

The Boy from Nowhere (from Matador)

Michael Ball

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
There'll be men with respect not humiliation A man's place on earth
I have come to realise is decided by birth. So what's the future?
No matter where I go
I will still belong
In Andalusia
Where we don't know where the next penny's coming from -
Something's wrong I vow to Spain, I won't remain a Boy from Nowhere
There has to be a place for me and I must go where I don't fantasise, like a million others
Not a man alive
Had to beg or steal or fight for the need to survive So what's the future?
No matter where I go, I will still belong
In Andalusia
The good honest men grow weak and the rich grow strong
Something's wrong Another dawn, another morn
A Boy from Nowhere
My destiny will guarantee that I must 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

Songwriters

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