

Ain't Got Me

Paul Westerberg

You've got call waiting
It's irritating me to no end
I take a shot, your hall of fame is
Littered with famous, women and men

You've got 'em all on your wall
Except the last of a dying breed
'Cause you ain't got me, no you ain't got me
No you ain't, no you ain't

I got to be a boy again
With a lik'em ade chin and a quicksilver domino
Baby that's not my choice the fast way
You got a voice like the last day of Catholic school

Your world's got everything that you ever need
But you ain't got me, no you ain't got me
No you ain't, no you ain't got me

You've got Broadway, the longest street
With the shortest memory

You cram your dreams with computer chips
Give me tambourines a pair of shaking hips

You've got 'em all on your wall
I'm the last of a dying breed
'Cause you ain't got me, no you ain't got me
No you ain't, no you ain't got me

You ain't got me, no no no
No you ain't got me