

Crooked Boy

Ringo Starr

Come on down now my friends
All these years I've been reminded
The celebrations and the laughs
The losses we've all had
Keep me younger than before

I've seen the world and twice again
All the beauty that surrounds us
I speak of love I speak of peace
It's what I believe
And what I keep on fighting for

I hope these aren't just memories I've borrowed
Pieces from a less ordinary day
Fell into a coma then got back up on my feet
A sickly boy that found his own way

Finally felt like I belong
The crumbling plaster on the ceiling
Let me escape to Prince's Park
Where I stared up at the stars
That let me ride to where I am

I hope these aren't just memories I've borrowed
Pieces from a less ordinary day
Fell into a coma then got back up on my feet
A sickly boy that found his own way

La-la-la-la la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la la-la-la-la-la

I banged on tins and made lots of noise
When I hear a sad guitar I gently tap my knees
And all the people passing by I send them love and peace

I hope these aren't just memories I've borrowed
Pieces from a less ordinary day
Fell into a coma then got back up on my feet
A teddy boy who found his own way