

Status Quo, Breaking Away

(Rossi/Parfitt/Bown)

Me and my friends gonna make a pile of money
Gonna check it out every day
Me and my wife gonna need every penny
'cos we're throwing it all away

But I'm changing my tune
And I'm breaking away

Me and my friends we're rugged little rockers
And we're lazing away the day
Hot wax jacked-up on the television
And forgetting about the pay

But I'm changing my tune
And I'm breaking away
Breaking away

Four rockers rollin'
With a poet in the wings
Waiting to blow his heart away
Beans with the road-crew
Postcards to the wife
Stating the menu of the day
Flying through 'til breakfast
Sleeping on the plane
Looking a good deal
Better than we'll ever feel again

Is it really worth it?
Could it all be real?
Am I just living out a dream?
Sitting in a hotel
Falling of the stage
Tuning in to Wonga Queen
Old men in boys' clothes
Has gone beyond a joke
Skin me another
And pass along the Wiskey and the Coke

Me and my friends are hating everybody
Who was telling us what to say
Heads down rockin' on up and down the country only
Living from day to day

And I'm changing my tune
And I'm breaking away
Breaking away