

# The Guess Who, Attila's Blues

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.

Is your manager managing to manage for the best  
Or is he making out fine for himself  
Does your record label bring you in with trumpets and horns  
Just to pack you back away on the shelf  
Is your lawyer lyin' to you, do you really want to know  
As your agent waiting home for his pay, pay, pay  
Welcome one and all now to show show business  
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Got some people lining up for seven days before you come  
But then your house is full of empty chairs  
Are you finding self-importance in the things that you've done  
You're findin' out that no one really cares  
Do the people buy your records, do they play them on the air...  
But the warehouse must be where they stay  
Welcome one and all down to show show business  
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.

Well have you ever had an aardvark sandwich  
Have you ever had a seagull stew  
I had a pet pitiful penguin and I made him watch the six o'clock news  
And shine my shoes  
I got the "help preserve 'em, don't deserve 'em, try and serve 'em, love 'em all" blues.

Well, have you ever seen a madras monkey  
Have you ever seen an orlon eel  
I had a pet pitiful parrot and I taught him how to pick and choose, drink my booze  
I got the "help preserve 'em, don't deserve 'em, try and serve 'em, love 'em all" blues.

Just keepin' track of where things are all goin'  
Baby just keepin' track

Housefly  
Tell me what you're thinkin' 'bout  
Housefly  
Tryin' to really sort it out  
Flying head-on into the plate glass window  
Sniffing that DDT.

Dumb bird  
Flyin's comin' slowly to you  
Dumb bird  
Flyin' isn't holy to you  
Heading down South for the big celebration  
You got a ride for me  
Know what I'm tellin' ya.

Show biz train, baby won't you climb on board.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

== Credits ==

\* Composers: Burton Cummings/Bill Wallace/Kurt Winter/Donnie McDougall/Garry Peterson