

Roger Daltrey, One Of The Boys

(Gibbons)

He speaks with a terrible stammer
So he don't have much to say
But he can spit further than any punk
So nobody gets in his way.

He knows his generation like he knows his A-B-C
He's a kind of kid that don't get invited back for a Sunday tea
He's a face in the mirror; he'll make you a fight.
But he's alright.

He's breaking out of nowhere; he's breaking all the rules
He's got a passion for the fashion; he's freezing all the cools.
He knows that you don't have to be that good to be a real bad cat
He's built with speed, guaranteed to show you where it's at
He's blowing all the speakers, making his own noise
One of the boys.

You know he used to work in this factory
Until the big boss said "that's enough"
So he threw down his hammer and he picked up his coat
And he told the boss to get ffffff...

Frustration with the nation
Because the news is always bad
Life on the dole ain't no good for your soul
It's enough to drive a poor kid mad
So who's going to put him down, for making his own noise?
One of the boys!