

Piece of the Action

Grand Design

Somewhere a red-eyed waitress glances at another movie magazine
Down on the corner there's a grocery boy stuffin' boxes fulla hungry dreams
Someone's cleanin' up the offices, one window burnin' in the dark
Somebody's cryin' is there any way in hell
To light a comet from a single spark
Workin' so hard I can't remember much about the freedom I been workin' for
Felt like a prisoner 'til I looked in your eyes
And saw a million wide open doors
Ya tell me put a little money away, well every dog will have his day in time
Well I been slavin' like a dog and I got nothin' to show ya
But a collar and a fist fulla nickels and dimes
I want a piece, a piece of the action
Give me a shot at the real thing
I want a piece of the action, a piece of the action
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings
Gonna turn on the master, gonnacut these strings
Been livin' just like my old man did and neither once of us could get it right
Punchin' in when the day begins and punchin' out the local boys at night
There's someone leanin' on a peelin' porch
And someone leavin' on a silver plane
And I finally know the man I'd rather be
Girl I won't be back to getcha 'til they know my name
I want a piece, a piece of the action
Give me a shot at the real thing
I want a piece of the action, a piece of the action
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings
Gonna turn on the master, gonnacut these strings
They hand you a paycheck every week and steal a piece of your soul every day
An' I don't need no gold watch in fifty years, baby let's be golden today
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