

A Boy From Nowhere

Tom Jones

The nights grow cold
My search for gold is leading nowhere
Whichever lonely road I take
It seems to go nowhere
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
How can I display what I know I'm worthy of
When they turn me away

The doors are closed to such as I
A boy from nowhere
But not to those who merely buy the right to go where
They'll be met with respect, not humiliation
A man's place on earth
I have come to realize is decided by birth

So what's the future
No matter where I go
I will still belong in Andalusia
Where we don't know where
The next penny's coming from
Something's wrong

I'm bound to Spain, I won't remain
A boy from nowhere
There has to be a place for me
And I must go there
I don't fantasize, unlike a million others
Who must bow and scrape
For my one means of escape
Is to flourish a cape

I'll fight all odds
And fight the Gods if they oppose me
I have to win, I won't give in
No one who knows me would expect me to fail
For the want of trying
Not a man alive
Had to beg or steal or fight
More than me to survive

So what's the future
No matter where I go
I will still belong in Andalusia
Where good, honest men grow weak
And the rich grow strong
Something's wrong

Another dawn, another boy
A boy from nowhere
My destiny will guarantee
And I must go there
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
One more mouth to feed
And the way things are 'round here
That's the last thing they need