

# Rod Stewart, What Am I Gonna Do

I had nothing to do  
on this hot afternoon  
but to settle down  
and write you a line.  
I've been meaning to phone you,  
but from Minnesota,  
hell it's been a very long time,  
you wear it well,  
a little old fashioned  
but that's all right.  
Well I suppose you're thinking I bet he's sinking  
or he wouldn't get in touch with me.  
Oh I ain't begging or losing my head.  
I sure do want you to know that you wear it well,  
there ain't a lady in the land so fine.  
Remember those basement parties, your brother's karate,  
the all day rock and roll shows.  
Them homesick blues and radical view  
haven't left a mark on you, you wear it well,  
a little out of time, but I don't mind.  
But I ain't forgetting that you were once mine,  
but I blew it without even tryin'.  
Now I'm eatin' my heart out,  
tryin' to get a letter through.  
(tryin' to get back to you.)  
Since you've been gone it's hard to carry on.  
I'm gonna write about the birthday gown that I bought in town,  
when you sat down and cried on the stairs.  
You knew it did not cost the earth, but for what it's worth.  
You make me fell a millionaire and you wear it well.  
Madame Onassis got nothing on you.  
And when my coffee's cold and I'm getting told  
that I gotta get back to work,  
so when the sun goes low and you're home all alone,  
think of me and try not to laugh and I'll wear it well.  
I don't object if you call collect,  
'cos I ain't forgetting that you were once mine.