Idol

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Oh, he was a light star
Tripping on a high wire
Bulldog stubborn and born uneven
A classless creature
A man for all seasons but don't bet them
They can't take him to the very bottom
Because they made him and they'll waste him
And I don't believe that I want to watch them
'Cause the fifties shifted out of gear
He was an idol then, now he's an idol here
But his face has changed, he's not the same, no more
And I have to say that I like the way his music sounded before
He was tight-assed
Walking on broken glass
Highly prized in the wallet size
The number one crush in a schoolgirl's eyes
But don't pretend that it won't end
In the depth of your despair
You went from lame suits right down to tennis shoes
To peanuts from the lion's share, alright
'Cause the fifties shifted out of gear
Oh, he was an idol then, now he's an idol here
But his face has changed, oh, he's not the same, no more
And I have to say that I like the way his music sounded before

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