

Richard Marx, What the story?

No needles, no rehab
No minors, no murder rap
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 to keep up with all that
The garbage that you swallow gonna someday make you fat
Normal childhood, beautiful wife
'Scuse 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 I'm 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