

Straight-On Chaser

New Bomb Turks

They're so many things to buy
Your head turns like a dollar sign when you walk into a mall
You fell right down into the Gap.
And no one's seen you, you ain't coming back,
you ain't coming back at all.

You're a straight-on chaser with a rubber wrist
You grab everything you can
You're a straight-on chaser and I can't say I blame you
But I'm a man of means by no means

I think I've got your number but you want the right size
That ambition looks good on you all right,
but it's tight around the neck.
Hope your clothes they match your frown.
I can take it, c'mon. You can front on this clown.
'cause that's what I expect.

Don't need the telling but I've been told
nothing I touch turns to gold,
but the silver lining's mine.
I got your point, it's so dull
Tell me something new and make it useful
'cause I ain't got no time.