

# Sell Out, Sell Out

Klaatu

Mama don't need no PhD in sociology  
To be aware of the revolution  
Happening in the street  
Papa said trends keep changing  
Like the tides upon the sea  
I'm gonna jump on the wagon now  
To rest my aching feet

I've made up my mind  
I'm gonna get my peice too  
Now is the time  
There isn't a day to lose  
I've had it to here  
Just watching the world go by  
This is the year  
That either we do or die

Sell out, sell out  
Yeah, that's the name of the game  
Sell out, sell out  
That anybody can play  
Sell out, sell out  
I think you know what I mean  
Sell out, sell out  
Crank up that funk machine

I'm tired of breaking my back  
To please critics who can't be pleased  
It's time I looked out for number one  
Time I looked out for me  
I gotta face the reality  
Of living in the real world  
Before I end up an old man  
Stealing peanuts from the squirrels

I finally heard  
The little voice in my head  
It gave me the word  
You want to know what it said  
Don't be a sap  
Get rid of that cross you bear  
'Cause taking the rap  
Won't make you a millionaire

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Yeah, that's the name of the game  
Sell out, sell out  
Oh, anybody can play  
Sell out, sell out  
I think you know what I mean  
Sell out, sell out  
Crank up that funk machine  
Sell out, sell out  
Can't pay no bills with your pride  
Sell out, sell out  
Oh, I know 'cause baby I tried  
Sell out, sell out

It's easy once you concede  
Sell out, sell out  
That love ain't all you need

The ivory tower's fallen down  
The nickles and dimes are spent  
I've given up castles in the air  
I couldn't afford the rent  
Every man has his selling price  
I'm taking the highest bid  
Come out of the clouds, Sir Rupert said  
And do what Stevie did

Peddle yourself  
You'd better take my advice  
Or sit on the shelf  
He couldn't be more precise  
Don't get me wrong  
I'd hate to be misconstrued  
But stringing along  
It's the only thing left to do

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Yeah, that's the name of the game  
Sell out, sell out  
That anybody can play  
Sell out, sell out  
Don't you know what I mean  
Sell out, sell out  
Crank up that funk machine  
Sell out, sell out  
You've gotta move with the times  
Sell out, sell out  
Or they'll surely leave you behind  
Sell out, sell out  
There's no sweeter sound than the crash  
Sell out, sell out  
Of freshly minted cash  
Sell out