Credit

Andy Stott

Get your hand out of my pocket.
You're not my Uncle Sam.
Have we been introduced?
Do you even know who I am?

I just came here for some credit.
I want some credit.
I just came here for some credit.
I want some credit.

Why don't you leave me out of this?
Do you even know who you are?
Hey, is this a game of hit and miss?
Is that a birthmark or a scar?

Give me a little bit of credit.
Give me some credit.
Just a little bit of credit.
Give me some credit.

I know I'll never reach the sun,
But I'm not giving up.
Till - you know - I hit on everyone.

Four sets a night, six days a week,
I never saved a lousy dime.
Now my guitar it gently weeps,
Out of tune and out of time.

Just last week a little card came in the mail,
It was gold and thin as Kate Moss.
I took a little trip to Paris for the weekend,
That's when they up and cut me off.

I said - why? They said - you got no credit!
You're all out of credit!
Where can I can get a little more credit?
Chop out some credit.

I know things are gonna change,

But I can't say bad or good.
First they build you up,
Then they chop you down like wood.

All for a little bit of credit.
Give me some credit.
Where can I get a little more credit?
I want some credit.

Credit!

After all is said and done
I'm gonna pay up before I run.

Credit!
Yeah!

Lyrics submitted by Ron Styran.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/