

Powderfinger, Celebrity Head

At quarter to nine
My plus one decides to make her arrival
I'll say what I like
At the end of the night for social survival
I'll cut you to size
Then apologise and make an impassioned plea
There were no docken parks
I had to walk in the dark I wasn't myself you see

Here I am again you know me
Here I am again in for free
Missed the backing band you know me
Here I am again in for free

I know I sound trite
But I get off on things like It's their sophomore album
I don't know what I mean
But I'm a part of the scene I know a guy from The Melvins
I came to do a review
I had to wait in the queue I just can't believe it
Don't you know who I am
I work the street paper scam I can't believe you don't read me

Here I am again you know me
Here I am again in for free
Missed the backing band you know me
Here I am again in for free
Here I am again
Here I am again