

# Status Quo, Broken Man

(Lancaster)

Sitting by a broken window  
Up in a back room swallowing wine  
Gazing down a backstreet garden  
With my bed chair table and wine  
Looks like I'm going no where but no where's where I am  
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man

Calling out my name and number  
As I was walking out of my cell  
Louie gave me back my wallet  
He nearly dropped my picture of Nell  
Drinking gets you nowhere but nowhere's where I am  
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man  
Oh broken man, oh yeah, broken man

Early on a Sunday morning  
As I was walking on down the lane  
Someone said, I beg your pardon  
And I was sure I knew her name  
She was going somewhere but nowhere's where I ran  
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man  
Oh that's where I am, guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man