No.1

Sir Raymond Mang

I've got to get up ma, and get in my place
I've got to work out ma, and sort out my face
I've got all 'zines telling me what to eat
And I'm tired of being told what to wear on my feet
And I don't have the time to get all worked up about the year on the street
And it's not my fault, I can find my way, yeah it's not my fault
There goes another day, I've been here too long
Do I have to change into what it takes, yeah make it No.1
I feel out of flavour, I don't look like a picture
You think I'm a loser, but I can see through you
You're running around like you're running the country
I know that you think that you've got one on me
Ear to the ground like a boy about town
Can't get nothing to fit me!

And it's not my fault, I can find my way, yeah it's not my fault
There goes another day, I've been here too long
Do I have to change in to what it takes, yeah make it No.1
Got to call for an old friend who used to be real close
Said he couldn't go on the American way
Sold his house, sold his car
Bought a ticket to the West coast
Now he gives him 'em a stand-up routine in L.A.
yeah but it's not my fault, I can find my way, yeah it's not my fault
Got to look out for an old friend who used to be real close
Said it couldn't go on the American way
Sold his house, sold his car
Bought a ticket to the West coast
Now he gives 'em a stand-up routine in L.A.
Do I have to change in to what it takes, yeah make it No.1

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