

Obscurity Knocks

The Trash Can Sinatras

Always at the foot of the photograph, that's me there
Snug as a thug in a mugshot pose, a foul-mouthed rogue
Owner of this corner and not much more
Still these days I'm better placed to get my just rewards
I'll pound out a tune and very soon
I'll have too much to say and a dead stupid name

Though I ought to be learning I feel like a veteran
Of "oh I like your poetry but I hate your poems"
Calendars crumble I'm knee deep in numbers
I've turned twenty one, I've twist, I'm bust and wrong again

Rubbing shoulders with the sheets till two
Looking at my watch and I'm half-past caring
In the lap of luxury it comes to mind
Is this headboard hard? Am I a lap behind?
But to face doom in a sock-stenched room all by myself
Is the kind of fate I never contemplate
Lots of people would cry though none spring to mind

Though I ought to be learning I feel like a veteran
Of "oh I like your poetry but I hate your poems"
Calendars crumble I'm knee deep in numbers
I've turned 21, I've twist, I'm bust and wrong again

Know what it's like
To sigh at the sight of the first quarter of life?
Ever stopped to think and found out nothing was there?

They laugh to see such fun
I'm playing blind man's bluff all by myself
And they're chanting a line from a nursery rhyme
"Ba ba bleary eyes - have you any idea?"

Years of learning I must be a veteran
Of "oh I like your poetry but I hate your poems"
And the calendar's cluttered with days that are numbered
I've turned twenty, I've twist, I'm bust and wrong again
Ought to be learning
Twist, I'm bust and wrong again

Feel like a veteran
Twist, I'm bust and wrong again
Calendar's cluttered
With days that are numbered
And I know what it's like
To sigh at the sight
Of the first quarter of life

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