

Gerry Beckley

"Go As You Please"

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We went round in school, wrapped up in cotton wool
Dreaming 'bout the day I'd leave
Couldn't wait to get out, I couldn't wait to let out
All of those bad memories.

Maybe I should mention I could never pay attention
To all those educated fools
Got to do it my way, forgettin' what they all say
Making up my own kind of rules.

Yeaaah, Yeaaah
Yeaaah, Yeaaah

Working at the desk at the local NEB
Worrying about my shirt and tie
Yeah I had to be clean, and you had to make it seem
So's the public wouldn't blink an eye.

In walks the boss, still carrying his cross
Saying 'You better get it right or else'
Yeah I had enough of it, me I'd rather rough it
I'm just gonna please myself.

Yeaaah, Yeaaah
Yeaaah, Yeaaah

You were walking when I found out that you're messing
round with your mind
Know that made you mean and cruel
You got to do it your way, forgettin' what they all say
Making up your own kind of rules.

Got to do it your way, forgettin' what they all say
Making up your own kind of rules
Making up your own kind of rules.

Yeaaah, Yeaaah
Yeaaah, Yeaaah

