

Rod Stewart, Born Loose

(R. Stewart / J. Cregan / G. Grainger)

Ooowe baby don't you count on me
to be here when the sun goes down
Cause all those mean old friends of mine are calling
Calling way down the line
Somebody send me a one way ticket
Got to get away from here
Put me on a jet back to London city
Gotta get a belly full of beer

Smile for the camera, please mind your manner
You've got to keep your image clean
Clench your fist and don't you take a piss
Makes you wanna slash your wrist
Stand up, shut up, sit down, throw up
All I wanna do is sing
Responsibility and fidelity
Never meant a thing to me

I was born loose
Running wild
Keep your hands off child
Can't change me now
I was born loose
Running wild
Keep your hands off me baby
Cause you're too late, too late

Big bombs are crashin'
Never stop clashin'
Wanting every woman in town
Some tried to train me
One tried to maim me
But you can't keep a good man down

Church bells ringin'
All the kids singin'
When we played the last date on the tour
Janis and Jimi, can't you hear me
knockin' on heaven's door

Born loose
Was born loose baby
Slow me down
You can't slow me down

I was born loose
Born loose
Born loose
Wrong side of my mama
Wrong side of my daddy
Wrong side of the tracks

I was born loose baby
I was born loose
Can't change me now
Can't change me now
Cause you're too late now
Too late now
Too late now baby
Too late now
To change me now
Never change me now

Born loose
Born loose