

# Only A Boy

Rod Stewart

Single file in the girls corridor  
Come along, Stewart laddie!

Stewart boy, you'll never be much,  
'cause you're too busy acting the fool.  
Thank you Sir for them few kind words,  
on my last day of school.

Oh, but my mama said, I could be a success,  
if I'd only get myself out of bed.  
Words of wisdom, but I wasn't list'ning,  
I had plans in my head.

Only a boy,  
trying it on,  
coming on strong,  
restless to roam,  
only a boy,  
silly and proud,  
reckless and loud,  
impressing the crowd,  
only a boy.

Rock'n' Roll was in my brain,  
Eddie Cochrane running through my brain.  
Skin tight trousers in council houses,  
the unemployment exchange.

The blues I played were Mississippi made  
and ev'ry Friday night I'd fall in love.  
Football fields and teenage pills  
nothing's enough.

Only a boy,  
dressing to kill,  
passion to spill,  
hand in the till.  
Only a boy,  
slipping it in,  
thin as a pin,  
chasing a dream,  
only a boy.

climb down off the school roof laddie

Oh and them dukes of freedom, I used to believe them,  
and all their rebellious vows.  
The critics, the cynics, who never understood it,  
where are they now?

And all the wondering and the stumbling  
that goes hand in hand with change.  
The yearning, the earning was it all part of learning,  
or am I still the same?

Only a boy  
laughing aloud,

quick as a shot,  
nobody can stop.  
Only a boy,  
plans of his own,  
leaving his home,  
knows where he's going,  
only a boy.

only a boy,  
only a boy,  
only a boy, ha ha, oh