

John Mark McMillan

"Dealer"

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Well, I cannot be your lover and I will not be your friend
Well, I know you say you need me but I have no time to
spend
We could talk like this for hours, I'd just end up getting
bored
'Cause no one needs a dealer just a day before a score
Let me in, let me in
Let me in, sweet darling, let me in, let me in
Let me in, let me in
Let me in, sweet darling, let me in, let me in
Do you think that you could leave me?
Could you leave and go away just for a little while?
Do you think that I could leave you?
Could I leave and go away just for a change of style?
Well, the children ?up there? dig my shit so I sell it to
them cheap
Better bring the scales and check the deal, getting
scared that I might cheat
Well, you're just a speck of polish on the fat man's
shiny shoes
And I think I hate them for it and I think they hate me
too
Well, you spend your whole life moaning down the
telephone for bread
Can't get your sleep for trying, darling, remember what
you said
You come around most any time, sell me ?what you
can?
What you see is what you get, catch me if you can

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