

# Waiting For A Break

Day One

Said he was an actor  
Bit of a photographer  
But made his living out of laughter  
Which made him a comedian  
Waiting for his million  
That was soon coming  
But for now he was bumming

He looked in the mirror  
Looking back at an era  
And finished up his brushstroke  
And laughing at a private joke  
He saw the self-hate  
In his self-portrait  
That would one day hang in the tate  
Next to a rembrandt  
But still couldn't pay the rent-man

He said he was a musician  
Who had this ambition  
For everyone to listen  
To his natural rhythm  
But for now he was chilling  
Just saying this :

It?s a matter of time  
Before I get mine  
You could call it fate  
I'm just waiting for my break  
I'm just waiting for my break

He said he was a model  
But the only trouble  
Was he didn't like the idea  
Of getting photographed in swimwear  
But he might try it next year

He's starting up a business  
Before next christmas  
'Cause he worked better on his own  
With a mobile phone  
But still waiting for the bank loan

He said he was a worker  
That suffered from inertia  
A real soul searcher  
That had no religion  
But still went to confession

He says he is a free spirit  
Though he doesn't appear it  
Living in a bedsit  
With no fire exit  
Waiting for a giro cheque  
That's soon coming  
But for now he's bumming  
Just saying this:

It's a matter of time  
Before I get mine  
You could call it fate  
I'm just waiting for my break  
I'm just waiting for my break  
Let me tell you this story  
Over the drink you brought me  
You see

I'm an actor  
Bit of a photographer  
But make my living out of laughter  
Which makes me a comedian  
Waiting for my million  
That's soon coming