

Every Picture Tells A Story

The Georgia Satellites

Spent some time feelin' inferior
Standin' in front of my mirror
Combed my hair in a thousand ways
But I came out lookin' just the same
Daddy said "Son you better see the world
I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to leave.
But remember one thing don't lose your head
To a woman that'll spend your bread"
So I got out

Paris was a place you could hide away
If you thought you didn't fit in
French police wouldn't give me no peace,
Just claimed I was a nasty person
Down along the Left Bank, minding my own,
Was knocked down by a human stampede
Got arrested for inciting a peaceful riot
When all I wanted was a cup of tea
I was accused

Down in Rome I wasn't getting enough
Of the things that keep a young man alive
My body stunk but I kept my funk at a time

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