

# John Hiatt, Slug Line

I went to the marketplace

They said they liked my face

Better than a digital watch

You got it, we're pros and we can spot it

So I thought it was some disease

But they were all on their knees

Shakin' hands with my picture

First we sterilize it

Then we merchandise it

Everybody tries

Everybody buys it

Well that's fine

Put me on the slug line

Punch a pretty hole in my mind

Show me where to sign

And put me on the slug line

They told me how to behave

Like any other public slave

Keep a smile on the face of the consumer

Or you'll become a rumor

So I got a band of angry sons

Now we're havin' so much fun

Tearin' up the nation

Weapons out of mic stands

Bitin' on the glad hand

They still don't understand

That they were marketing a madman

And that's fine

Put me on the slug line

Punch a pretty hole in my mind

Show me where to sign

And put me on the slug-

Well that's fine

Put me on the slug line

Punch a pretty hole in my mind

Show me where to sign

And put me on the slug line

You made one mistake

You made me wait

That's fine

Put me on the slug line

Punch a pretty hole in my mind

Show me where to sign

And put me on the slug-

Well that's fine

Put me on the slug line

Couldn't lay a glove on my mind

So show me where to sign

And put me on the slug line