

Thin Lizzy, Hey You

You're living in a small town
The people there are cold
Just living in a small town
Just doing as you're told
You move up to the jungle
You find that it's a hell
When you slip, you fall, you stumble
They lock you in a cell

Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, all your friends told you in your small town
Hey you, you've got it made

Just living in your home town
Sometimes it's kinda cruel
Living in your home town
Where they treat you like a fool
You move up to the city
You find that it's tough
And it doesn't seem very pretty
Now you're sleeping in the rough

Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you
You've got it made
Hey you
You're heading for the big time
Hey you, you've got it made
You're headed for a life of crime

Living in this jungle
It's like living in a hell
When you slip, you fall, you stumble
They lock you in a cell
You move out to the country
For something you have done
You're living in the country
Why don't you go back to where you come from?

Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made
Hey you, you've got it made

Forget all these backslappers
You don't stand a chance
Why don't you go home?
Go right back to where you come from
Don't get involved in this masquerade
This big city is going to eat you up
All the backslapping
Hey you, you've got it made