

# 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