

# Top of the Bottom

John Wesley Harding

I started  
Playing guitar by the town memorial  
All my songs were singing editorials  
And when I'd done, the sermon on the mount  
I counted my change and put it in my bank account  
I didn't want to work at the local abbatoir  
So I left home, expanded my repertoire  
I did some gigs, No one booed  
I got free beer and I drank it with gratitude  
Once I started I couldn't stop  
That's how I got from  
The bottom to the top  
A businessman with a very young dolly bird  
Talked through the set, liked what he thought he heard  
Dropped some names he claimed to represent  
And asked me if I had any management  
Well two weeks later, I'm signing on the dotted line  
Offered some drugs, at first I declined  
Lots of parties where the spread's incredible  
But don't get close 'cause the food's inedible  
And I became a spinning top  
That's how I got from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom  
I got a sweet deal and I moved to America  
I fell in love with an heiress called Erica  
Started out smart, soon got silly  
I partied by the pool and then arrest for necrophilia  
News travels fast like electricity  
A bad mug shot, it's good publicity  
I laid low for a month or two  
And spent my dough building a recording studio  
And that's when it all went pop  
That's how I got from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom  
The label and Payola got me in the charts  
My new management had me by the private parts  
I went on strike, took the initiative  
Forgetting that I didn't have a single thing to bargain with  
I lost my nerve, my fall was glorious  
The lawsuit was eternal and laborious  
My new material was only fair to middling  
Rome was burning and I did some fiddling  
And finally, I was dropped  
That's how I got back from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom  
On the way down people tend to leave you where you fall  
I tried to stand up but I didn't have the wherewithal

I nearly died in a cab one day  
So I swapped my bourbon for a bottle full of perrier  
There were rumors about my sexuality  
The video star, killed by reality  
Next thing I know I'm on my knees  
Begging the camera, "Will you vote me off the island please?" But the world forgives a flop  
That's how I got back from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom O well all that exposure and the phone starts to ring again  
I experienced the strange urge to sing again  
Well not long ago I was a boy with a dream  
I reacquaint myself with a razor and some shaving cream  
Look at me I'm ripe for rediscovery  
All I need is Mary to mother me  
On the tenth green I was way over par  
My partner offered me a tour in Jesus Christ, Superstar And that's when the penny dropped  
That's how I got back back from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom Well we toured all over the states of America  
I got a picture of my son from Erica  
My parents wrote, "Since you disappeared,  
Hard to believe but it's just been one year,"  
Now it's back to ale and cakes again  
I wonder if I'll make the same mistakes again  
I hope that you've enjoyed this tutorial  
There's another busker who was playing the memorial I'm getting bored of talking shop  
That's how I got back from  
The bottom to the top of the bottom  
To the top of the bottom  
To the top of the bottom

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