

(Ron Agnew)

Take my duds to the junkman  
Give 'im ev'rything I got  
Take my brass belt buckle an' my turquoise ring  
I gotta get out while I'm hot  
You ain't a-con-tri-bu-tin' to the way I'm livin',  
Yer support don't mean a lot  
Nobody gives a damn about what I am,  
They give me stuff about what I'm not

Put my cash in a root beer bottle  
But you better hold back a dime  
So you can call someone who cares about a-hearin'  
You can tell 'em how I wasted your time  
Pack my songs in a suitcase  
Send 'em out to old Dave Dee  
An' you can take them earplugs outta yer head  
'Cause you won't hear a thing from me

[Tap dance here, if you feel inclined.]

Some times I'm right,  
Some times I'm wrong,  
But most a' time I'm in-between  
There's always somebody wantin' somethin' for nothin'  
Somethin' gettin' nothin' for me  
Well, you wanted me for dependency  
But my will just turned to won't  
Though you never cared about me when I did,  
You gonna miss me when I don't

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