

# Carl Wilson, Grammy

You invite me to pick up my award  
After all the time I've been out here  
My music is still the same  
Why is it just now getting there?  
Wonder why this one got such play?  
Wonder why all the fuss is made?  
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

Who's the judge of this anyway?  
My music said what I had to say  
Who decides if it's wrong or right?  
The authority with such insite?  
Wonder why this one got such play?  
Wonder why all the fuss is made?  
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

We thought you wanted to be a star  
You worked so hard to get this far  
You played all the small time scenes  
We just wanted to fulfill your dreams  
You won a grammy, you won a grammy  
You won a grammy, you won a grammy

Don't think I want to be bothered at all  
Maybe I'll just give them a call  
I won't go through pomp and circumstance  
Anyway, my music isn't fancy  
You invite me to share my fame  
I've decided not to play your game  
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

We thought you wanted to be a star