

# True Blue

Rod Stewart

Never been a millionaire  
And I tell you mama I don't care  
Never gonna own a race-horse  
Or a fast back mid-engine Porsche  
Don't think I'll own a private jet  
On the Stock Exchange I'm no threat  
So won't you help me make up my mind  
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home  
Sitting in the moonlight glow  
Excuse me if my feelings show  
Watching all the trucks roll by  
Dreaming up an alibi  
You see, back home I'm considered the fool  
But maybe they're right I don't know  
So can't you help make up my mind  
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home  
Who cares  
Daddy says he'll buy me car  
To drive just as far as I need  
He wants me back at any expense  
He's got a lot more money than sense  
Funny but now that I'm gone  
They all wanna be concerned  
Oh please can you make up my mind  
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home  
Just don't know what to do  
Maybe I'll walk, maybe I'll ride, maybe I'll never ever decide  
Get out da way  
I gotta get on home  
I gotta get home as soon as I can  
I gotta get home as soon as I can  
I gotta get home as soon as I can

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