
Holy hitching.
Dreadfully sorry
Apple scrumping.
Born in the war
Birthday punching.

He man drag
In the glittering ballroom
Gravely outrageous
In my high heel shoes.
Tightly undone

They know what they're showing
Sadly ecstatic
That their heroes are news.

Why should I care?

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