

# It's All Downhill From Here

Paul Kelly

I was born in a crowded taxi  
Daddy scooped me right up off the floor  
And he carried me up the path through the big, swinging doors

I was taught not to speak to strangers  
But strangers always seemed to know my name  
And they bought and sold my pleasure, my disgust and my shame

Now I've got debts to pay  
I've got scores to settle  
Dreams at break of day  
Long nights in the saddle  
It's all downhill from here

Every day brings changes in the mirror  
Every hand that touches me is kind  
When I think of home it sparkles and so brightly shines

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