

Michael Franks, Now That Your Joystick's Broken

You used to be her space invader
Snatching her free from King Kong's choke
She's allons-y
She'll catch you later
Now that your joystick's broke
You had it made with all the women
At the arcade nor you're the joke
Still wear the shades
But who you kiddin'
Now that you joystick's broke
Hurts your elbow
Hurts your wrist
You can barely make a fist
You're the king of indoor sports
So how come the circuit shorts
Call the number
Broken Sticks
Bring 'em in and get 'em fixed
There in your jeans
That roll of quarters
Still fills the air with lipsticked smoke
Guess the machine's just out of order
Too bad your joystick's broke