

Good Rats, Back To My Music

Joe was a dishwasher in old Jackson City
Lenny was a cook in Santa Fe
Micky ran the numbers for a friend in Nevada
And I'm gettin' fatter every day

Might as well get back to my music (to my music)
Might as well get back
Get back Tex!

He played the big street for a while, yeah in New York
Frank will find a place for you to stay
Denny ran a topless joint in the City of the Angels
And I'm gettin' fatter every day

Might as well get back to my music (to my music)
Might as well get back
Get back Cat!

(Instrumental break)

Get back John!

Well he's a genius
Everybody knows a B.S.
Artie's pushing egg-beaters and trays
Mike and Gary Allen mark the old big-deaded heavies
But it's me who's fatter every day

Might as well get back to my music (to my music)
Might as well get back
Get back Tex!

Get back to my music (to my music)
Might as well get back
Get back John!

Get back, get back to my music
Get back to my music (get back)
Might as well get back
Get back Mike!

Get back, get back to my music
Get back to my music (get back)
Might as well get back
Get back
Ah, ah, ah, ah