

Finnegan

Count Zero

Very obvious, even Ho Chi Minh
Could sympathize with the mess I'm in
I'm number-one-son please tell me are you Charlie Chan?
Give me wise proverbials I'm your number one fan

Tired of the cheap towels that scratch my skin
Tiny soaps and TV are my only friends
Thugs on an ambush spy me through conical eyes
I'm a walking target in a bullseye disguise

Pick it up Pack it up Pack it in my bag again
I'm on the move my new name is Finnegan
Pick it up Pack it up Pistol in my back again
I'm on the news 'cuz their closing in again
Closing in on me

I'm no desperado, I am no culprit, I'm no hired hitman...
I'm sick of this

Glass goes flying, bang and crack
My reflection shatters and itIs luck I lack
I'm framed like a Rembrndt, thatIs me on a postal wall
There is a one-armed bandit out there and I took his fall

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