

Don McLean, Headroom

I need headroom,
Got to have headroom,
Some place to rest my head.
I'm gettin' taller,
Thinkin's gettin' smaller,
Time is winnin' out instead.

Well, I heard it on the news,
They're selling everything they can.
And the American flag
Is manufactured in Japan.
They're fightin' battles in the stars,
They're pourin' billions into Mars.
And layin' right there at my feet,
There're people sleepin' in the street.

Give me room, room, room, room, room, room.

Well, I'm livin' on the farm,
Where chemistry has lost its charm.
And every dusty wind that blows,
Is burnin' big holes in my clothes.
They're burnin' big holes in the sky,
Makin' people wonder why
With all our land and sea and space,
Progress is wreckin' every place.

Give me room, room, room, room, room, room.

Well, if you want an assen-ell,
The government will wish you well,
And if you steal a million bucks,
The government will wish you luck.
And they might even give you more,
If you're makin' things for war.
But if you're poor and stealin' cars,
You'll spend your life behind the bars.

Give me room, room, room, room, room, room.

They're talkin' ethics on the hill,
They're talkin' union at the mill,
They're talkin' justice at the farm,
They're talkin' safety in the car.
They're talkin' murder in the states,
They're talkin' cash to get a fix.
They're talkin' virus in the bed,
I'm talkin' room to rest my head.

Give me room, room, room, room, room, room.

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Got to have headroom,
Some place to rest my head.