

Substitute

1.6 Band

(Peter Townshend)

You think we look pretty good together?

You think my jeans are made of leather?

Well I'm a substitute for another guy

I look pretty tall, but my heels are high

Simple things you see are all complicated

Look pretty young but I'm just backdated

Substitute your lies for fact

I see right through that Satan crap

I look all white but my dad was black

My fine lookin' suit's really made out of sack

I was born with a plastic spoon in my mouth

North side of my town faced East and East was facing South

And now you dare to look me in the eye

Those crocodile tears that you cry

A genuine problem, you won't try to work it out at all

Just pass it by

Pass it by

Substitute

Me for him

My coke for gin

You for my mom

At least I'll get my washin' done

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