

# Tom Jones, A Boy From Nowhere

The nights grow cold,  
My search for gold  
Is leading nowhere  
Whichever lonely road I take  
It seems to go where  
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow  
How can I display  
What I know I'm worthy of  
When they turn me away

The doors are closed to such as I  
A boy from nowhere  
But not to those who merely buy  
The right to go where  
They'll be met with respect,  
Not humiliation.  
A man's place on earth  
I have come to realize  
Is decided by birth

So what's the future  
No matter where I go  
I will still belong...  
In Andalucia  
Where we don't know where  
The next penny's coming from  
Something's wrong

I'm bound to Spain,  
I won't remain  
A boy from nowhere  
There has to be  
A place for me  
And I must go there  
I don't fantasize unlike a million others  
Who must bow and scrape  
For my one means of escape  
Is to flourish a cape.

I'll fight all odds  
And fight the Gods if they oppose me  
I have to win  
I won't give in  
No one who knows me  
Would expect me to fail  
For the want of trying  
Not a man alive  
Had to beg or steal or fight  
more than me to survive

So what's the future  
No matter where I go  
I will still belong...  
In Andalusia  
Where good honest men grow weak  
and the rich grow strong  
Something's wrong

Another dawn, another boy  
A boy from nowhere  
My destiny will guarantee  
I'll only go where  
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow  
One more mouth to feed

And the way things are round here,  
That's the last thing they need.