

Rip Off Train

The Pretty Things

Young man made it to the city
Searching through the wet streets
Looking for a rock 'n' roll band
Caught the rip off train to freedom
A line of agents holding out their hand

Work your arses off forever
Midnight highways really bring you down
But you're there and you're working
So don't complain, so many miss the train

Find a sound, lay it down
They say it's underground
Starts to sell, do it well
But you never can tell

Now the young man's star shines brightly
Breaking hearts, his records in the charts
Finds it hard to freak twice nightly
Falls in love, the hardest fall of all

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They say it's underground
Starts to sell, do it well
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He was just a lonely boy
A very well known clown
He was just a lonely boy and down

Find a sound, lay it down
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Starts to sell, do it well
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