

When It Sells

The Cats

Your company is only in for money
And honest managers are hard to find
On your own you'll never hit the big time
And when you do the taxman robs you blind

Although your fans will tear the place to pieces
You'll never ever get a good review
The press won't spill a word on your next album
And you won't get the airplay if they do

Just tell the whites it's country and western
Just tell the blacks it's rhythm and blues
Just tell the intellectuals it's jazzrock
And when it sells just tell them they can choose

Romantic highway life is only boring
You never get a decent meal to eat
The songs you write are mostly pretty ballads
And all your fans just like a drivin' beat

You know that drugs are ruining your body
You know speed kills so you're just getting pissed
And off the booze you only live on downers
So you will not regret the chicks you missed

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