

Talkin' to One of the Boys

Nazareth

Everyone says connection is easy
I look at my score, experience none
Tossed a coin when I was seventeen
I got the ice, you got the cream All that you do is stranger than fiction
All that you see defies all description
And you worry about your lack of existence
Then by all means go crazy Talkin' to one of the boys
Talkin' to one of the boys
It's makin' a lot of noise
Talkin' to one of the boys
It's makin' a lot of noise
Talkin' to one of the boys
Talkin' to one of the boys One of the boys told me what was
Going on last night
One of the boys said if I tried it
Everything would be alright, alright, alright I talked to Doctor Scromaxy, mail order Messiah
His black book is gospel, his scripture unclean
A mass consultation, a blind congregation
His chapter, his verse, and his profit obscene Correspondence, the back of a sin rag
If this is deliverance, life is a drag
Searchin' salvation, your sightlines get hazy
You got it right, go crazy Talkin' to one of the boys
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Talkin' to one of the boys One of the boys told me what was
Going on last night
One of the boys said if I tried it
Everything would be alright
Or maybe you'll go crazy, you'll go crazy Talkin' to one of the boys
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It's makin' a lot of noise
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Talkin' to one of the boys

It's makin' a lot of noise
Talkin' to one of the boys
Eh hey, alright, alright

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