

Every Picture Tells A Story

Rod Stewart

Spent time feelin' inferior standing' 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 felt you didn't fit in
French police wouldn't give me no peace, they 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 I moved on
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 when I was right out of luck
Getting desperate, indeed I was looking like a tourist attraction
Oh, my dear, I better get out of here for the vatican don't give no sanction
I wasn't ready for that, no, no I moved right out east, yeah
On the peking ferry I was feeling merry, sailing on my way back here
I fell in love with a slant-eyed lady by the light of an eastern moon
Shanghai lil never used the pill, she claimed that it just ain't natural
She took me up on deck and bit my neck
Oh, people, I was glad I found her
Oh, yeah, I was glad I found her I firmly believed that I didn't need anyone but me
I sincerely thought I was so complete
Look how wrong you can be
The women I've known I wouldn't let tie my shoe
They wouldn't give you the time of day
But the slant-eyed lady knocked me off my feet
God, I was glad I found her And if they had the words I could tell to you
To help you on your way down the road
I couldn't quote you no dickens, shelley or keats
'Cause it's all been said before
Make the best out of the bad, just laugh it off
You didn't have to come here anyway, so remember Every picture tells a story don't it?
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Songwriters

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