

Spirit Of The West, Enough, Already Alright (Hello

Don't smell like beer, no smoke in here
In a clean glass case, lie the artifacts of the famous face
That's Elvis Presley - that does distress me
Looks nothing like him, more like Chris Spedding who wrote "Motorbikin";

Hey, everything's not okay
'Cause nobody ever gets laid
In a glorified Hard Rock Cafe
Oh and, hey, everything's not okay

I'll tell you what, what I don't think
I'll be writing home about a piece of the wall made out of styrofoam

Hey so this is Rock'n'Roll
Hey, Disco, Funk and Soul
Hey, you airbrush the moles
Punkrock, Slits and Buzzcocks

Hey, everything's not okay
'Cause nobody ever got laid
In a glorified Hard Rock Cafe

Enough, already alright (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
Where's the pleasure, where's the pain
Where's the scandal, where's the shame
Enough, already alright (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
You've got no bark and no bite

Hello Cleveland's on the tip of my tongue
And they're handing out backstage passes for everyone

So this is Rock'n'Roll
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Hey, you airbrush the moles
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Enough, already alright (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
Where's the pleasure, where's the pain
Where's the scandal, where's the shame
Enough, already all right (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
All those teeth so pearly white
Where is Freddy's overbite

Enough already alright (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
Where's the drugs, the tits and ass
There behind the plexiglass
Enough already alright (alright)
With the uptight and the so polite
20 US for your rock'n'roll "lite"
Not a red snapper in sight
No it's not on the menu tonight
Just you and your rock'n'roll lite
You and your rock'n'roll lite

Enough already alright

Enough already alright
Yeah, enough already alright
Enough already alright