I walked in here off the dirty mile swaggered in with a prison style. Aching bones and dirty feet; needing a bed and something to eat.

I played for you and I played it right, I sang in tune and I danced all night. I cooked at you as the only one; I diddn't know it could come undone.

I hit the road when I was fifteen, When my mother died and my dad got mean. I've been locked up since twenty-one, I was my mother's only son.

Forgotten most from early days, But I remember what she used to say, Little boy you're my pride and joy,

The only good thing about old Fitzroy
I feel the walls are falling down around;
It makes me loathe that town somehow.

I've been drinking all the wrong
Things all night,
I've been thinking about what
I've got to do to survive this life.