

# No Inbetween

## Supertramp

So pardon me, boys  
I'm gonna be late  
I don't have the choice  
I've got to get into shape It's eight on the nose  
And I gotta go  
So pass me my coat  
I've got to get to the show Ain't got no feelin'  
Ain't got no pain  
Ain't got no reason  
To try again Don't need no finger  
To point at me  
Can't let it linger  
I must get free So send me away  
'Cause I need a break  
What more can I say?  
There's just so much I can take But don't be so sad  
I'm feelin' alright  
It won't be so bad  
If I can get through tonight It seemed so simple  
Let's go out and have some fun  
Someone to play to  
We didn't know what we'd begun Then as things grew  
We really thought we had it made  
But soon we all knew  
That we'd be ending up like slaves The simple fact is  
There really ain't no inbetween  
You're either up there  
Or scurryin' round and lookin' lean And when you're up there  
They just can't wait to tear you down  
Just like a treadmill  
You find yourself goin' 'round So pardon me, boys  
I'm gonna be late  
I don't have the choice  
I've got to get into shape So just one more time  
Yeah, that is for sure  
And then I'll be fine  
Ah, but I've said it before

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