

Rod Stewart, Lost Paraguayos

(Rod Stewart/Ron Wood)

Darling I hate to tell you but I think I'm catching a cold
Put another chair on the fire bring the bottle over here
I feel I'm getting old
I like your laugh and a hot romance
and your orn'ry sense of humor
but if it rains again like it did today
I'm gonna have to leave a little bit sooner

Got to get me some South America sun

Honey don't even ask me if you can come along
Down at the border you need to be older
and you sure don't look like my daughter
Your ridiculous age, start a state outrage
and I'll end up in a Mexican jail
Darling please don't cry you know I wouldn't tell you no lie

Look over there
Oh my God don't look now
but it appears to be raining again
Get upstairs pack my book of prayers
Honey hurry I'm catching pneumonia
I gotta move while I'm in the mood
or I'll disappear into that wall
Darling please don't curse
it really couldn't be any worse
Say I'm a sun fanatic but it's dark in your attic
and your cat sleeps over my head

I know I'm not a football star
but I wanna little better than that
So I'm much obliged for the pure white ride
and a cup of tea every morning
I'll say goodbye, look your man in the eye
you know I wouldn't tell you no lie

So after all, I'll see you in the fall
on a brand new day, brand new way
Goodbye honey, goodbye honey
Goodbye honey, it ain't funny
Goodbye honey, I know it ain't funny