So many things that mean a lot So many things that I never got You can look boy but you can't touch What I don't have seems to mean so much A beat up Chevy or a Mercedes Benz Should make no difference in the end But I get mad, baby real upset 'Cos what I want I can never get They're just like cattle walkin' down the street Some get so fat while others never eat I may be shut out but I ain't finished yet My mind is blank, I take another drink I'm not destroyed but I'm right on the brink I sit and count them shot by shot The little things that I never got Those uptown ladies on 5th Avenue It's like I hate 'em but I want 'em too I may be shut out but I ain't finished yet I don't get it, I don't get it at all I don't get it, I don't get it at all Why I can't get it, why it's a thing I'll never get I said, I can't get it, why it's a thing I'll never get I don't get it, I don't get it at all I don't get it, I don't get it at all Why I can't get it, why it's a thing I'll never get I said, I can't get it, why it's a thing I'll never get I can't get it, I can't get it I can't get it, I can't get it Oh you don't understand, you just sit through my head I can't get it, I can't get it, I know A yacht, a Rolls and a private jet A dirty blonde in a red Corvette Wife and kids and a house and a pet Those are the things that I can't get