

Desperately Trying To Be Different

Golden Earring

Lizzy the lizard, met an angry young snake
With forked-tongue grace, by the name of Jake
A yellow eyed diamond back rattler
In the chill-out room, of the 'wildlife saloon
She admired his skin, Jake said it was fake
And Liz said: "who cares, it don't really matter

A question to raise,
Why people these days
Like slaves to a craze

Are somehow hell bent,
Yet always content
With fortune's spent
On desperately tryin' to be different

Willy the weasel said to Sammy the snitch
Let's go to the dogs and bet on that bitch
The greyhound that runs like a panther
They made a big score, went to the hi-fashion store
They bought two suits of shark skin furs, ermine and mink
All decked out for the next chapter

Nancy the nympho, yelled at Lola La Leech
"I need a permanent wave with lots a bleach,
I wanna look like a cheap German dancer"
She could pass for a queen, in a second hand dream
Inside the gloom of the 'wildlife saloon
The wolf whistles, sounded just like laughter

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