

# Status Quo, Down The Dustpipe

(Grossman)

Heading down the back turnpike, signposts are pointing west  
Fell into the lonely dustpipe, hope my pick-up can stand the test  
But I'm doing all right now  
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-na

Rolling down the dustpipe now, got a ten dollar bill in my jeans  
Because there ain't no room for a kosher cowboy in a town like New Orleans  
But I'm doing all right now  
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-na

Guess I didn't make it in the city, but that's just the way that it goes  
'Cos there's a lotta lunatics, crazy ghostmen, baby, don't like the shape of my nose  
But I'm doing all right now  
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-na

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