Number One

A

Got to get out more
Get in the place
Got to work out more
And sort out my face
I've got all the 'zines that tell me what to eat
And I'm tired of being told what to wear on my feet
And I don't have the time to get all worked up
About the year on the street
And it's not my fault, I can find my way
Yeah it's not my fault, there goes another day
I've been here too long, do I have to change
Into what it takes
To make it number one?
I feel out of favour
I don't look like a picture
You think I'm a loser,
But I can see through you
You're running around like you're running the country
I know that you think that you've got one on me
Ear to the ground, like the boy about town
Can't get nothing to fit me
And it's not my fault, I can find my way
Yeah it's not my fault, there goes another day
I've been here too long, do I have to change
Into what it takes
To make it number one?
Got a call from an old friend, used to be real close
Said he couldn't go on the American way
Sold his house, sold his car
Bought a ticket to the West Coast
Now he gives 'em a stand-up routine in L.A

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