

John Wesley Harding **"Backing Out"**

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Been living in the city too long now
Even my lungs have started to groan
Everybody is singing their own song
Sometimes I wanna sing alone
Never been a primadonna
Never seem to wanna be the one to complain
Enough's too much and now I'm gonna
Stop the madness soon before it drives me insane

So, take me where the sun won't shine on me
Take me where my conscience won't go
Take me where the sun won't shine on me
Don't tell me I'm backing out cos I don't wanna know

Everyone around this town is so angry
Blaring horns, swearing, shaking fists
If everybody in the world was a hit man
We'd wipe each other off each other's hit lists
Who wants to stand and be counted
All anger ever amounted to was lines on your face

I don't want to be the one to start the shouting
I'm part of this society and I know my place

(chorus)

Everything around this town is so boring
Nothing changes, nothing doesn't stay the same
Ten years ago when we had high ideals
We couldn't wait to play the protest game
But now we have our thing together
Brand new leather, three bank accounts
Who cares about the starving millions
We're just happy that our cheques don't bounce

(chorus)

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