

Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing

Buffalo Springfield

Hey, who's that stompin' all over my face?
Where's that silhouette I'm tryin' to trace?
Who's puttin' sponge in the bells I once rung?
And takin' my gypsy before she's begun
Just singin' and dreamin' of what's in my mind
Before I can take home what's rightfully mine
Joinin' and a listenin' and talkin' in rhymes
Stoppin' the feelin' to wait for the times
Who's sayin', baby, that don't mean a thing?
?Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing
And who's all hung up on that happiness thing?
Who's tryin' to tune all the bells that he rings?
And who's in the corner and down on the floor?
With pencil and paper just countin' the score
Who's tryin' to act like he's just in between?
The night isn't black, if you know that it's green
Don't bother lookin', you're too blind to see

Who's comin' on like he wanted to be?
Who's sayin', baby, that don't mean a thing?
?Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing
And who's coming home on the old nine-to-five?
Who's got the feelin' here to keep him alive?
Though havin' it, sharin' it ain't quite the same
You painted it golden nugget, you can't lay a claim
Who's seein' eyes through the crack in the floor?
There it is, baby, don't you worry no more
Who should be sleepin' but is writin' this song?
Wishin' and a hopin' he weren't so damned wrong
Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing?
?Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing
Who's saying, baby, that don't mean a thing?
?Cause nowadays Clancy can't even sing