

**Martyn John****"Dealer"**

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Well, I cannot be your lover and I will not be your friend

Well, I know you say you need me but I have no time to spend

We could talk like this for hours, I'd just end up getting bored

'Cause no one needs a dealer just a day before a score

Let me in, let me in

Let me in, sweet darling, let me in, let me in

Let me in, let me in

Let me in, sweet darling, let me in, let me in

Do you think that you could leave me?

Could you leave and go away just for a little while?

Do you think that I could leave you?

Could I leave and go away just for a change of style?

Well, the children ?up there? dig my shit so I sell it to them cheap

Better bring the scales and check the deal, getting scared that I might cheat

Well, you're just a speck of polish on the fat man's shiny shoes

And I think I hate them for it and I think they hate me too

Well, you spend your whole life moaning down the telephone for bread

Can't get your sleep for trying, darling, remember what  
you said

You come around most any time, sell me ?what you  
can?

What you see is what you get, catch me if you can

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