

Rod Stewart, Every Picture Tells A Story

(Rod Stewart / Ron Wood)

Spent some time feelin' inferior
standing in front of my mirror
Combed my hair in a thousand ways
but I came out looking just the same

Daddy said, "Son, you better see the world
I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to leave
But remember one thing don't lose your head
to a woman that'll spend your bread"
So I got out

Paris was a place you could hide away
if you felt you didn't fit in
French police wouldn't give me no peace
They claimed I was a nasty person
Down along the Left Bank minding my own
Was knocked down by a human stampede
Got arrested for inciting a peaceful riot
when all I wanted was a cup of tea
I was accused
I moved on

Down in Rome I wasn't getting enough
of the things that keeps a young man alive
My body stunk but I kept my funk
at a time when I was right out of luck
Getting desperate indeed I was
Looking like a tourist attraction
Oh my dear I better get out of here
'for the Vatican don't give no sanction
I wasn't ready for that, no no

I moved right out east yeah!
On the Peking ferry I was feeling merry
sailing on my way back here
I fell in love with a slit eyed lady
by the light of an eastern moon
Shanghai Lil never used the pill
She claimed that it just ain't natural
She took me up on deck and bit my neck
Oh people I was glad I found her
Oh yeah I was glad I found her

I firmly believe that I didn't need anyone but me
I sincerely thought I was so complete
Look how wrong you can be

The women I've known I wouldn't let tie my shoe
They wouldn't give you the time of day
But the slit eyed lady knocked me off my feet
God I was glad I found her
And if they had the words I could tell to you
to help you on the way down the road
I couldn't quote you no Dickens, Shelley or Keats
'cause it's all been said before
Make the best out of the bad just laugh it off
You didn't have to come here anyway
So remember, every picture tells a story don't it