Spirit of the Age

Hawkwind

I would've liked you to have been deep frozen too
and waiting still as fresh in your flesh for my return to Earth
But your father refused to sign the forms to freeze you
Let's see you'd be about 60 now,
and long dead by the time I return to Earth
My time held dreams were full of you,
as you were when I left; still underage
Your android replica is playing up again, it's no joke
When she comes she moans another's name
But that's the spirit of the age,
That's the spirit of the age
That's the spirit of the age
That's the spirit of the age
That's the spirit of the age
Ah, the spirit of the age
That's the spirit of the age
Ah, the spirit of the age
That's the spirit of the ageI am a clone, I am not alone
Every fibre of my flesh and bone is identical to the others
Everything I say is in the same tone
as my test tube brother's voice
There is no choice between us,
If you had ever seen us,
You'd rejoice in your uniqueness
and consider every weakness something special of your own
Being a clone, I have no flaws to identify
Even this doggerel that pours from my pen,
has just been written by another twenty telepathic men,
Oh, word for word, it says:
"Oh, for the wings of any bird, other than a battery hen".
That's the spirit of the age
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It's just the spirit of the age
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