

Richard Marx, What's Your Story

Where's that leave a guy like me
Windy city square
If all that sells is tragedy I haven't got a prayer

Should I try to lose it all, kick it off the track
Just to say I took the fall but "look who's comin back";

What's the story, where's the dirt
Nobody's happy til somebody gets hurt
I don't want t keep up with all that
The garbage that you swallow gonna someday make you fat

Normal childhood, beautiful wife
excuse me having a wonderful life
Why should I be hungry for someone else's pain
Heroes should have something but talent for fame
Double barrel in the mouth nails it every time
But that's what legend's all about

Ain't no bigger headline

What's the story, where's the dirt
Nobody's happy til somebody gets hurt
I don't want to keep up with all that
The garbage that you swallow gonna someday make you fat
Maybe I should frequent all the places that Im avoiding
And maybe you should work on building rather than destroying

If this is making friends, I'd rather be lonely
So where's that leave a guy like me
Windy city square
I may never make page three but ask me if I care

What's the story, where's the dirt
Nobody's happy til somebody gets hurt
I don't want to keep up with all that
The garbage that you swallow gonna someday make you fat