

# The Boomtown Rats, Me And Howard Hughes

Hand me down a strong panacea,  
One that's guaranteed to make me feel like Hercules,  
There's flies everywhere, buzzing in the air,  
Filling my body with filth and disease....and I think,

He thinks he should develop a complex,  
He thinks that he really owes it to himself,  
His friends'll all say he's looking sick and unhealthy  
An' then he can wallow in sweet self-neglect

Oh oh yeah...he's gonna

Lock himself up in his room  
Shutter the windows and bolt all the doors,  
Wrap himself round in his Wall Street cocoon  
He's painting the ceiling, the walls and the floor,

He's gonna lock himself up in his room  
And when he emerges have a new change of style,  
He keeps saying things like it's me and Howard Hughes  
You'd wana watch out for that dangerous smile.

Oh, oh yeah....