

# Trash Can Sinatras, You Made Me Feel

So typical - a battle of wits  
And I've come half prepared  
I know all the ropes  
But haven't a hope  
Of pulling you back to me  
I'm losing my grip  
And sailing this ship  
From barstool to Borstal and back

## CHORUS

You made me feel I was born again  
It's a shame I never grew up again  
I'm a boy at sea  
And I'm stowaway scared  
Scared that my friends see  
The man amongst the many

Now bottlescars are all that I have  
To show the boys back home  
Who'd said that to plead  
Was a sign of the weak  
And to fight was a sign  
Of the strong  
Just fairweather words  
From four-letter friends  
But I found out  
The four-letter way

You made me feel I was born again  
It's a shame I never grew up again  
I'm a boy at sea  
And I'm stowaway scared  
Scared that my friends see  
The man amongst the many

And now I've swallowed my pride  
I promise you I  
Couldn't eat another word  
I'll count to 3 then I sail to sea  
I just got to 8  
When you started to say  
I'll bid you farewell  
I'm going, going, gone