

You're semi-macho till the sun goes down
Just like the Wolfman you want to stay around
The pressure builds with every drop off the chart you take
You'd like to stop but you've only just started to make it
Your doctor says that you've got to give it up
Your wife she says that she's had about enough
Turn up the music cause you're loosing the words
Turn up the bottle cause you're loosing your nerve

YOU'RE IN POPTOWN HONEY
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YOU'RE IN POPTOWN HONEY
THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON YOU

The papers say you're sounding better than ever
you'd like to tell someone but they've all left ya
It doesn't matter cause you're back on top
And now you swear that you'll never ever drop again