

Echobelly, Talent

See that boy,
He's got the song of the century,
He's got the face that was meant to be,
On the covers of lavishing height.
Watch that girl,
Moves like the vamp on the disco floor,
Curses the crap that has gone before,
Makes me happy,
Not very bright.
Any offers? Any offers? Any resale?,
Any offers? Any offers? Any resale?,
Any of none.
New turn,
Talent is all that we understand,
Gullible suits have the upper hand,
Are we laughing?,
Not very hard,
Sell your soul,
To papers I painted cold hand low,
Lied about crack in the pubs and so,
Are we crying?,
It's ever so sad.
Any offers? Any offers? Any resale?,
Any offers? Any offers? Any resale?,
Any offers? Any offers? Any resale?,
Any of none.