

Too Bad

Rod Stewart

Too bad we were thrown downstairs
We never got a chance to sing
We were quite polite with one invite
To keep us off the street
So we mingled for a minute or two
With the high class clientele
And then somebody said who invited them
Them, that crowd of refugees, get out

What an insult to be shown the door
Before we could shake a leg
I was most intrigued by the colored queen
Bleeding on the kitchen door
Then I was ushered with my friends
By the butler who was twelve feet tall
But let me please explain 'cause we're not to blame
We just don't have the right accent, no no, get out

All we wanted to do was to socialize
Oh, you know it's a shame
I was always getting the pain
All we wanted to do was to socialize
Oh, you know it's a shame
How we always get the blame

Twenty girls, damp hotels
Is where I'm gonna stay
'Cause now I see what it's all about
I didn't at the old school side
Don't worry we had more fun
Waiting for the all night bus, oh
Too bad my regional tongue
Gave us away again