

Robin Stevens Composer



The Geriatric Adolescent Blues

Words & Music by: Robin Stevens

Why are you fixin' your dagger eyes upon me
As though I am worthy of your scorn?
What is so wrong havin' some fun?
Letting your hair down once in a while?
Stop criticizing my flirtatious little foibles!
Point your fingers somewhere else!
All your words are just moaning sanctimony
A pious gloomy bias towards
Gripin' and snipin', complain', disdainin'

O why can't you see I'm happy
In my fantasy make-believe?
Adulthood's too demanding, so I'll
Go my own way, wastin' each day, 'cos I
Don't wanna change, don't wanna grow up
Just wanna be free and easy

Chasing adolescent girls
With their adolescent hemlines
Making fine fair-weather friends
With my sunny repartee
There's a deadness to my patter
No cleverness can hide
Since for all my social graces
I'm a mess inside

When the party lights are dimmed
There is darkness at the centre
For a life of empty pleasure
Takes its toll upon the soul
Yes, my looks are slowly fading
But inside there's most to lose
As I sing the geriatric adolescent blues

What is the purpose of your callous
condescension?
You stamp out every spark of joy!
Life is so glum, work to be done
Terribly serious, never a smile!
Where is the freedom that you say your
Saviour brings you
When all I see you do is frown?
Every deed is so dull and life-denying
While I'm too busy tryin', through
Fashion and passion, carousin' and boozin'

To be irresponsibly happy
In my fantasy make-believe...
There is a deadness to my patter...

Why can't you see I'm happy...

Such a hollowness inside me
Have I got a soul to lose?
As I sing the geriatric adolescent blues