

Carl Wilson

"The Grammy"

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You invite me to pick up my award
After all the time I've been out here
My music is still the same
Why is it just now getting there?
Wonder why this one got such play?
Wonder why all the fuss is made?
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

Who's the judge of this anyway?
My music said what I had to say
Who decides if it's wrong or right?
The authority with such insite?
Wonder why this one got such play?
Wonder why all the fuss is made?
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

We thought you wanted to be a star
You worked so hard to get this far
You played all the small time scenes
We just wanted to fulfill your dreams
You won a grammy, you won a grammy
You won a grammy, you won a grammy

Don't think I want to be bothered at all
Maybe I'll just give them a call
I won't go through pomp and circumstance
Anyway, my music isn't fancy
You invite me to share my fame
I've decided not to play your game
Now the turntables goin' 'round and 'round

We thought you wanted to be a star

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