

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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