

It'll Chew You Up And Spit You Out

Concrete Blonde

Yeah

Well, I was tripping down the street early this morning
And the psychic lady pointed at me
She said, "Come on in," and I gave her my money
Said, "Tell me, tell me what you see"
And she said she saw the angels dancing with me
Dancing to the beat of my feet down the street
She said she saw the angels dancing with me
To keep on, keep on, keep on, now

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

Thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know why

I don't know why

And I ran into Tony Pony, what a goddamned phony
Had a new fish on the line
Well, the last one left with the last bad check
The only good one that he ever had died
I got to live and let live, I got to learn to forgive
You know that everybody's got a right
But there's evil all around me in this broken-down city
That's a twenty-four hour fight

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

I thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know why

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

I thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my, my, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know

Don't know

Don't know why

So let's me and you go get a new tattoo
We can hop on the Harley and cruise
We can start at the pier and share a beer
Head out to the desert, I can feel it from here
Ride all the way to where the lizards play
Riding on and on and on
There's a million stars, it will blow you away
It's all so Concrete Blonde, now

(Still in Hollywood)

Hey

That's right

You know we can ride it out all night

(Still in Hollywood)

Hey, hey, hey
I got to got away
Got to get away, yeah
(Still in Hollywood)
My, my, my
Yes, I'm glad to be alive
(Still in Hollywood)
Oh, mama gonna be somebody
Someday, sometime
(Still in Hollywood)
Oh yeah
Oh yeah
(Still in Hollywood)
Yeah, and I want to get out alive
Don't you know I'm
(Still in Hollywood)
Oh, doing fine
Oh, listen baby
(Still in Hollywood)
Oh, want to be out of here by now

(What's-a-matter with you, young man
Going to Hollywood, gonna be a big shot
That town's gonna suck you up and spit you out
You ain't gonna have a pot to piss in
Don't come back to me for a job
You made your bed, now sleep in it
Go back to these Copelands, what else
Who are they anyways
The Stewie, Miles Copelands
You ain't gonna have a dime
Big shot).