

Faces, Around The Plynth

(Rod Stewart, Ron Wood)

Woken up on mornings such as this
Thought exactly the same as I'm thinking now.
Every night for a year I've slept alone.
Cold damp room looks worse than me, no no no
Got a fear of death that creeps on every night.
I know I won't die soon, but then again I might,
Water down the drain, I'm wasting away.
Doctors can't help the ghost of a man that's me
Water down the drain goes to the sea,
The pattern of my life keeps a-haunting me.
Moisture from the ocean fills the sky,
Come on down to the ground as the time goes by
I never found out the reason why
My parents had to lie
About the place that I was born
Or from my hometown I was torn
At the tender age of four
I was livin' by homemade law