# Blue Tip

## The Cars

You believe in anything
They tell you how to think
The simpletons all circle
In the raging roller rinkI'm trading in the alley
I'm booking up a storm
Forget about reality
'Cause nothing is the norm, yeah, yeahSo what can you do, you say
They owe me a few, yeah
Blue tip of your cue, yeahYou got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
You leave without a traceAll set to weary your heartland
Black and white TV
Stroking all the gun heads
Into the ninth degreeYou here the screamers coming
They clamor in disguise
You think that you'd be running
To the other side, yeah, yeahSo what can you do, you say
They owe me a few, yeah
Blue tip of your cue, yeahYou got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
Can't fill an empty spaceYou stupefy the thinkers
You're hugging all the flakes
And all the things you think are true
Only mystify the fakesWell, keep your hat on backwards
And keep your lips tucked in
The world is full of quackers
And belly button ringsI know you'd like to be immune
To the things they say
You're hung up on your heroes
And upon the beast you pray, yeah, heySo what can you do, you say
Well, they owe me a few, yeah
Blue, blue, tip of your cue, yeahYou got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
You leave without a traceYou got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace

You leave a bitter taste

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