

Everybody

Cold Chisel

Everybody wants to be a wannabe
Living in a limousine
Everybody wants to be a tragedy
In a supermarket magazine.

Everybody wants to be famous
Everybody wants more things
Everybody longs to feel the pain
That a whole lotta money's gonna bring.

Everybody wants their name on the guest list
Everybody wants to get in free
Everybody wants complete fidelity
From two or three lovers simultaneously.

Everybody wants to be an individual
Everybody else does, too
All I wanna be in idiot free
And outta here with you.

Everybody wants to have children
No-one wants to hang around
Everybody wants the world to cry
When they're lying in the cold, cold ground.
Everybody wants the ideal body
Waiting when they get back home
Whether that's the one in Shanghai, London,
New York City or the villa in Rome.

Everybody wants to be an individual
Everybody else does, too
All I wanna be is idiot free
And outta here with you.

Everybody thinks they might have been kidnapped
And examined in a U.F.O
Everybody's locked into too much hock
To ever think about what they don't want you to know.

And still they're gonna be an individual
Everybody else is, too
All I wanna be is idiot free
And outta here with you
Ah yeah, all I wanna be is idiot free and outta here with you
I said all I wanna be is idiot free and outta here with you.