Record Collection

The Last Chucks

I take too long to answer telephonesI take too long to type my name and record messagesBut my handwriting is excellentIn fact it's second to none, noneI just got in from somewhere really goodThey offered me the part of BonoAnd a speaking roleWith all the merchandice and sunglassesI could ever need, needI drive round cities in a chariotI get prefential treatment at the MarriotBut if the truth be told I'm naked under all these clothesI tell you what it is on my mindI only want to be in your record collectionI only want to be in your record collectionAnd I'll do anything it takes just to get thereMy brain is buzzing and the room is strangeLike that scene in a trading places at the stock exchangeI made a million over night in '87Now I'm living in my parking space, parking spaceMy teeth are bright and my hair is cleanI wear Paco Rabanne like I was Charlie SheenBut in the rain we all look wet and in the snow we all look coldI tell you what it is on my mindI only want

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