

## Just A Man With A Job

The Rakes

I'm just a man with a job  
You can call me Harry, Jim or Bob  
Three floors below from Picadilly  
It's dark and chilly  
Counting the cars with cocktail bars  
Keeping a check on four-wheeled wrecks

Three floors above it's not the same  
Picadilly, lighting up the rain  
Here I'm a ghost in the cellar  
The kind of fellow  
Who's counting days that could be nights  
Count on the man who's counting lights

Counting lights, every night, every kind of light  
Little lights, bigger lights, any kind of light  
Headlights from a limo, wakin' up the wino  
Counting lights, every night, every kind of light

And every night, I'm counting lights  
From left to right, I count the lights

I'm just a man with a map  
My 'A to Z' is open on my lap  
Lady I know where you're goin'  
Your class is showin'  
Your headlights polished to a 'T'  
I'll count your lights, you count on me

Someday I'll leave, I believe  
If I can find the trump card in my sleeve  
Counting the boats in Monte Carlo  
A silver arrow  
Upon a cabbie cap  
My 'A to Z' flat on it's back

Counting lights, every night, every kind of light  
Little lights, bigger lights, any kind of light  
Leave it to the navy, look here comes a chevy  
Counting lights, every night, every kind of light  
Little lights, bigger lights, any kind of light  
And every night, I'm counting lights  
From left to right, I count the lights