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