

# 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!

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Lyrics submitted by Ron Styran.

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