Take My Duds to the Junkman

C.W. McCall

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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