

Gilbert O'sullivan

"You Better Believe It"

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You'd think that nothing could erase Like rubber bullets
well your right I've got a lead one in my hand It won't
erase a word I write You are the keeper of the flame
You are the flame the keeper keeps You are the
kingdom of a god Whose statue on occasion weeps I
hate when sitting down to eat Waiters who serve you
with a writ You better believe it What say you I go out
the door What say you I come in again What say you
write to me in Braille What say you use a ball point pen
Proof of the pudding is I'm told Not in the eating but the
place Place being where it is put before Before you get
it in your face I'll do whatever I don't want I'll smoke as
long as I see fit You better believe it I read a book about
a man A protestant no less Dreamt he woke up a
catholic Scared himself to death Give me one reason to
support One reason to support one thing Give me your
Rolex or your life Or else the trainers you are in I think I
am so I must be I am I think a walking gag I hate
potatoes with my chips Unless of course ther
e in a bag I'd love you even if at times At times I wish I
never did You better believe it You better believe it

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