

Down the Dustpipe

Status Quo

Heading down the back turnpike, signposts are pointing west
Fell into the lonely dustpipe, hope my pick-
up can stand the test
But I'm doing all right now
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-na

Rolling down the dustpipe now, got a ten dollar bill in my jeans
Because there ain't no room for a kosher cowboy in a town like
New Orleans
But I'm doing all right now
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-na

Guess I didn't make it in the city, but that's just the way that it goes
'Cos there's a lotta lunatics, crazy ghostmen, baby, don't like
the shape of my nose
But I'm doing all right now
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