

Boz Scaggs

"What's Number One?"

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Those were high times back in Delhi
I was left for dead
Everybody beat it to L.A.
So the papers read

But I said
"No, this is not where I get dropped off
Keep the dough
I'm here to blow the top off it"

Sixty-eight back in Chicago
Watched my friends all fall
Now they're waiting down in old Key Largo
For their man to call

All laid back
Sitting in the redwood sauna
Hanging slack
Like some dazed iguana

I'd choose the bruised up moon over the sun
I'd lose, I guess I'm confused
What's number one?
What's number one?

I'm a fine one to be talking
Dig the mastermind
You see even if you hold the key
The door's locked from behind

But I left
I was playing out a lone part
I was deaf to whispers
Of my own heart

I'd choose the bruised up moon over the sun
I'd lose, I guess I'm confused
What's number one?
What's number one?

Like a miner seeks that main gold vein
I'll search on

Cutting through against the grain
Keeps me sane

I'd choose the bruised up moon over the sun
I'd lose, I guess I'm confused
What's number one?
What's number one?

I'd choose the bruised up moon
I'd lose, I guess I'm confused
What's number one?

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