

John Wesley Harding **"Top Of The Bottom"**

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I started
Playing guitar by the town memorial
All my songs were singing editorials
And when I'd done, the sermon on the mount
I counted my change and put it in my bank account
I didn't want to work at the local abbatoir
So I left home, expanded my repertoire
I did some gigs, No one booed
I got free beer and I drank it with gratitude

Once I started I couldn't stop
That's how I got from
The bottom to the top

A businessman with a very young dolly bird
Talked through the set, liked what he thought he heard
Dropped some names he claimed to represent
And asked me if I had any management
Well two weeks later, I'm signing on the dotted line
Offered some drugs, at first I declined
Lots of parties where the spread's incredible
But don't get close 'cause the food's inedible

And I became a spinning top
That's how I got from
The bottom to the top of the bottom

I got a sweet deal and I moved to America
I fell in love with an heiress called Erica
Started out smart, soon got silly
I partied by the pool and then arrest for necrophilia
News travels fast like electricity
A bad mug shot, it's good publicity
I laid low for a month or two
And spent my dough building a recording studio

And that's when it all went pop
That's how I got from
The bottom to the top of the bottom

The label and Payola got me in the charts
My new management had me by the private parts

I went on strike, took the initiative
Forgetting that I didn't have a single thing to bargain
with
I lost my nerve, my fall was glorious
The lawsuit was eternal and laborious
My new material was only fair to middling
Rome was burning and I did some fiddling
And finally, I was dropped
That's how I got back from
The bottom to the top of the bottom

On the way down people tend to leave you where you
fall
I tried to stand up but I didn't have the wherewithal
I nearly died in a cab one day
So I swapped my bourbon for a bottle full of perrier
There were rumors about my sexuality
The video star, killed by reality
Next thing I know I'm on my knees
Begging the camera, "Will you vote me off the island
please?"

But the world forgives a flop
That's how I got back from
The bottom to the top of the bottom
O well all that exposure and the phone starts to ring
again
I experienced the strange urge to sing again
Well not long ago I was a boy with a dream
I reacquaint myself with a razor and some shaving
cream
Look at me I'm ripe for rediscovery
All I need is Mary to mother me
On the tenth green I was way over par
My partner offered me a tour in Jesus Christ, Superstar

And that's when the penny dropped
That's how I got back back from
The bottom to the top of the bottom

Well we toured all over the states of America
I got a picture of my son from Erica
My parents wrote, "Since you disappeared,
Hard to believe but it's just been one year,"
Now it's back to ale and cakes again
I wonder if I'll make the same mistakes again
I hope that you've enjoyed this tutorial
There's another busker who was playing the memorial

I'm getting bored of talking shop
That's how I got back from

The bottom to the top of the bottom
To the top of the bottom
To the top of the bottom

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