

# Nazz, Hang On Paul

Someone's gonna tell you and it might be me  
There's something on your face that even you can't see  
It isn't your eyes and it isn't your nose  
You don't have to sniff to tell you that it ain't no rose  
It's something in your arrogant line  
Your brain is tired of biding its time  
You're gonna blow up here  
so Paul you got to make up your mind

You drag into the studio and don't care why  
You got a life as big as city hall and that's no lie  
The aging owner treats you to a couple of beers  
Feeding you cliches about the thing between your ears  
You wonder if its all he can say  
You'll find a better way to say it someday  
But Paul you're too busy stripping gears,  
now Paul your life is dripping away

Hang in, hang out, hang on, hang on Paul  
You're having a ball  
It's your way of life and not mine  
It's so strangely easy to see  
But you're laughing so hard you could die

I'm not about to tell you what you should be doing  
I tend to disappear when I smell trouble brewing  
I understand exactly what's the matter with you  
We're stranded here together in this paddleless canoe  
I'll take my chances in the water for now  
It's what my mother would have wanted anyhow  
The life you're living is over  
but Paul, you're no contented cow

They say being in show biz is a thrill  
It makes your life a breeze, (...)  
But you better do something Paul before it kills you, yeah  
Paul, you've got to make up your mind