

# Shakespear's Sister, Excuse Me John

You could have been a docker  
You had it all  
Feather cut and muscles  
I hear you're a banker these days  
Well we took New York  
And wrapped it up in a silver shawl  
Yeah yeah yeah

You were always kicking in the exit door  
While I was saving pennies  
For the bus back home  
Coming down in the afternoon

Excuse me John  
What are you on  
Can you spare a bit for me  
To carry on  
Through today, 'til tonight  
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight  
Out of reach  
Out of it, again

You carried off a billboard  
Twenty foot by ten  
And put it in your bedroom  
Now you can't get in  
So please wash your hands  
As you leave this century

Excuse me John  
What are you on  
Can you spare a bit for me  
To carry on  
Through today, 'til tonight  
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight  
Out of reach  
Out of it, again

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

You know you want it  
You know you need it  
You know I need it too

Excuse me John  
What are you on  
Can you spare a bit for me  
To carry on  
Through today, 'til tonight  
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight  
Out of reach  
Out of it, again