

Alan Price

"Shame"

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Johnny walks down the main street
With a briefcase in his hand
He's been working all day in a white collar job
Which he was told was the promised land

He kisses Mrs. Norma on the cheek
And that's his little son Sam
But meanwhile we know at the back of his neck
That Johnny would rather be dead

But it doesn't bother anybody no more
Life has closed the door
Shame, shame, shame, shame, shame

Jenny's on the switchboard holding the line
For a gentleman in Bombay
She doesn't have to bother listen to him
'Cause she doesn't care what he says

She cleans her nails with a paperclip
And watches the clouds roll by
And nobody seems to understand
That there's a tear in Jenny's eye

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