Many's the time I've been thinking about changing my ways
But when it gets right down to it it's the same drunken haze
I'm serving a sentence to write life's sentences
It's only when I'm out of it I make sense of this

Just for the record I'm gonna put it down, down Just for the record I'm gonna change my life around

Just a revolutionary with a pseudonym Just a bar-room dancer on my final fling Just another writer paying off my dues Just finding inspiration, well that's my excuse

Just for the record I'm gonna put it down, down Just for the record I'm gonna change my life around Just another empty gesture with an empty glass Just another comic actor behind a tragic mask,

But I've got no discipline, got no self control Just a little less painful here when my back's against the wall

It's too late, I found, it's too far, I'm in two minds Both of them are out of it at the bar

When you say I got a problem that's a certainty But I can put it all right down to eccentricity It's just for the record it's just a passing phase Just for the record I can stop any day