

The Grownup Noise

"Attila's Blues"

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(Cummings, Wallace, Winter, McDougall, Peterson)

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.

Is your manager managing to manage for the best
Or is he making out fine for himself
Does your record label bring you in with trumpets and
horns
Just to pack you back away on the shelf
Is your lawyer lyin' to you, do you really want to know
As your agent waiting home for his pay, pay, pay
Welcome one and all now to show show business
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Got some people lining up for seven days before you
come
But then your house is full of empty chairs
Are you finding self-importance in the things that
you've done
You're findin' out that no one really cares
Do the people buy your records, do they play them on
the air ...
But the warehouse must be where they stay
Welcome one and all down to show show business
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.

Well have you ever had an aardvark sandwich
Have you ever had a seagull stew
I had a pet pitiful penguin and I made him watch the six
o'clock news
And shine my shoes
I got the "help preserve 'em, don't deserve 'em, try and
serve 'em, love 'em all" blues.

Well, have you ever seen a madras monkey
Have you ever seen an orlon eel
I had a pet pitiful parrot and I taught him how to pick
and choose, drink my booze
I got the "help preserve 'em, don't deserve 'em, try and

serve 'em, love 'em all" blues.

Just keepin' track of where things are all goin'
Baby just keepin' track

Housefly
Tell me what you're thinkin' 'bout
Housefly
Tryin' to really sort it out
Flying head-on into the plate glass window
Sniffing that DDT.

Dumb bird
Flyin's comin' slowly to you
Dumb bird
Flyin' isn't holy to you
Heading down South for the big celebration
You got a ride for me
Know what I'm tellin' ya.

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.

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