

A Nice Boy Like Me

Barry Manilow

Walkin' around uptight and lookin' for noise
Frantic on a Friday night just one of the boys
Phoney defenses, they fall in my way a case of hot fire turnin' to stone
Just a wind up poet with a chip on his shoulder
Meetin' Saturday mornin' alone
Won't you tell me what's a nice boy like me, doin' in a place that never closes?
I can hardly hear ya' Holy Moses lookin' so sad
Won't you tell me what's a nice boy like me, doin' by the dance floor after hours?
Dozin' over rows of whiskey sours, feelin' so bad I'm feelin' so bad for me
(What' cha doin' here boy? What' cha doin' here boy?)
Lost in the crowd alone I'm drinkin' my third
I'm hungry for company, but I can't think of the words
Watchin' the girls, my heart in my hands what a misplaced, pitiful sight
Just a stiff upper lip who'll be knowin' tomorrow
What he shoulda' been sayin' tonight

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I can hardly hear ya' Holy Moses lookin' so sad
Won't you tell me what's a nice boy like me, doin' by the dance floor after hours?
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(What' cha doin' here boy? What' cha doin' here boy?)
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Just a stiff upper lip who'll be knowin' tomorrow
What he shoulda' been sayin' tonight

Won't you tell me what's a nice boy like me, doin' in a place that never closes?
I can hardly hear ya' Holy Moses lookin' so sad
Now won't you tell me what's a nice boy like me, doin' by the dance floor after hours?
Dozin' over rows of whiskey sours, feelin' so bad I'm feelin' so bad for me
(What' cha doin' here boy? What' cha doin' here boy?)
I don't know

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