

# 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