

## Redneck

Tim Booth

Lest old acquaintance be forgot  
I lost your number in the rush  
Our friendship suffered with my success  
The wind it blew me on  
Now Ive been sacrificed to entertain  
I went down smiling, it felt like pain  
The wind it blew me on  
The wind it blew me on  
Im just ice-cream  
Its all rama rama  
Im just space dust  
Its all rama rama  
Im just ice-cream  
Its all rama rama  
Thought I was high class  
Its all rama rama  
So self-important to this scheme  
My tragic suffering  
No more than a dream  
Ive got friends in higher places  
Don't you recognize my faces  
Millions want my auto-photograph  
Critics want to write my epitath  
Ive got personal numberplates  
Ive got more money than Bill Gates  
Run it, run it, run it back up to me  
Life my life on TV  
Run it, run it, run it back up to me  
Im what you want to  
If I can't top this industry  
My birthright feeling incomplete  
I wont get sucked into this greed  
Cos I sing love is all you need  
Lest old acquaintance be forgot