

# Every Picture Tells A Story

Rod Stewart

Spent some time feelin' inferior  
standing in front of my mirror  
Combed my hair in a thousand ways  
but I came out looking just the same

Daddy said, "Son, you better see the world  
I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to leave  
But remember one thing don't lose your head  
to a woman that'll spend your bread"  
So I got out

Paris was a place you could hide away  
if you felt you didn't fit in  
French police wouldn't give me no peace  
They claimed I was a nasty person  
Down along the Left Bank minding my own  
Was knocked down by a human stampede  
Got arrested for inciting a peaceful riot  
when all I wanted was a cup of tea  
I was accused  
I moved on

Down in Rome I wasn't getting enough  
of the things that keeps a young man alive  
My body stunk but I kept my funk  
at a time when I was right out of luck  
Getting desperate indeed I was  
Looking like a tourist attraction  
Oh my dear I better get out of here  
'for the Vatican don't give no sanction  
I wasn't ready for that, no no

I moved right out east yeah!  
On the Peking ferry I was feeling merry  
sailing on my way back here  
I fell in love with a slit eyed lady  
by the light of an eastern moon  
Shanghai Lil never used the pill  
She claimed that it just ain't natural  
She took me up on deck and bit my neck  
Oh people I was glad I found her  
Oh yeah I was glad I found her

I firmly believe that I didn't need anyone but me  
I sincerely thought I was so complete  
Look how wrong you can be

The women I've known I wouldn't let tie my shoe  
They wouldn't give you the time of day  
But the slit eyed lady knocked me off my feet  
God I was glad I found her  
And if they had the words I could tell to you  
to help you on the way down the road  
I couldn't quote you no Dickens, Shelley or Keats  
'cause it's all been said before  
Make the best out of the bad just laugh it off  
You didn't have to come here anyway

So remember, every picture tells a story don't it