

Up And Running

Ian Hunter

Down in the basement wondering where the money went
I get no insurance, can't afford to pay the rent
Outside creditors banging on the front door
It's easy when you're rich, poor ain't gotta future

I'm sick and tired of being pushed around
I ain't gonna take this lying down

I'm up and running

World sitting on a fence, greed and ignorance
Nothing making any sense, they tamper with the evidence
Living on the outside, never looking in
All beef and body work, no imagination

I'm sorry if the wine ain't to your taste
Maybe there's just a hint of sour grapes

I'm up and running

I still got a screw loose, agony when not in use
I think I need another boost
O' Mott the Hoople juice, I still got the legs

Tyrants, despots, techies hit the jackpot
100 dollar robots take all the jobs we got
People making money out of other people misery
If I'm going down, I'm going to take you with me

You only know what you're supposed to know
And things are smelling bad on rotten row

I'm up and running