

# I'm Just Looking

## Dexy's Midnight Runners

You're looking to win it, but not taking it in  
Uppers give you heart impotence but don't tell you anything.  
People are saying, you're losing your feel.  
Pretend you don't hear  
Holed up in white Harlem, your conscience and you  
You might need sympathy but that's not what I'd tell you  
Your winning day was long ago  
Don't let it show.  
You're walking on marble, it's scorching your feet  
Penthouse celebrity, Yes  
But watch what you eat  
People are saying you're losing your feel  
Pretend you don't hear  
Don't come any closer.

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