

True Blue

Rod Stewart

Never been a millionaire
and I tell you mama I don't care
Never gonna own a race-horse
or a fast back mid-engine Porsche
Don't think I'll own a private jet
on the Stock Exchange I'm no threat
So won't you help me make up my mind
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home

Sitting in the moonlight glow
excuse me if my feelings show
Watching all the trucks roll by
dreaming up an alibi
You see, back home I'm considered the fool
but maybe they're right I don't know
So can't you help make up my mind
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home
Who cares

Daddy says he'll buy me car
to drive just as far as I need
He wants me back at any expense
He's got a lot more money than sense
Funny but now that I'm gone
they all wanna be concerned
Oh please can you make up my mind
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home
Just don't know what to do
Maybe I'll walk, maybe I'll ride, maybe I'll never ever decide

Get out da way
I gotta get on home
I gotta get home as soon as I can