

# Rod Stewart, Around The Plynth

(rod stewart, ron wood)

Woken up on mornings such as this  
And thought exactly the same as I'm thinking now.  
Every night for a year I've slept alone.  
Cold damp room looks worse than me, no no no

Got a fear of death that creeps on every night.  
I know I won't die soon, but then again I might,  
Water down the drain, I'm wasting away.  
And doctors can't help me a ghost of a man that's me, no no

Water down the drain goes to the sea,  
The pattern of my life keeps a-haunting me.  
Moisture from the ocean fills the sky,  
Come on down to the ground as the time goes by, no no no no no

Slow down there

I never found out the reason why

Why my parents had to lie  
About the place that I was born  
And from my hometown I was torn  
At the tender age of four  
I was livin' by a homemade law

I never knew when it was to be laid  
My desires are never displayed  
I never knew what it was to be loved  
I never knew what it was to be laid  
I never knew what it was to win  
I never knew what it was to be loved, nonono

Ah, get on up there

I never knew what it was to be loved  
I never knew what it was to be laid

Nonononono  
Slow down there