Model for the Man

I'm standing on the tip, of a sharp edged knife.
I'm standing at the brink, of the cliff of life.
Now I wonder where it all will go from here.
Do you walk the halls of places that you have come to fear?

Can you tell between the right, and then between the wrong? Can you separate the weak and figure out the strong? I have looked into the void of pleasures the dark Abyss. Do you loose all track of time within a single moments kiss?

Hey – eh, ya gotta stop and smell some roses Hey – yea, ya gotta get it while you can Hey – eh, ya gotta know just where your place is If you wanna be a puppet and a model for the man

Are you the kind that has to have it your own way? Or do you give a damn about what people say? I prefer my women wearin high heel shoes. She supplies the lovin and I supply the booze.

Never earned a dime when I could get it from a friend. Never had a dollar that I didn't wanna spend. Better to be pushing up the daisies from the root. It's better than a living in a THREE PIECE SUIT.

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/Music and lead break/

Yep – Always take my own road, just whenever I can. Don't want to be a puppet or a model for the man. Keep your comments to yourself and baby don't even try Call me a red necked warrior, not a blue collar quy.

Now I earn my living, playing a back street bar Crying out the blues and strumming on my old guitar You just might think I'm crazy trying to have it my own way But at least I have my freedom and at least I have a say.

Hey - eh, ya gotta stop and smell some roses Hey - yea, ya gotta get it while you can Hey - eh, ya gotta know just where your place is If you wanna be a puppet and a model for the man wanna be a puppet and a model for the man wanna be a puppet and a model for the man wanna be a puppet and a model for the man