

# Record Collection

## The Last Chucks

I take too long to answer telephones  
I take too long to type my name and record messages  
But my handwriting is excellent  
In fact it's second to none, none  
I just got in from somewhere really good  
They offered me the part of Bono  
And a speaking role  
With all the merchandice and sunglasses  
I could ever need, need  
I drive round cities in a chariot  
I get preferential treatment at the Marriot  
But if the truth be told I'm naked under all these clothes  
I tell you what it is on my mind  
I only want to be in your record collection  
I only want to be in your record collection  
And I'll do anything it takes just to get there  
My brain is buzzing and the room is strange  
Like that scene in a trading places at the stock exchange  
I made a million over night in '87  
Now I'm living in my parking space, parking space  
My teeth are bright and my hair is clean  
I wear Paco Rabanne like I was Charlie Sheen  
But in the rain we all look wet  
and in the snow we all look cold  
I tell you what it is on my mind  
I only want

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>