

# Credit

## Tama

Get your hand out of my pocket.

You're not my Uncle Sam.

Have we been introduced?

Do you even know who I am?

I just came here for some credit.

I want some credit.

I just came here for some credit.

I want some credit.

Why don't you leave me out of this?

Do you even know who you are?

Hey, is this a game of hit and miss?

Is that a birthmark or a scar?

Give me a little bit of credit.

Give me some credit.

Just a little bit of credit.

Give me some credit.

I know I'll never reach the sun,

But I'm not giving up.

Till - you know - I hit on everyone.

Four sets a night, six days a week,

I never saved a lousy dime.

Now my guitar it gently weeps,

Out of tune and out of time.

Just last week a little card came in the mail,

It was gold and thin as Kate Moss.

I took a little trip to Paris for the weekend,

That's when they up and cut me off.

I said - why? They said - you got no credit!

You're all out of credit!

Where can I can get a little more credit?

Chop out some credit.

I know things are gonna change,

But I can't say bad or good.  
First they build you up,  
Then they chop you down like wood.

All for a little bit of credit.  
Give me some credit.  
Where can I get a little more credit?  
I want some credit.

Credit!

After all is said and done  
I'm gonna pay up before I run.

Credit!  
Yeah!

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Lyrics submitted by Ron Styran.

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