

Saw Your Name in the Paper

Loudon Wainwright III

I saw your name in the paper
It was quite a blow
Your mother must be happy
They said you stole the show

You always did have talent
You always did work hard
I always new you would prefer
A place on the front yard

Maybe you'll get famous
Maybe you'll get rich
That's alright, don't be afraid
Lots of us got that itch

Lots of us really need it
Yeah, we really need it bad
Lots of us are desperate
And lots of us are sad

Take the money, take the love
Take all the people give
The people all are dying
And somehow you help them live

The people will destroy you
That love will turn to hate
But right now you must scratch it
Your itch that's grown so great

Make yourself a hero
It's heroes people crave
Make yourself a master
But know you are a slave

I saw your name in the paper
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I saw your name in the paper
I saw your name in the paper
Ahh