

Bill Pekar

"First Five Years"

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People say I got no ambition
Instead of workin I like to go fishin
I wonder what they'd say if they could see me
Workin' on this tune

For the first five years I been hangin' around
Tryin' to get the feel of that jukebox sound
One of these songs I'm writin's gonna be a hit
Livin' in hotels and pick-up trucks
One of these songs is worth a million bucks
If only I could be discovered, here I sit

Little blue notebooks and yellow pads
Every page filled with a thought I had
I wrote 'em all down saved them for my songs
Now wall to wall and door to door
It's hard to find your way across that hotel floor
But I know where every last word and verse belongs

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