

They handed it to him
He handed it to her
Explaining it was solely for her own protection
You know it can't be bought for money
Its given freely by the game
It's the rock 'n' roll equivalent of social standing
Look at me
I'm with them on the stage
I can see my friends they're eight rows back
But although they had to pay
I think it's fair to say
I had to make my way on the crew bus
I'd do anything
Things to make you sing
Tell me your favourite thing
Bring all that I can bring
To get a backstage pass

Got to wear it out on the show
Let everybody know
You know your way around
And you know the action
When you show it like a sign
You're gonna look so fine
But nothing's really free
It must be paid for
I'd do anything
Things to make you sing
Tell me your favourite thing
Bring all that I can bring
To get a backstage pass
No "after show" that won't do
Don't want no press pass
No no no guest pass I'm with you
Fantastic plastic
Access all areas

And when the band move on
You can stick it on the wall
It really will do things for your reputation
You can be the one in town who has been seen around
You might even get a name across the nation
I'd do anything
Things to make you sing
Tell me your favourite thing
Bring all that I can bring
To get a backstage pass
No "after show" that won't do
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