

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

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 age I 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

It's just the spirit of the age

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