

Little River Band, Broke Again

Whoh, I'm broke again,
blew my money on the smell of gin,
whoh, here I go again,
fallin' down on the same old sin.

Oh I know, I know, I know I'm wrong,
and I know, I know I know I'm gone.

If I don't change my ways,
I'm livin' by numbered days,
it can never last,
my life is disappearing fast.

But each day I live some more,
missin' my baby so,
pushin' myself to skid row,
it's not much further, I know.

And if I saw her face,
I'd feel so out of place,
wouldn't know what to say,
I'd have to look the other way.

I'm down on my luck again,
just can't smile and pretend,
really a broken man.

Whoh, I'm broke again,
I blew my money on the smell of gin,
whoh, here I go again,
fallin' down on the same old sin.

Whoh, I'm broke again,
blew my money, now I'm broke again,
whoh, I'm broke again,
blew my money, now I'm broke again.