

## Supertramp "No Inbetween"

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So pardon me, boys  
I'm gonna be late  
I don't have the choice  
I've got to get into shape

It's eight on the nose  
And I gotta go  
So pass me my coat  
I've got to get to the show

Ain't got no feelin'  
Ain't got no pain  
Ain't got no reason  
To try again

Don't need no finger  
To point at me  
Can't let it linger  
I must get free

So send me away  
'Cause I need a break  
What more can I say?  
There's just so much I can take

But don't be so sad  
I'm feelin' alright  
It won't be so bad  
If I can get through tonight

It seemed so simple  
Let's go out and have some fun  
Someone to play to  
We didn't know what we'd begun

Then as things grew  
We really thought we had it made  
But soon we all knew  
That we'd be ending up like slaves

The simple fact is  
There really ain't no inbetween

You're either up there  
Or scurryin' round and lookin' lean

And when you're up there  
They just can't wait to tear you down  
Just like a treadmill  
You find yourself goin' 'round

So pardon me, boys  
I'm gonna be late  
I don't have the choice  
I've got to get into shape

So just one more time  
Yeah, that is for sure  
And then I'll be fine  
Ah, but I've said it before

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