

There, There, My Dear

Dexys Midnight Runners

Dear Robin,

Hope you dont mind me writing, its just that theres more than one question I need to ask you.

If youre so anti-fashion why not wear flares, instead of dressing down all the same.

Its just that looking like that I can express my dissatisfaction. Dear Robin, let me explain, though youd never see
in a million years.

Keep quoting cabaret, Berlin, Burroughs, J.G. Ballard, Duchampe, Beauvoir, Kerouac, Kirkegaard, Michael
Rennie.

I dont believe you really like Frank Sinatra. Dear Robin, youre always so happy, how the hell do you get your
inspiration?

Youre like a dumb patriot.

If youre supposed to be so angry, why dont you fight and let me benefit from your right?

Dont you know the only way to change things is to shoot men who arrange things. Dear Robin, I would explain,
but youd never see in a million years.

Well youve made your rules but we dont know that game, perhaps Id listen to your records but your logics far
too lame and Id only waste three valuable minutes of my life with your insincerity. You see Robin Im just
searching for the young soul rebels, and I cant find them anywhere.

Where have you hidden them?

Maybe you should welcome the new soul vision.

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