

One Of The Boys

Roger Daltrey

(Gibbons)He speaks with a terrible stammer

So he don't have much to say

But he can spit further than any punk

So nobody gets in his way.He knows his generation like he knows his ABC

He's a kind of kid that don't get invited back for a Sunday tea

He's a face in the mirror he'll make you a fight.

But he's alright.He's breaking out of nowhere

He's breaking all the rules

He's got a passion for the fashion

He's freezing all the the cools

He knows that you don't have to be that good,

to be a real bad cat

He's built with speed,

guaranteed to show you where it's at

He's blowing all the speakers making his own noise.

One of the boys.(Guitar solo)You know he used to work in this factory

Until the big boss said "that's enough"

So he threw down his hammer and he picked up his coat

And he told the boss to get,

Fff-f-frustration with the nation

Because the news is always bad

Life on the dole ain't no good for your soul

It's enough to drive a poor kid mad

So who's going to put him down for making his own noise.

One of the boys.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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