

Out Of The Business

The Tubes

Hey Buddy, how 'bout a smoke?
I'm down on my luck.
At the end of my rope, I feel pretty rough.
I just got the sack, take a number please.
I'm never looking back.
I'm out on the street.
I started, down in the dump,
Thought I paid my dues,
But I was first when they had
The bad news.
I always dreamed of walking out.
Punch that guy right in the mouth,
But I never had the guts.
Now I know I got the stuff.
There's no mistaking it now

I'm out of the business
Out of the business
Into rock and roll.

All right, 'bout time,
Stuffed shirts where the sun don't shine,
Late nights, long days,
I don't need the white collar race.
Who wants a gray flannel suit?
I'll throw in a tie,
Or some Italian boots? It's all right in style.
I've had it up to here, with three button whores.
I don't regret that I'm
Walking out the door.

I'm out of the business
Out of the business
Into rock and roll.