

Hang On Paul

Nazz

Someone's gonna tell you and it might be me
There's something on your face that even you can't see
It isn't your eyes and it isn't your nose
You don't have to sniff to tell you that it ain't no rose
It's something in your arrogant line
Your brain is tired of biding its time
You're gonna blow up here
so Paul you got to make up your mind

You drag into the studio and don't care why
You got a life as big as city hall and that's no lie
The aging owner treats you to a couple of beers
Feeding you cliches about the thing between your ears
You wonder if its all he can say
You'll find a better way to say it someday
But Paul you're too busy stripping gears,
now Paul your life is dripping away

Hang in, hang out, hang on, hang on Paul
You're having a ball
It's your way of life and not mine
It's so strangely easy to see
But you're laughing so hard you could die

I'm not about to tell you what you should be doing
I tend to disappear when I smell trouble brewing
I understand exactly what's the matter with you
We're stranded here together in this paddleless canoe
I'll take my chances in the water for now
It's what my mother would have wanted anyhow
The life you're living is over
but Paul, you're no contented cow

They say being in show biz is a thrill
It makes your life a breeze, [...]
But you better do something Paul before it kills you, yeah
Paul, you've got to make up your mind