

Bob Lind, The World Is Just A 'B' Movie

I'm a poor starving artist, I ain't got a dime
Society kicks me around all the time
I'm misused and mistreated and misunderstood
At the end of the story I'm bound to make good

'Cause the world is just a B movie
About my life and times
The world is just a B movie
And I keep forgetting my lines

My parents they hid me til I was sixteen
Inside a front loading washing machine
They kept me inside it when company'd come
My brother and sister used me for a drum

I sat myself down in my good barber's chair
When someone yelled out Don't you cut that boy's hair
Put down those clippers or I'll fracture your jaw
But it was just Sonny Bono disguised as the law

Well, the world is just a B movie
And it almost breaks my heart
The world is just a B movie
And I only got a bit part

My woman she sticks me with needles and pins
She likes to argue as long as she wins
She burns me with matches and laughs when I cry
And calls me a quitter when I start to die

King Kong and Godzilla got nothing on Lind
They're all big and hairy and die in the end
I compare myself to them, my friends say I'm wrong
They say I haven't got the good looks of King Kong

Well, the world is just a B movie
About my life and times
The world is just a B movie
And I keep forgetting my lines

When I play my music the people charge me
I get last place in dog shows and live in a tree
But the heaviest problem that's weighing on me
Is the boredom of going from A 7th to D

Well, the world is just a B movie
About my life and times
The world is just a B movie
And I keep forgetting