

Neptune 66, When Pigs Fly

Everyone is looking at you
Smile while you're drinking a few
Everybody knows your name
It must suck to get women and fame

You gotta learn to appreciate
All the love of the fans oh yeah it's great
But all you do is whine, whine whine
Critics and your radio time

CHORUS:

But you don't know what it's like
Shitty shows every night
We want to be big, but we've got no choice
Our style of music's got no voice

Clematis Street it's Friday night
Somewhere down the road way up to the right
And there's no one here to start our pits
But those fat old drunken white trash chicks

In a crowd of two or three
There's no doorman so they got in for free
Another night of not getting paid
In a bar downtown where we always play

CHORUS