

Tim Curry, Alan

There's a man
Hanging by his pants-seat
While the moon
Is hanging over 4th street
People stop and look at him
They think they understand
They know that you're loaded
And you're crazy
And they think you're stupid

You can trust me
I'm your best friend
Now's the time to leave
Before he breaks your nose
Rips your clothes
Makes you bleed
It's okay
I've got money for a taxi
Yeah
The people in the crowd
They're just a bunch of creeps
Just the same
You shouldn't blame
Your problems on the Greeks
Cuz it looks like you need stitches
And that lip won't heal for weeks
Hey don't fall asleep
Your nose bleed on my lap
Hey lean against the window
Hey nevermind
Come back
Alan... Alan... Alan... Alan

Sorry Mr. Kessler
Searched his pockets
No key there
Yeah somebody hit him
Help me drag him up the stair
Kessler takes a look at us
He thinks he understands
He knows that we're loaded
And we're crazy
And he thinks you're stupid

I prop you at your typewriter
A broomstick up your shirt
I lay your hands across the keys
Ah shit I'm suck a jerk
You've got to be a fighter
The problem with the world is
They don't know

That you're a writer
Alan... Alan... Alan... Alan

You get next
To me