Dressed up and nowhere to go
I am looking for the mirror in the sky
Make me row my boat out to the sea
But they're knocking on my door again

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If I told you, you wouldn't believe it Tonight, there's a roaring storm Took some time for my eyes to reveal it Now it seems that it won't go on

When I wake and I go to my closet Find something fresh to wear Hoping I open up the door now Seems that the cupboard is bare

It's the same old soul, the same old song, the same old role It's the same old soul, the same old song, the same old wrong And now I'm taking time down the roadblocks I can't stop, no, no, the same old song, yeah

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Yo, I'm not a gangster, I'm not a beggar
I'm not a, I'm not a pimp, I'm not a prankster
I'm not an actor, not a fighter
I'm a just a man that makes the crowd push up your lighter

Been chopping down blocks
Things never stop, tick, tick, tock
And say, oh, the day we gon' lie
Listen to the radio, just fly

Freeze the frame, what's her name? Play the game but got no fame Freeze the frame, what's her name? Play the game but got no fame

I'm all dressed up this evening with no real place to go
With all these human beings putting on a show
I'm all dressed up this evening with no real place to go
With all these human beings just putting on a show, oh, oh, oh, oh