Showbiz (feat. Nicky Henson)

Gilbert O'Sullivan

Well here we are and here we go Up the hill and down the slope Pardon me if I seem out of breath Bus was late so I walked instead There's nobody quite like me Isn't that Presumably What it is they say you're looking for Ballad singer with a guitar Okay so guitar was the part I got wrong The rest of me surely is what you want. Wait a minute who is this He needs a psychiatrist Either that or I do give me strength (Would do If I knew the way it went) You say you sing slow songs and fast numbers too Do you know volare (Is that her next to you) I'm running round in circles I'm getting so forlorn Whatever so forlorn's supposed to mean I'm sick of good intentions Whatever their intent on being Who's responsibility lies in sending him to me Tell me and I'll tear them limb from limb I said Matt Monro not Gunga Din. Our members will see him and eat him alive No two ways about it Or three or four or five 0ne day you'll see I'll he enormous (Then here's a tip lay off your fookin They'll say of me and my performance It's
was superb (don't make me laugh) The best we've heard (you must he daft) False modesty is not for me Solo The way to skin a rabbit the way to comb a hare I know which one of those I'd rather heed As I'm sure would the rabbit Who only wants to live and breed I write each and all my songs Always have done all along So if you want "My Way" I can do Every song in my way just for you Has it occurred to you that I might not be well I've got a heart that needs a bypass I can tell So here we are together then You and me the best of friends (Best of friends you must be off your head) How about employer then instead We have to work closely and mostly we do We're at opposite ends of An industry without any smoke It's boiler being only fired by hope It is Showbiz

Songwriters
O'Sullivan, GilbertPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/