

# 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