

Shakespear's Sister, Excuse Me John

You could have been a docker
You had it all
Feather cut and muscles
I hear you're a banker these days
Well we took New York
And wrapped it up in a silver shawl
Yeah yeah yeah

You were always kicking in the exit door
While I was saving pennies
For the bus back home
Coming down in the afternoon

Excuse me John
What are you on
Can you spare a bit for me
To carry on
Through today, 'til tonight
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight
Out of reach
Out of it, again

You carried off a billboard
Twenty foot by ten
And put it in your bedroom
Now you can't get in
So please wash your hands
As you leave this century

Excuse me John
What are you on
Can you spare a bit for me
To carry on
Through today, 'til tonight
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight
Out of reach
Out of it, again

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

You know you want it
You know you need it
You know I need it too

Excuse me John
What are you on
Can you spare a bit for me
To carry on
Through today, 'til tonight
'Cos tomorrow's out of sight
Out of reach
Out of it, again