

# It'll Chew You Up And Spit You Out

Concrete Blonde

Yeah

Well, I was tripping down the street early this morning  
And the psychic lady pointed at me  
She said, "Come on in," and I gave her my money  
Said, "Tell me, tell me what you see"  
And she said she saw the angels dancing with me  
Dancing to the beat of my feet down the street  
She said she saw the angels dancing with me  
To keep on, keep on, keep on, now

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

Thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know why

I don't know why

And I ran into Tony Pony, what a goddamned phony  
Had a new fish on the line  
Well, the last one left with the last bad check  
The only good one that he ever had died  
I got to live and let live, I got to learn to forgive  
You know that everybody's got a right  
But there's evil all around me in this broken-down city  
That's a twenty-four hour fight

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

I thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know why

(Still in Hollywood)

Oh wow

I thought I'd be out of here by now

(Still in Hollywood)

My, my, my, my

I'm running on a wheel and I don't know

Don't know

Don't know why

So let's me and you go get a new tattoo  
We can hop on the Harley and cruise  
We can start at the pier and share a beer  
Head out to the desert, I can feel it from here  
Ride all the way to where the lizards play  
Riding on and on and on  
There's a million stars, it will blow you away  
It's all so Concrete Blonde, now

(Still in Hollywood)

Hey

That's right

You know we can ride it out all night

(Still in Hollywood)

Hey, hey, hey  
I got to got away  
Got to get away, yeah  
(Still in Hollywood)  
My, my, my  
Yes, I'm glad to be alive  
(Still in Hollywood)  
Oh, mama gonna be somebody  
Someday, sometime  
(Still in Hollywood)  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
(Still in Hollywood)  
Yeah, and I want to get out alive  
Don't you know I'm  
(Still in Hollywood)  
Oh, doing fine  
Oh, listen baby  
(Still in Hollywood)  
Oh, want to be out of here by now

(What's-a-matter with you, young man  
Going to Hollywood, gonna be a big shot  
That town's gonna suck you up and spit you out  
You ain't gonna have a pot to piss in  
Don't come back to me for a job  
You made your bed, now sleep in it  
Go back to these Copelands, what else  
Who are they anyways  
The Stewie, Miles Copelands  
You ain't gonna have a dime  
Big shot).