

Joe Jackson, Amateur Hour

Don't make me sad
Talking 'bout tomorrow
It's not so bad
We were doing fine just then
You'll move on up, you'll move on out
And you won't cry
'Cause your amateur hour is over
You're only going where I've been
And you'll see what I've seen
You're no amateur - amateur
You know if someone likes your face
You'd be a fool to stay strictly amateur
It's strictly for amateurs
The world could be a better place
If some of us could stay
Amateurs
There's no more time
To think about the way ahead
Just miss one line
Fall over - you'll be left for dead
Your heart will play no part except
When memories of your amateur hour take over
Then screw yourself into a ball
And keep it rolling on

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