

Cold Fright

Caravan

Well hes headed for cheap thrills and bad spills
And days when every little thing'll get up his nose
An there'll be many cries and many lies
And a hell of a lot more excuses I suppose
Cos hes been mooning and juncing and
Stuck out in the cold
When all he wanted to do was just to
Okay some rock and roll

Don't you knows his mother said
"Inside his head there's not a lot more
Than sawdust, he's a slob"
And she said "It was high time he stopped
Trying and settled down and got a proper job
And stopped those winings and dinings
And staying out all night
Hes far too young to be enjoying himself
And it won't do much for his sight"

But he wanted some bright lights all to himself
To walk on the wild side like nobody else
But he didn't real the smallprint he'll
Pay for it alright
He's heading for a cold fright, cold fright, cold fright

Well he signed his life away, his wife away
And everything he had for a chance to
Get to the top
He said I'm gonna make or I'm gonna break
So you'd better get out of my way, I'm
Nit gonna stop
And haven't you seen it all
And heard it all before
Well you'll never feel anything like it
When he plays his rock and roll

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He's heading for a cold fright, cold fright, cold fright