

Supertramp, No Inbetween

So pardon me boys
I'm gonna be late
I don't have the choice
I've got to get into shape

It's eight on the nose
And I gotta go
So pass me my coat
I've got to get to the show

Ain't got no feeling
Ain't got no pain
Ain't got no reason
To try again
Don't need no finger
To point at me
Can't let it linger
I must get free

So send me away
Cause I need a break
What more can I say
There's just so much I can take

But don't be so sad
I'm feeling alright
It won't be so bad
If I can get through tonight

It seemed so simple
Let's go out and have some fun
Someone to play to
We didn't know what we'd begun
Then as things grew
We really thought we had it made
But soon we all knew
That we'd be ending up like slaves

The simple fact is
There really ain't no inbetween
You're either up there
Or scurryin' round and lookin' lean
And when you're up there
They just can't wait to tear you down
Just like a treadmill
You find yourself goin' round and round

So pardon me boys...

So just one more time
Yeah that is for sure
And then I'll be fine
Ah but I've said it before