

Tubes, Out Of The Business

Hey Buddy, how 'bout a smoke?
I'm down on my luck.
At the end of my rope, I feel pretty rough.
I just got the sack, take a number please.
I'm never looking back.
I'm out on the street.
I started, down in the dump,
thought I paid my dues,
but I was first when they had
the bad news.
I always dreamed of walking out.
Punch that guy right in the mouth,
but I never had the guts.
Now I know I got the stuff.
There's no mistaking it now...

I'm out of the business
Out of the business ---
Into rock and roll.

All right, 'bout time,
stuffed shirts where the sun don't shine,
Late nights, long days,
I don't need the white collar race.
Who wants a gray flannel suit?
I'll throw in a tie,
or some Italian boots? It's all right in style.
I've had it up to here, with three button whores.
I don't regret that I'm
Walking out the door.
(Chorus)