

# 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