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 peacful 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 Shangai 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