Irene Wilde

Ian hunter

When I was just sixteen, I stood waiting for a dream
At Barker Street bus station every night
When I tried to get it on, she just looked at me with scorn
My courage turned to dust and I took flightFor those looks they seemed to say
You ain't nuthin', go away
You're just a face in the crowd so I went home and I vowed
I'm gonna be somebody, somedayHer name was Irene Wilde, oh such beauty for a child
When she started dating boys, I nearly died
For I could not barely stand, seeing someone hold her hand
I felt I had to crawl away and hideIn my mother's living room I composed so many tunes
All the same, just a frame for her name
And just to say
Gonna be somebody, somedayWild as your name, I soon left that country town
I been around, seen some fame, seen some ups and seen some downs
Smile through your shock as you hear your name aloud
It's that face in the crowd didn't dig it much too proudAnd when I was just sixteen, I stood waiting for a dream
A Barker Street bus station non affair
At the time it seemed so sad, but it did not turn out bad
If you hadn't messed me up, I'd still be thereAnd I think most folks agree, a little put-down makes them see
They ain't no chain, just a link
And that's why you made me think
Gonna be somebody, be somebody, be somebody, someday

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