

Hunters & Collectors "Courtship Of America"

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Fair weather friends they wished you well
Showered you with admiration
Now the glass is cracked but you can't turn back
Don't let it break your concentration

Scratched your name on the dotted line
For romance any risk is worth taking
"Don't worry" they say "you'll be rich one day"
Ten years later your hand is still shaking

Won't you take a chance my friend
You've got nothing to lose in the end
Come on scratch my back and I'll see you in America

Now when the piper calls the tune
Songs of joy and desperation
If you're flat on your face just keep your hair in place
There'll be no lack of cheap conversation

So when you're wandering the streets
At four o'clock in the morning
There's only you and some stray sniffin' around Times
Square
Way over there

So if you've got a message to send
And it's driving you round the bend
Come on scratch my back
And I'll see you in America

They bought Manhattan for a song
A few fishhooks for a nation
At the scene of the crime what's yours will be mine
If you give me the right combination

It's amazing who you meet
When you're on your last legs and fading
Merry go round again yeah I'll see you then
But it'll take some heavy persuasion

Won't you take a chance my friend
You got nothing to lose in the end

Just swallow the bait before it's too late
Come on I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine
We'll schmooze each other 'til the end of time
Into the heavens everlasting
I'll see you in America

Come on and scratch my back
When you're stuck in the track
Take a chance my friend

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