

## **Jim Carroll**

# **"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?

