

Ufo**"Cant't Buy A Thrill"**

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This prayer is for wisdom
This one here's for grace
In peter's land of never never
Exploding stars and space

Candy's gone into hiding
Sandy's out on bail
Out in the open market now
Everything's for sale

If the girls and drugs don't get you
The liquor surely will
This one's for Jody
Can't buy a thrill

If this old world don't beat you
I swear on my last pill
Can't get around much
Can't buy a thrill

It's cold in English winter
It's cold in English sun
Curled up tight in my room
With old steely gun
Photos and paper cuttings
Adorn the walls and floor
The telephones rings endlessly
No one answers anymore

If the girls and drugs don't get you
The liquor surely will
This one's for Jody
Can't buy a thrill

If this old world don't beat you
I swear on my last pill
Can't get around much
Can't buy a thrill

No one coming by much
No one coming here

Only the wild eyed stranger
Trading on my fear
Out across the distance
Beating on my door
I hear mamas footsteps now
Bolting up the door

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