

# I'll Show You

Dexys Midnight Runners

I'll show you them now, those boys without cares  
Who'd swapped dirty pictures and talked during prayers  
They grew up with wisdom they'd stored from 'Those days'  
Nobody told them to get in, they must change

I'll show you something, come with me now  
Stop at this place, stop at this place

The teachers laughed with them class idiot style  
After all they weren't their kids so why should they mind  
Boyish good looks held the wrath back a while  
And they were thumped in and drummed in and soon left behind

Alcoholics, child molesters, nervous wrecks and prima donnas  
Jilted lovers, office clerks, petty thieves, hard drug pursuers  
Lonely tramps and awkward misfits, anyone of these

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Mortgaged up families looked at first too mundane  
But it's funny how with help all the lucky ones changed  
But some of them couldn't, there had to be more  
Music, I dunno, films, something special perhaps

I'll show you something, come with me now  
Stop at this place, stop at this place, stop at this place

It's so hard to picture dirty tramps as young boys  
But if you see a man crying, hold his hand, he's my friend  
If these words sound corny, switch it off, I don't care  
Nearby he's still crying, I won't smile while he's there

I'll show you something, I'll show you something  
Stop at this place, stop at this place

Nearby he's still crying, I won't smile while he's there