

## The Tubes

### "Out of the Business"

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Hey Buddy, how 'bout a smoke?  
I'm down on my luck.  
At the end of my rope, I feel pretty rough.  
I just got the sack, take a number please.  
I'm never looking back.  
I'm out on the street.  
I started, down in the dump,  
thought I paid my dues,  
but I was first when they had  
the bad news.  
I always dreamed of walking out.  
Punch that guy right in the mouth,  
but I never had the guts.  
Now I know I got the stuff.  
There's no mistaking it now...

I'm out of the business  
Out of the business ---  
Into rock and roll.

All right, 'bout time,  
stuffed shirts where the sun don't shine,  
Late nights, long days,  
I don't need the white collar race.  
Who wants a gray flannel suit?  
I'll throw in a tie,  
or some Italian boots? It's all right in style.  
I've had it up to here, with three button whores.  
I don't regret that I'm  
Walking out the door.  
(Chorus)

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