Substitute

Bombay Rockers

(Peter Townshend)
You think we look pretty good together?
You think my jeans are made of leather?
Well I'm a substitute for another guy
I look pretty tall, but my heels are high
Simple things you see are all complicated
Look pretty young but I'm just backdated
Substitute your lies for fact
I see right through that Satan crap
I look all white but my dad was black
My fine lookin' suit's really made out of sack
I was born with a plastic spoon in my mouth
North side of my town faced East and East was facing South
And now you dare to look me in the eye

Those crocodile tears that you cry
A genuine problem, you won't try to work it out at all
Just pass it by
Pass it by
Substitute
Me for him
My coke for gin
You for my mom
At least I'll get my washin' done
Substitute

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/