

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