

Kinky Friedman

"People Who Read People Magazin"

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(Kinky Friedman)

Well, I'm here to say I got turned away from Studio 54
Back to neon lights and lonely nights and saw-dust on
the floor

And if she ever loved me, she don't love me anymore,
And if anyone should ask me, here's who I'm singing
for:

For the people who read People Magazine,
For the soap opera lovers, for the home-town bowling
team,
For everybody everywhere who's ever lost a dream,
For the people who read people who read People
Magazine.

Now if you're too New York for Texas, too Texas for L.A.
You been chasing trends like rainbow ends but you're
always just a song away

And if the White House wouldn't have ya, play in every
little honky-tonk and bar

The good Lord made the Heavens, ah but He never
made a star.

No, its the people who read People Magazine,
It's the soap opera lovers, its the home-town bowling
team,

It's everybody everywhere who's ever lost a dream,
For the people who read people who read People
Magazine.

And to tell you the truth this telephone booth gets
lonesome in the rain,

But son, I'm 21 in Nashville and I'm 43 in Maine.

And when your mama gets home, would you tell her I
phoned, it'd take a life-time to explain

That I'm a country-picker with a bumper-sticker that
says: "God Bless John Wayne".

And bless the people who read People Magazine,
Bless the soap opera lovers, bless the home-town
bowling team,

Bless everybody everywhere who's ever lost a dream,
For the people who read people who read People
Magazine.

Bless the people who read people who read People
Magazine.

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