

Age Of Treason  
by Donovan

On a lone and windy hilltop beneath a roof of tin  
In a little wallpapered bedroom I done my growin'.  
'Twas there I dreamt my dreams, I hung my jeans  
And wandered through my puberty as all do.

My mother was a tight nut bound up with false guilt  
Strapped up in her fearing wall she had built.  
The independent girl in a dark and cruel world  
She'd lost the way to say, "OK, now lay back".

We disagreed on most things, I shouted peace and love  
The family is mankind, the symbol of the dove.  
She only saw the surface of things before her face  
But I was young and argued on for hours.

My father he liked poetry, a scholar he might have made.  
Had nothing, born a poor boy barefoot and underpaid  
So the man worked with his hands up and down the land,  
His dreams forgot he thought that I must follow.

With his marks as worker's wisdom he'd read a thing or two  
He once had been a Mason but he never followed through.  
Always kind and thoughtful, smelling of mushy oil  
And he read me poetry of visionaries.

I flunk my way to college, a looser kind of school  
But we bobbed and played time arty, feeling cool  
Just to live an artists diggin' the ravin' scene  
Reading Kerouac and Ginsberg well deuced.

I was not academic, Art and English neat,  
The history of mankind I liked that a bit.  
And what was I to do the choices they were few,  
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