

## Status Quo "Breaking Away"

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( rossi / parfitt / bown )

Me and my friends gonna make a pile of money  
Gonna check it out every day  
Me and my wife gonna need every penny  
'cos we're throwing it all away

But I'm changing my tune  
And I'm breaking away

Me and my friends we're rugged little rockers  
And we're lazing away the day  
Hot wax jacked-up on the television  
And forgetting about the pay

But I'm changing my tune  
And I'm breaking away  
Breaking away

Four rockers rollin'  
With a poet in the wings  
Waiting to blow his heart away  
Beansos with the road-crew  
Postcards to the wife  
Stating the menu of the day  
Flying through 'til breakfast  
Sleeping on the plane  
Looking a good deal  
Better than we'll ever feel again

Is it really worth it?  
Could it all be real?  
Am I just living out a dream?  
Sitting in a hotel  
Falling of the stage  
Tuning in to wonga queen  
Old men in boys' clothes  
Has gone beyond a joke  
Skin me another  
And pass along the whiskey and the coke

Me and my friends are hating everybody

Who was telling us what to say  
Heads down rockin' on up and down the country only  
Living from day to day

And I'm changing my tune  
And I'm breaking away  
Breaking away

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