Meher Baba M3

Pete Townshend

We demand a universal grid
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I'm working on my own in here, going over some old music I did in 1970
It's got something, something special, I could really dream then
It ain't such a bad dream either.Walking to a club
I've been completely degraded by chasing publicity
Degraded, yeah, I'll never go back, I know too much
I know how it's done, I can't discover it all over again, make it seem newYou're great, Ray, you know that, man, here, hold up, this is the place
What? Can't go in here, that bloody cow Ruth Streeting uses this club
She hates my guts
It's her job to hate your guts, she's a journalist, it's nothing personalOh sod it, I forgot, of course she won't be here, she's in the States
Oh c'mon, let's go in anyway
We've got to get back in the mainstream sometime
Come on, you own shares in the placeThat cow wrote that I'm ugly
Well, you are ugly
I'm not
Yes, you are
No, I'm not
Well, you are, actually
Oh bullocks, Oh, let's go in

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