

Something Corporate

"You Can't Please Everybody, Rockwell"

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Like an old friend he put his hands on my shoulder
And turning around he said "you can't please
everybody rockwell"
It's just that, walking home at night
By the freeway under lights
There's always something
I'm trying to remember not to miss a single thing
But
But i don't know this man (x2)
He was holding me down with my face to the ground
Screaming "life begins at 40" at the top of his voice
And all i could think of
Was the sounds of the traffic
And the way the evening light
Shoots back off the street signs
And how everything just passes me by
But i don't know this man (x2)
I've never laid eyes on him in my life
Hey
Yeah
I don't know this man (x2)
How many phone booths can i walk past before i crack
I've never laid eyes on him in my life

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