

Broken Man

Status Quo

Sitting by a broken window, up in a back room, swallowing wine
Gazing down a backstreet garden with my bed, chair, table and wine
Looks like I'm going nowhere, but nowhere's where I am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man
Oh, broken man, oh, yeah, broken man Calling out my name and number as I was walking out of my cell
Louie gave me back my wallet, he nearly dropped my picture of Nell
Drinking gets you nowhere, but nowhere's where I am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man, oh, yeah
Oh, broken man, oh, yeah, backstreet, broken man Early on a Sunday morning, as I was walking on down the
lane
Someone said, I beg your pardon and I was sure I knew her name
She was going somewhere, but nowhere's where I ran
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man, oh, that's where I am
Guess I'm gonna stay a backstreet, broken man

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>