I'll Show You

Dexys Midnight Runners

I'll show you them now, those boys without cares
Who'd swapped dirty pictures and talked during prayers
They grew up with wisdom they'd stored from 'Those days'
Nobody told them to get in, they must change
I'll show you something, come with me now
Stop at this place, stop at this place
The teachers laughed with them class idiot style
After all they weren't their kids so why should they mind
Boyish good looks held the wrath back a while
And they were thumped in and drummed in and soon left behind
Alcoholics, child molesters, nervous wrecks and prima donnas
Jilted lovers, office clerks, petty thieves, hard drug pursuers
Lonely tramps and awkward misfits, anyone of these
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Mortgaged up families looked at first too mundane
But it's funny how with help all the lucky ones changed
But some of them couldn't, there had to be more
Music, I dunno, films, something special perhaps
I'll show you something, come with me now
Stop at this place, stop at this place, stop at this place
It's so hard to picture dirty tramps as young boys
But if you see a man crying, hold his hand, he's my friend
If these words sound corny, switch it off, I don't care
Nearby he's still crying, I won't smile while he's there
I'll show you something, I'll show you something
Stop at this place, stop at this place
Nearby he's still crying, I won't smile while he's there

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