

# Headroom

[Don McLean](#)

I need headroom, got to have headroom  
Some place to rest my head  
I'm gettin' taller, thinkin' is gettin' smaller  
Time is winnin' out instead Well, I heard it on the news  
They're selling everything they can  
And the American flag  
Is manufactured in Japan They're fightin' battles in the stars  
They're pourin' billions into Mars  
And layin' right there at my feet  
There are people sleepin' in the street Give me room, room  
Room, room, room, room Well, I'm livin' on the farm  
Where chemistry has lost its charm  
And every dusty wind that blows  
Is burnin' big holes in my clothes They're burnin' big holes in the sky  
Makin' people wonder why  
With all our land and sea and space  
Progress is wreckin' every place Give me room, room  
Room, room, room, room Well, if you want an assen ell  
The government will wish you well  
And if you steal a million bucks  
The government will wish you luck And they might even give you more  
If you're makin' things for war  
But if you're poor and stealin' cars  
You'll spend your life behind the bars Give me room, room  
Room, room, room, room They're talkin' ethics on the hill  
They're talkin' union at the mill  
They're talkin' justice at the farm  
They're talkin' safety in the car They're talkin' murder in the states  
They're talkin' cash to get a fix  
They're talkin' virus in the bed  
I'm talkin' room to rest my head Give me room, room  
Room, room, room, room I need headroom  
Got to have headroom  
Some place to rest my head

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