

Days Of Rage

Rod Stewart

Born up in the city streets
How did she get tired of me?
How come you dare to dare to be different?
You were my [?]
You had the world so [?]
My folks said, "Join the bloody army," yeah

Got a job at the cemetery
[?] but the CME
My feet were bruised, my hands were bleedin'
Playin' guitar in the streets alone
Woman stared, wouldn't leave me alone
God said, "Love being a vagrant," yeah

Was this a rebel without reason?
A hot potato without coals?
Or was this youthful desolation?
So much to learn, nowhere to turn

Days of rage
Years of promise
Who to be like mine
Who to be like yours
Days of rage
Years of promise
Don't let it slip by
Without wondering why
Ow!

Strut back aside, came out
The old man said I was a lazy sod
Runnin' 'round with thieves and runners from the West End
Take a piss, stay up all night
Told [?] gon' start a fight
The beer was warm, the women freezing

It was a time in decisions
New [?] glass, new mercy given
I searched for truth in words of wisdom
Turned back the clock, [?] or not

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It'll pass you by
With a wink of an eye

The immigrants love our nation
We wrote on every wall and station
No home, no job, no expectations
Nothing's changed, so who's to blame?

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Yeah, yeah
Yeah
Fuckin' yeah