

# Pack It Up

## The Pretenders

You guys are the pits of the world!

Oh, this is no place for me  
Burnin' down the interbelt, from jacuzzi to jacuzzi  
It's all right for you man  
Gettin' smashed, gettin' suntanned  
But I know my place  
Where's my suitcase?

Pack it up or throw it away  
What I can't carry, bury  
Oh you remember me, I remember you  
But that was a long, long time ago  
When I was passin' through

All my family, all my friends, my lover  
I got to find them  
My enemies, my new family, my new friends  
My future enemies, I got to flush them out

Pack it all up, nothing goes in storage  
I'm burnin' every bridge  
Burn, baby, burn  
I see your dog got shot  
Well, hell, never mind  
That's show biz, big boy  
You've got to be cruel to be kind

Oh, give over and admit it  
I've been tearing down the interstate  
Like some kind of bleeding cat  
It's all right for the boss  
His gain's my loss  
That gets me down, it really gets me down

So pack it up and cut the crap  
When the clock starts talkin', I start walkin'  
When you pass in your Porsche  
Please don't offer me a ride  
I may be a skunk

But you're a piece of junk, and furthermore  
I don't like your trousers  
Your appalling taste in women  
And what about your mind  
Your insipid record collection  
That dumb home video center  
The usual pornography  
And all you scumbags around the world  
You're the pits of the world!

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