

# John Entwistle, The Window Shopper

I'm waiting at the end of your garden  
Waiting for you to turn on the light  
I don't care if your husband's there  
I'm hidden by the night

I can't afford to buy the kind of dirty books  
That show naked ladies with big chests  
I can't afford to pay a woman to keep we warm at night  
But that don't mean that I can't show no interest.

There's no cause for alarm  
I don't mean no harm  
I'm just looking  
I'm just hoping for a glimpse  
Of something I've never had and never will  
I'm just window shopping.

That's why I'm waiting at the end of your garden  
Waiting for you to turn on the light  
I don't care if your husband's there  
I'm hidden by the night.

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I'm just looking  
I'm just hoping for a glimpse  
Of something I've never had and never will  
I'm just window shopping.

That's why I'm waiting at the end of your garden  
Waiting for you to turn on the light  
Please don't draw the curtains  
Or I won't sleep tonight.

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