

Pusherman

James Reyne

I've been a-lookin' for a pie in the sky
'Cause everybody else is goofin' off
Don't know the reason, no I wonder why
I hear 'em sputter and cough
Thought that they could tell about the way I was walkin'
And the fact that I come a-stumblin' in
I've been livin' in a free-house baby
You know it's sweeter than sin

And all the people in that old backwater
Are just a lookin' for a flash in the pan
They'd sell their mothers and they'd sell their daughters
To the p-p-p-p-pusherman
Thought that they could tell because I kept on talkin'
And I would just a-stagger around
I've been livin' in an outhouse baby
Well, it's just a hole in the ground

Don't tell anybody
Don't tell a lie
I'm floating down the Irrawaddy
Starin' at, starin' at...

I'm starin' at the sky
Starin' at the sun
Sleepin' on a Saturday
Can't get a thing done
Lookin' out for happiness
You catch as you can
Thank God For The Pusherman!

I couldn't take it just a-walkin' around
This mean old city at night
And everything was just a-getting' me down
And I'm a-glowin' in the pale moonlight
Thought that they could tell because I kept on moanin'
And I'd be kept on climbin' the walls
I've been livin' in a roundhouse baby
And chasin' them waterfalls

Don't tell my Mother
She would die
Don't tell my Brother
'Cause he'll be lookin' for a tear to cry...

I'm starin' at the sky
Starin' at the sun
Sleepin' on a Saturday
Can't get a thing done
Lookin' out for happiness
You catch as you can
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Don't tell the preacher
He thinks that I'm the prodigal son
Go tell Freddie Nietzsche
'Cause he would think that I was having some fun...

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Starin' at the sun
Sleepin' on a Saturday
Can't get a thing done
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You catch as you can
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