Who's Gonna Take Me Home

Rod Stewart

Well, I arrived on time My corduroy suit and me bottle of wine There were women wall to wall It's Saturday night and I wanted 'em all, everyone

Sidled up for a dance I tried a new step and I fell in the plants I told a joke about the Pope It wasn't as funny as I would've hoped, don't listen

Nobody told me she was the daughter Of the mayor, I was so embarrassed I just wished the ground would swallow me up

And accidentally my elbow hit The record player, the rock 'n roll Stopped and everybody just stared, oh no

Who's gonna take me home? I'm tired and I wanna go to bed Who's gonna take me home? This party's gone right to my head, listen boy

I didn't worry, not me Panic ain't in my vocabulary Smashed beyond reproach Suddenly I wanted to take off my clothes

All hell broke loose I started to take off my trousers and shoes And so, I tried to look cool I stepped back and fell in the pool

The hostess helped me out and asked For my dismissal, I said I was sorry But I've been under so much pressure just lately, baby

I felt as popular as a Russian guided missile The last thing I remember, I left with a girl on a motor bike That weighed three hundred pounds, what's wrong with that?

Who's gonna take me home? I'm tired and I wanna go to bed Who's gonna take me home? This party's gone right to my head, to my head

I woke up on the floor Still in my suit and she told me, I snored I never felt so cheap I had a good laugh at the size of her feet

Holy Moses, I don't like this single living, I think I'll find me a nice local girl and settle on down, now With a home and a garden and a nature quite forgiving Then again maybe I'll just hang around I'm tired and I wanna go to bed, right now Who's gonna take me home? This party's gone right to my head, to my head

Now, who's gonna take me home?

Hey Brian, could you give me a lift 'Cos I don't live too far from you, boy? Mary, c'mon I've known you so long Please give me a lift home, oh c'mon, Jim