

Ian Hunter, All American Alien Boy

(Ian Hunter)

I packed my bags - in the land of rags
'Cos I don't believe in them dimmo drags
Don't wanna vote for the left wing - don't wanna vote for the right
I gotta have both-to make me fly

Just a whitey from Blighty - heading out west
Got my little green card 'n my bulletproof vest
Goin' to old tube city - where the buzz is the best
On down the line (down the line) down the line (down the line)

Well I was born (on the line) 'n I was raised (on the line)
I was schooled (on the line) 'n I was fazed (on the line)
'N I was used (on the line) 'n I was dazed (on the line)
Just had to split (off the line) 'cos I was crazed (off the line)

'N I remember all the good times - me 'n Miller enjoyed
Up and down the M1 in some luminous yo-yo toy
But the future has to change - and to change I've got to destroy
Oh look out Lennon here I come - land ahoy-hoy-hoy

All American Alien Boy All American Alien Boy

Don't look down put your feet on the ground don't drown in the big aquarium
Don't walk slow - put on a big show - shove your meat down vegetarians
Don't get slugged, get mugged, get bugged, or they'll sling you in the jug
Shove you under some rug, give you some drug - pull out the plug and then...

And they're telling me this hamburger's cheaper than the other
'N this television's cheaper than the other
And they're selling me hotdogs cheaper than the other
'N these pizzas cheaper than the other
And I don't understand all this - I'm just an All American Alien Boy

'N they're telling me rifles are shot in Connecticut
They're telling me pistols are shot in Westchester
You can get a Saturday Night Special on Flatbush, on the Bowery, or the Bronx

Or on 42nd Street - And I don't understand all this - being an All American Alien Boy

I've got sodium nitrate rotting in my guts
My head's full of ulcers I got lungs full of butts
My heart wants a transplant - it thinks that I'm nuts
My logic won't open - my eyes won't shut
'N I'm beginning to dig all this - being an All American Alien Boy

And your women are always right (alright)
They always know so much more
'Cos the women came from heaven
'N the men came outta some store
'N they don't know who they are and they don't know what they're for

I'm an All American Alien Boy - look out Mary Tyler Moore - All American
Alien Boy - etc.

CHORUS

Ten Bears, Two Bears, Standing Bear, Plenty Bear,
Old Bear, Brave Bear, Hollow Horn Bear
Silver Knife, Spotted Tail, Yellow Hand, Red Cloud,
Red Fox, Red Horse, Black Kettle,
White Ghost, White Bull, White Thunder, White Hog,

hold on a minute gotta frog in my throat
Cochise, Alchise, Roman Nose, Geronimo - hold on a minute - more to go
Sitting Bull, Tall Bull, Crazy Horse and Short Bull,
Low Dog, Red Dog, Yellow Wolf, Low Wolf
Loco, Victorio, Chato, Little Crow, Dead Eyes, Jak, Taza 'n Colorow
My mouth's exploiting that's enough of this noise
I guess we're all - All American Alien Boys.