

Rod Stewart, What Am I Gonna Do

I had nothing to do
on this hot afternoon
but to settle down
and write you a line.
I've been meaning to phone you,
but from Minnesota,
hell it's been a very long time,
you wear it well,
a little old fashioned
but that's all right.
Well I suppose you're thinking I bet he's sinking
or he wouldn't get in touch with me.
Oh I ain't begging or losing my head.
I sure do want you to know that you wear it well,
there ain't a lady in the land so fine.
Remember those basement parties, your brother's karate,
the all day rock and roll shows.
Them homesick blues and radical view
haven't left a mark on you, you wear it well,
a little out of time, but I don't mind.
But I ain't forgetting that you were once mine,
but I blew it without even tryin'.
Now I'm eatin' my heart out,
tryin' to get a letter through.
(tryin' to get back to you.)
Since you've been gone it's hard to carry on.
I'm gonna write about the birthday gown that I bought in town,
when you sat down and cried on the stairs.
You knew it did not cost the earth, but for what it's worth.
You make me feel a millionaire and you wear it well.
Madame Onassis got nothing on you.
And when my coffee's cold and I'm getting told
that I gotta get back to work,
so when the sun goes low and you're home all alone,
think of me and try not to laugh and I'll wear it well.
I don't object if you call collect,
'cos I ain't forgetting that you were once mine.