

## Drowse - Queen

It's the sad eyed goodbye  
Yesterday's moments I remember  
It's the bleak street, week kneed partings I recall  
It's the mistier mists the hazier days  
The brighter sun and the easier lays  
There's all the more reason for laughing and crying  
When you're younger and life isn't to hard at all

It's the fantastic drowse  
Of the afternoon Sundays  
That bored you to rages of tears  
The unending pleadings  
To waste all your good times  
In thoughts of your middle-aged years  
It's the vertical hold all the things that you're told  
For the everyday hero it all turns to zero  
And there's all the more reason  
For living or dying when you're young  
And your troubles are all very small

Out here on the street we'd gather and meet  
And scuff up the sidewalk  
With endlessly restless feet  
Half on the time we'd broaden our minds  
More in the pool hall  
Than we did in the school hall  
With the down town chewing gum bums  
Watching the night life the lights and the fun

Never wanted to be the boy next door  
Always thought I'd be something more  
But it ain't easy for a small town boy  
It ain't easy at all  
Thinkin' it right and doin' it wrong  
It's easier from an arm chair  
Waves of alternatives wash over my sleepiness  
Have my eggs poached for breakfast I guess

I think I'll be Clint Eastwood  
Jimi Hendrix he was good  
Let's try William the Conqueror  
Now who else do I like?