

# Manchild

## Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs

Okay, you're on your own, it's late  
Your girlfriend is on another date with the hero in your dream  
Turn around, ask yourself  
So, you think you're gonna win this time Manchild? Is it the pain of the drinking  
Or the Sunday sinking feeling  
The car never seems to work  
When it's late your girlfriends on a date And the hero with her in your dream  
In your sleep it seemed to like you  
Turn around and ask yourself  
Turn around ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win?  
Manchild, look at the state you're in Could you go undercover  
And sell your brand new lover  
Could you be someone else for a night?  
Maybe someone else will love you You sell your soul for a tacky song  
Like the one you hear on the radio  
Turn around ask yourself  
Turn around and ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win  
Manchild, look at the state you're in  
Manchild, he will make you cry  
Manchild, Manchild, Manchild From Monday down to Friday  
You're working on another man's car  
Or is it in the factory?  
It doesn't matter where you are Just turn around and ask yourself is this communication  
Accentuate the positive and give some illustration  
See Manchild, you're no one, you turn the microphone on  
Control communication when I'm kickin' it and so on  
To the point that I need, the air that I breathe Into an audience that's waiting and ecstatic to receive  
For the meantime another mean rhyme, I keep on sayin' it  
I know what the time is the crowd will keep playing it  
Through the speaker boxes louds my diagnosis Cause I believe in miracles and words in heavy doses  
Enough R E S P E and C T  
Respect yourself express no stress the mike is easy  
Just believe that all you need is the air that you breathe  
Turn around ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win?  
Manchild, look at the state you're in  
Manchild, he will make you cry  
Manchild, Manchild, Manchild  
Hes the apple of your eye Once bitten twice shy, why don't you bite me again  
Just take it in the right and go tell your friend

Are you ready for the words I turn the microphone on  
A figure of speech to reach you at the back and so onThe style Im stimulating dance floors  
Raise your body temperature now and  
This demands for power in the amp you know lauds my diagnosis  
Cause I believe in miracles and words in heavy doses

Lyrics provided by  
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