

# Gotta Serve Somebody

Eric Bibb/Maria Muldaur/Rory Block

Well, oh, you may be an ambassador to England or France  
You may like to gamble, you might like to dance  
You may be the heavyweight champion of the world  
You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
And it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
Might be a rock 'n' roll addict, prancing on the stage  
Might have money and drugs at your command and women in the cage  
You may be a business man or some high degree thief  
They may call you doctor or they may call you chief  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
And it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk  
You may be the head of some big TV network  
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame  
You may be living in another country under another name  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
Oh, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You may be a construction worker working on a home  
You may be living in a mansion or you might live in a dome  
You might own guns and you might even own tanks  
You may be somebody's landlord and you might even own banks  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
And it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
Now you may be a preacher with your spiritual pride  
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side  
You may be working in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair  
You may be somebody's mistress, you may be somebody's heir  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
And it may be the devil or it may be the Lord

But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You might like to wear cotton, you might like to wear silk  
You might like to drink whiskey, you might like to drink milk  
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread  
You may be sleeping on the floor or sleeping in a king sized bed  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
Gonna have to serve somebody  
Now, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
You may call me Terry, you may call me Jimmy  
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy  
You may call me Willie or you may call me Ray  
You may call me anything but no matter what you say  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
You're gonna have to serve somebody  
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody  
I don't think that's funny, I guess they exchange  
Before they change the more they stay the same  
There ain't no blame  
Sometimes the picture just don't fit the frame  
This is where the cowboy yields the floor  
'Cause you don't think I'm funny anymore  
I guess things change  
The more they change the more they stay the same  
There ain't no blame  
Sometimes the picture just don't fit the frame  
This is where the cowboy yields the floor  
'Cause you don't think I'm funny anymore  
Did you hear the one about the dirty whore?  
Oh, I forgot, you don't think I'm funny anymore

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