

# Richard Thompson, Any Old Body

(Richard Thompson)

If it's all the same to you  
I'll sit down on my pew  
So I don't fall  
I've been let down, oh yes  
But nothing quite like this  
That I recall

I could have been anybody  
Anybody would do you  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body would do

And your little lies still cost  
Though you had your fingers crossed  
Nothing's for free  
And stealing's still a crime  
If it's one piece at a time  
Like you stole me

I could have been anybody  
Anybody would do you  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body would do

Unique, original, one of a kind  
Special doesn't come to mind  
I'm hypnotized, cut to size  
In your arms and in your eyes  
Used, abused, confused is more  
The picture I'd be aiming for  
I'll just be your lump of flesh  
Your temporary interest

I could have been anybody  
Anybody would do you  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body  
Any Old Body would do