# Tin Pan Valley

## Robert Plant

I come from the tin pan valley and I'm moving right along
I live on former glory, so long ago and gone
I'm turning down the talk shows, the humour and the couch
I'm moving up to higher ground - I've found a new way outThese parasols and barbecues and loungers by the pool
The late night conversations filled with twentieth-century cool
My peers may flirt with cabaret - some fake the rebel yell
Me, I'm moving up to higher ground - I must escape their hellLet me suspend my thirst for knowledge in your powder, sweat and sighs
A grudge of Christian women - a stain of spotless wives
A perfect destination inside a perfect world
I take the bottle to the baby - you take the hammer to the pearl
Like this - like this --Every day's like Sunday, down here on memory lane
Salad days and no good ways drive me quite insane
A cocktail-clouded troubadour attempts to speak in tongues
He's said enough - I'm through the door - I'm moving right along
Like this - like this --

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