

Yardbirds, I can't make your way

I can't make your way.
Silly men, they all get worried,
Live their life so worthlessly,
Troubled, bothered, flustered, hurried,
They should take a look at me.
Taxman, rentman, they all chase me,
I ain't home when they come round.
Got no money, live my life free,
That's the best way, I have found.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.
Is that me I hear you calling?
Do I hear you call my name?
It ain't me that will be falling,
Ten years time, I'll be the same.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.
I can't make your way.