

Kinks, The

"Mr. Reporter"

Visit "[Mr. Reporter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, Mr. Reporter
How 'bout talking about yourself?
Do you like what you're doing
Or is it that you can do nothing else?

Hey, Mr. Reporter
I'll believe all that you put down
I'll believe the sun is going up
Even though it's going down

Hey, Mr. Reporter
Don't you twist my words around
I'll kill you, I won't let you
Distort my simple sound

Hey, Mr. Reporter
How 'bout talking about yourself?
Do you like what you're doing
Or is it that you can do nothing else?

Hey, Mr. Reporter
How 'bout talking about yourself?
Do you like what you're doing
Or is it that you can do nothing else?

Did your daddy stop you playing
With your friends when you were young?
And is that why you run down
All the young folks have their fun?

And the reason I am stupid
Is 'cause I read you every day
You misquote all of the true things
Because they rubbed you of the wrong way

Hey, Mr. Reporter
How 'bout talking about yourself?
Do you like what you're doing
Or is it that you can do nothing else?

Hey, hey

Hey, hey
Hey, hey
Hey, hey
Hey, hey

Visit [Kinks, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.