

## Todd Rundgren "Two Little Hitlers"

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Why are we racing to be so old?  
I'm up late pacing the floor  
I won't be told  
You have your reservations  
I'm bought and sold

I'll face the music, I'll face the facts  
Even when we walk in polka dots and chequer slacks  
Bowing and squatting, running after tidbits  
Bobbing and squinting just like a nit wit

Two little hitlers will fight it out until  
One little hitler does the other one's will  
I will return, I will not burn

Down in the basement  
I need my head examined  
I need my eyes excited  
I'd like to join the party  
But I was not invited  
You make a member of me  
I'll be delighted

I wouldn't cry for lost souls you might drown  
Dirty words for dirty minds, written in a toilet town  
Dial me a valentine, she's a smooth operator  
It's all so calculated, she's got a calculator  
She's my soft-touch typewriter and I'm the great  
dictator

A simple game of self respect  
You flick the switch and the world goes out  
Nobody jumps as you expect  
I would have thought you would have had enough by  
now

You call selective dating for some effective mating  
I thought I'd let you down dear, but you were just  
deflated  
I knew right from the start, we'd end up hating  
Pictures of the merchandise plastered on the wall  
We can look so long as we don't have to talk at all

You say you'll never know him  
He's not a natural man  
He doesn't want your pleasure  
He wants as no one can  
He wants to know the names of all those he's better  
than

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