

Richard Hell And The Voidoids, The Kid With The

Too young to drink and too smart to think
Attaches on his head with the missing link
He's skinny as a snake and fast as a mink
But he ain't for sale unless you add the kitchen sink

Look out, here he comes again
They say he's dead, he's my three best friends
He's so honest that the dishonest dread
Meeting the kid with the replaceable head

When you live on a planet the size of a town
You can't get your kicks by getting around
Fun's hard to find on such familiar ground
So you invent it: the mental it's better than found

Look out, here he comes again
They say he's dead, he's my three best friends
He's so honest that the dishonest dread
Meeting the kid with the replaceable head

He used to beat himself up till he was sick and confused
Dead tired and throbbing, half crazy and bruised
Till he'd be too worn out to keep being himself
Now he can pick them at will from the heads on his shelf

Look out, here he comes again
They say he's dead, he's my three best friends
He's so honest that the dishonest dread
Meeting the kid with the replaceable head