

Two Little Hitlers

Todd Rundgren

Why are we racing to be so old?
I'm up late pacing the floor
I won't be told
You have your reservations
I'm bought and sold
I'll face the music, I'll face the facts
Even when we walk in polka dots and chequer slacks
Bowing and squatting, running after tidbits
Bobbing and squinting just like a nit wit
Two little Hitlers will fight it out until
One little Hitler does the other one's will
I will return, I will not burn
Down in the basement
I need my head examined
I need my eyes excited
I'd like to join the party
But I was not invited
You make a member of me
I'll be delighted
I wouldn't cry for lost souls you might drown
Dirty words for dirty minds, written in a toilet town
Dial me a valentine, she's a smooth operator
It's all so calculated, she's got a calculator
She's my soft-touch typewriter and I'm the great dictator
A simple game of self respect
You flick the switch and the world goes out
Nobody jumps as you expect
I would have thought you would have had enough by now
You call selective dating for some effective mating
I thought I'd let you down dear, but you were just deflated
I knew right from the start, we'd end up hating
Pictures of the merchandise plastered on the wall
We can look so long as we don't have to talk at all
You say you'll never know him
He's not a natural man
He doesn't want your pleasure
He wants as no one can
He wants to know the names of all those he's better than

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