

## Crowd Pleaser

Rupert Holmes

He's a musician. Lately, he's wishin' he was a cop.  
'Cause he loves a crowd pleaser, dies when he sees her and it d  
on't stop.

I play guitar. I back her up. She's the star of a bar band.  
She packs 'em in, but I'm packin' up—'cause this used to be our  
band.

Night after night, they watch her move tightly up to that mike  
And she steals the crowd's heart. They may not know art but the  
y know what they like.

Crowd pleaser wontcha please me?  
Crowd pleaser wontcha please be mine?

Here's how it is: the band was once his, then she came along  
And she moved the right way, and he gave her her say for the pr  
ice of a song.

She sings the best. This is the worst, and I can't stand to sha  
re her.

So I'm gettin' out or she'll get me first. If I only could tear  
her

Face from their eyes, but I realize that's just what she needs.  
So I play till it stings and I choke these metal strings till m  
y lightnin' hand bleeds.

Well I'm drawing the line 'cause she tells me she's mine but sh  
e's sharing the wealth

I suppose I should leave 'cause I just can't believe this is go  
od for my health.

Crowd pleaser, wontcha please me?  
Crowd pleaser, wontchaplease be mine?