

Hey, Mr. Manager

Badfinger

Waiting for the phone to tell me you and I are through
And I'm not alone, I guess that everybody wants it, too

You got no feeling, you've been dealing all the wrongs
Your lies are stealing Lord, I think you should be gone

Hey, Mr. Manager You're messing up my life
Hey, Mr. Manager Don't think I need that kind of strife

It's the same old story, we all know it to the end
But without your boring glory, we could live again

You got no feeling, you've been dealing all the wrongs
Your lies are stealing God, I think you should be gone

Hey, Mr. Manager You're messing up my life
Hey, Mr. Manager Don't think I need that kind of strife

Laying down these lines This song's especially for you
It may be simple But in some ways, so are you!

Hey, Mr. Manager You're messing up my life
Hey, Mr. Manager Don't think I need that kind of, that kind of,
that kind of strife

Waiting for the phone to tell me
You and I are through.