

Gilbert O'sullivan **"Showbiz"**

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Well here we are and here we go
Up the hill and down the slope
Pardon me if I seem out of breath
Bus was late so I walked instead
There's nobody quite like me
Isn't that Presumably
What it is they say you're looking
for Ballad singer with a guitar
Okay so guitar was the part
I got wrong The rest of me surely
is what you want. Wait a minute
who is this He needs a psychiatrist
Either that or I do give me strength
(Would do If I knew the way it went)
You say you sing slow songs and fast
numbers too Do you know volare
(Is that her next to you)
I'm running round in circles
I'm getting so forlorn
Whatever so forlorn's supposed to mean
I'm sick of good intentions
Whatever their intent on being
Who's responsibility lies in sending
him to me Tell me and I'll tear
them limb from limb I said
Matt Monro not Gunga Din.
Our members will see him and eat
him alive No two ways about it
Or three or four or five
One day you'll see I'll be enormous
(Then here's a tip lay off your
fookin They'll say of me and my
performance It's was superb
(don't make me laugh) The best
we've heard (you must be daft)
False modesty is not for me
Solo The way to skin a rabbit
the way to comb a hare I know
which one of those I'd rather heed
As I'm sure would the rabbit
Who only wants to live and breed
I write each and all my songs
Always have done all along
So if you want "My Way" I can do
Every song in my way just for you
Has it occurred to you that I might
not be well I've got a heart that
needs a bypass I can tell
So here we are together then
You and me the best of friends
(Best of friends you must be off
your head) How about employer
then instead We have to work
closely and mostly we do
We're at opposite ends of
An industry without any smoke
It's boiler being only fired
by hope It is Showbiz

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