

# Eric Burdon & The Animals, Wait Till Next Year

(R. Newman)

Why does everybody sing the same old song to me  
I've heard it before so wake me up when you're done  
Voices of doom, intent on reformin' me  
Relentlessly informin' me that I am a bum

Wait till next year, wait till next year  
You've noticed, I guess, that my clothes are a mess  
And by this time next year I should care even less

Thanks for the advice, you cut me up real quick  
Everyone's so nice it makes me sick  
Go ahead and find another dog to kick  
Why do you do it, why don't you all leave me alone  
If you don't approve of me, go home

You're world is restricted and I've been evicted  
Condemned and convicted for being myself  
They never stop whinin' if my shoes need shinin'  
My manners need refinin' and they're anxious to help

Wait till next year, wait till next year  
I've got an image to nurse, and a role to rehearse  
And by this time next year I should be even worse