

## **Rick Springfield**

### **"LIO"**

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LIO they say you haven't made it  
Until you got that favor  
I can't help it hurts me  
The pen cuts like a razor  
Too bad if they kick you in the face  
They draw blood you can put in your pen  
And you write again

Oh what a disappointment, LIO  
I thought that you would go the distance, MY-O  
Anticipation was a little, High-O  
You were low, low, low, low, LIO

Symbols spread across the pages  
I play electric wires  
I've got rhythms in my head  
And irons in the fires  
It don't hurt the process  
But they did leave a scar on the face of the fighter  
Who'll fight again

Oh what a disappointment, LIO  
I thought that you would go the distance, MY-O  
Anticipation was a little High-O  
You were low, low, low, low, LIO  
My world, which lives inside of my head  
No where else but my head  
And I'm the one who puts the limitations on it  
They said you belong in this line over here  
No thanks, I'm not that weak  
And the music will speak again

Oh what a disappointment, LIO  
I thought that you would go the distance, MY-O  
Anticipation was a little High-O  
You were low, low, low, low, LIO  
You were low, low, low, low, LIO  
You were low, low, low, low

Humans walking around in cages  
We build with our own hands  
Looking for the turning point

That waits outside

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