

Talkin' to One of the Boys

Nazareth

Everyone says connection is easy
I look at my score, experience none
Tossed a coin when I was seventeen
I got the ice, you got the cream
All that you see is stranger than fiction
All that you do defies all description
And you worry about your lack of existence

Then by all means go crazy

Talkin' to one of the boys
Talkin' to one of the boys
Makin' alot of noise
Talkin' to one of the boys
Talkin' to one of the boys
Makin' alot of noise
Talkin' to one of the boys

One of the boys told me what was,
Going on last night
One of the boys said if I tried it,
Everythin' would be alright.

Talked to doctor scromaxy, mail order messiah
His black book is gospel, his scripture unclean
With mass consultation, a blind congregation
His chapter, his verse, and his profit ocscene
Correspondence, the back of a sin rag
If this is deliverence, life is a drag
Searchin' salvation, your sightlines get hazy
You got it right, go crazy.

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One of the boys told me what was,
Going on last night
One of the boys said if I tried it,
Everythin' would be alright.
Or maybe you'll go crazy.