

## Rip Off Train

The Pretty Things

Young man made it to the city  
Searching through the wet streets  
Looking for a rock 'n' roll band  
Caught the rip off train to freedom  
A line of agents holding out their hand

Work your arses off forever  
Midnight highways really bring you down  
But you're there and you're working  
So don't complain, so many miss the train

Find a sound, lay it down  
They say it's underground  
Starts to sell, do it well  
But you never can tell

Now the young man's star shines brightly  
Breaking hearts, his records in the charts  
Finds it hard to freak twice nightly  
Falls in love, the hardest fall of all

Find a sound, lay it down  
They say it's underground  
Starts to sell, do it well  
But you never can tell

He was just a lonely boy  
A very well known clown  
He was just a lonely boy and down

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Starts to sell, do it well  
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