

# Budgie, Anne Nегgen

I don't see the future, I feel it day to day  
Dirty nights are passing by, I gotta learn to pay  
Trucking down to London, gigs that never end  
Foggy days and motorways  
Will drive me round the bend  
An` again (x 8)  
Went to see my agent, natty looking gent  
Dirty dates and dirty plays,  
We must be trucking bent  
Only real solution, help me on my way  
Close my eyes and visualize  
Some peace to help me play  
When time is tight your look ain`t right  
And keeping time is an upward climb  
P's and q's just follow you  
And all the time you feel the grime like hell  
Creeping down the highway, feel like one per cent  
May god make the papers say  
We're going where we'll win  
We don't mind a work down  
When the night is through  
Kids give us the feeling that we only give to you