

M**"Piece Of The Action"**

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Somewhere a red-eyes waitress glances at another
movie magazine
Down on the corner there's a grocery boy stuffin' boxes
fulla hungry dreams
Someone's cleanin' up the offices, one window burnin'
in the dark
Somebody's cryin' is there any way in hell
To light a comet from a single spark
Workin' so hard I can't remember much about the
freedom I been workin' for
Felt like a prisoner 'til I looked in your eyes
And saw a million wide open doors
Ya tell me put a little money away, well every dog will
have his day in time
Well I been slavin' like a dog and I got nothin' to show
ya
But a collar and a fist fulla nickels and dimes
Chorus:
I want a piece, a piece of the action, give me a shot at
the real thing
I want a piece of the action, a piece of the action
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings
Gonna turn on the master, gonna cut these strings
Been livin' just like my old man did and neither once of
us could get it right
Punchin' in when the day begins and punchin' out the
local boys at night
There's someone leanin' on a peelin' porch
And someone leavin' on a silver plane
And I finally know the man I'd rather be
Girl I won't be back to getcha 'til they know my name
(chorus)
They hand you a paycheck every week and steal a
piece of your soul every day
An' I don't need no gold watch in fifty years, baby let's
be golden today
(chorus repeats 2x...)
(Solo)
(chorus)
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