

Danny Peck "Pop Song"

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Woke up on the tracks
Almost got the axe
Barely made it back
I almost had to laugh
When I hit the street
Walked up to your door
I tried to turn the key
Didn't work no more
Believe me
This ain't just another pop song

So I went on down
To see what I could see
Saw a whole lotta people staring
Staring back at me
You know they looked the same
Like they was all alone
And that's the way you feel
When you ain't got no home
Believe me
This ain't just another pop song

This ain't no plastic hippy's
Stolen culture
Sold to millions
This ain't no suicide lover on the phone
And this ain't just another pop song

Corporate heads may roll
Bigger fish could fry
And if that money don't keep coming

You'll know the reason why
Because the bottom line
Waves it's bloody fist
And if the numbers don't add up
You just don't exist
Believe me
This ain't just another pop song

How come these headlines read
Much more obscene

Than dirty dreams
How they water down
Everything that's real
(How am I supposed to feel)
Pop Song (cont.)

Sniper on the roof
I'm watching on "Ophry"
But he looks a little too familiar
He's aiming straight at me
I know I might get famous
Someone might cut a check
But I hope he don't see too good
Cause I ain't done singing yet
Believe me
This ain't just another pop song

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Almost got the axe
Barely made it back
I almost had to laugh

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