

They call me Junior.
I live here on the street.
I earn two hundred dollars a week.
I'd like to say
"Hey, thanks a lot."
I know I'm missin' something
But I don't know what it is
That I don't got.

I sit here watchin'
The people down below.
I try to imagine
The places they may go.
I don't know.
I stay home a lot.
I know I'm missin' something
But I don't know what it is
That I don't got.

I see the world through the TV Guide,
What a safe place for me to run.
What a small little man I am.
I'm afraid of everything
From golden rules to airplanes.
What a small little man I am.

They call me Junior.
I'm caught up in this hell.
Sometimes I feel better
But I never do feel well.
Jesus must have one hell of a plan for me.
I know I'm missin' something
But I don't know what it is
That I don't got.

And if I have anything to say
About judgment day
There'll be a crown in heaven
For those who live this way.
Anyway,
You know exactly who you are.

I see the world through the TV Guide,
What a safe place for me to run.
What a small little man I am.
I'm afraid of everything
From the golden rule to airplanes.
What a small little man I am.

They call me Junior.
I live here on the street.
I earn two hundred dollars a week.
I'd like to say
"Hey man, thanks a lot"
My name is Junior