

A Boy From Nowhere

John Barrowman

The nights grow cold, my search for gold
Is leading nowhere
Whichever lonely road I take
It seems to go where
Its a fight to survive just until tomorrow
How can I display what I know Im 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
Theyll be met with respect, not humiliation
A mans place on earth
I have come to realize
Is decided by birth

So whats the future
No matter where I go I will still belong...
In andalusia
Where we dont know where the next pennys coming from
Somethings wrong

Im bound to spain, I wont remain
A boy from nowhere
There has to be a place for me
And I must go where

I dont fantasize unlike a million others
Not a man alive
Had to beg or steal or fight more than me to survive

So whats the future
No matter where I go I will still belong...
In andalusia
Where good honest men grow weak and the rich grow strong
Somethings wrong

Another dawn, another boy
A boy from nowhere
My destiny will guarantee
Ill only go where

Its a fight to survive just until tomorrow
One more mouth to feed
And the way things are round here,
Thats the last thing they need