

Stagefright

James Reyne

I want everyone to think I've got the Gonzo connection
As I hide behind my pseudonym and grammar correction
Trying to find a story
Trying to find an angle
Trying to see how many free lunches I can wrangle

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Me and Rick were talking, sitting at the bar
Full-blown come on over looking like a star
We say "Hey Mr. Barman, buy this man a beer
He's a real Jet Jackson, synthesiser sneer"

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I look like a lizard
But feel like smoking
I'm on a dead-line for dreams
I know I'm a dead-beat
I know I'm choking
I need a head-line that screams

I'm always at them parties, never on TV
Even New York Steve says "It's a blast!" to me
I say, "Hi there Steve, who's that sweet lady on your arm?"
He says, "Check you later" with that Manhattan charm

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