

Ray Quinn

"I Need Your Help, Barry Manilow"

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My account is overdrawn, my car slid down the hill
I'm givin' up, I've got no more to give
My beagle bit the vet, and my daughter's on the pill
And my fiscus plant has lost it's will to live

I owe Mastercharge my life, I've got adolescent skin
My doctor says I can't use any salt
My waist is getting thick, but my hair is getting thin
And my house is on the San Andreas fault...

I need your help, Barry Manilow
I'm miserable and I don't know what to do
Sing me a song, sing it sad and low
No one knows how to suffer quite like you

My shrink is out of town, my love life is a joke
My ex-wife sold my diary to Rona
All my ashtrays are overflowed, and I don't even smoke
And my sinuses came back from Arizona...

(Spoken) "Hello, Mandy? It's me. I'm here at the Copa.
You know, the Copacabana.
I know I don't write the songs that make the whole
world sing but
I do know one thing, Mandy...
I can't smile without you... Forget Lola...
Remember that weekend in New England? I thought
then that
This could be the magic at last... Now here I am...
Tryin' to get the feelin' again!"

I need your help, Barry Manilow
I'm all alone and sitting on a shelf
Sing me a song, sing it sad and low
I feel like feeling sorry for myself

I need your help, Barry Manilow
Your songs can really comfort the unlucky
Sing me a song, sing it sad and low
I wish I didn't have to feel so yucky...
I wish I didn't have to feel...

So yucky!!!

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