

A, No.1

A

Miscellaneous

No.1

Got to get out more

Get in the place

Got to work out more

And sort out my face

I've got all the 'zines that tell me what to eat

And I'm tired of being told what to wear on my feet

And I don't have the time to get all worked up

About the year on the street

And it's not my fault, I can find my way

Yeah it's not my fault, there goes another day

I've been here too long, do I have to change

Into what it takes

To make it number one?

I feel out of favour

I don't look like a picture

You think I'm a loser,

But I can see through you

You're running around like you're running the country

I know that you think that you've got one on me

Ear to the ground, like the boy about town

Can't get nothing to fit me

And it's not my fault, I can find my way

Yeah it's not my fault, there goes another day

I've been here too long, do I have to change

Into what it takes

To make it number one?

Got a call from an old friend, used to be real close

Said he couldn't go on the American way

Sold his house, sold his car

Bought a ticket to the West Coast

Now he gives 'em a stand-up routine in L.A.