

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 night 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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