Just Like That

Mark King

My uncle ernie had a *wongleberry*
It used to live along the side of his nose
On the whole it made a very good showY'know, I like being in the music biz
But it's not all fun
Hey sometimes it's also hard
So here's a tune that says...It's no wonder I'm so mad
When I see the chances that I had
Blown away by mr suit's big boys
Nine to fivers making all the noise
Making sure that no-one has the choiceI could tell them go to hell
Start a new sound give us some clean air
Open up a door for those who careChurning out the crap, just like that
Any old riff, gimme a spliff
Then you'll clear the business
I could wear a hat, just like that
Send me down the steps
Send me down the stair
Look away to seeMaybe it's conspiracy
Put together by God and us who see
They knew where to be
Trey're cops unwrapped
OhhhhhIt's too late.....
I'm too late.....
I could never be.....
What they want me to be.....Churning out the crap, just like that
Any old riff, gimme a spliff
Then you'll clear the business
I could wear a hat, just like that
Send me down the steps
Send me down the stair
Look away to see, too late.....I'm too lateI'm too lateI'm too late

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