

Gotta Serve Somebody

Nichole Nordeman

You might be an ambassador to England or France
You might like to gamble, you might like to dance
You may be the heavyweight champion of the world
You might be a socialite with a long string of pearls

You might be a rock-and-roll addict prancing on the stage
You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage
You might be a business man or some high degree thief
They may call you doctor, they may call you chief

But you're gonna have to serve somebody
Serve somebody

You might be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk
You might be the head of some big TV network
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame
You may be living in another country underneath another name

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes, indeed
Serve somebody
It might be the devil or it might be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side
You may be working in a barbershop, knowing how to cut hair
You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir

You're gonna have to serve somebody, yes, you are
It might be the devil or it might be the Lord
You're gonna have to serve somebody

You might like to wear cotton, you might like to wear silk
You might like to drink whiskey, you might like to drink milk
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread
You may like to be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed