

# One Of The Boys

Roger Daltrey

He speaks with a terrible stammer  
So he don't have much to say  
But he can spit further than any punk  
So nobody gets in his way.

He knows his generation like he knows his ABC  
He's a kind of kid that don't get invited back for a Sunday tea  
He's a face in the mirror he'll make you a fight.  
But he's alright.

He's breaking out of nowhere  
He's breaking all the rules  
He's got a passion for the fashion  
He's freezing all the the cools  
He knows that you don't have to be that good,  
To be a real bad cat  
He's built with speed,  
Guaranteed to show you where it's at  
He's blowing all the speakers making his own noise.  
One of the boys.

You know he used to work in this factory  
Until the big boss said "that's enough"  
So he threw down his hammer and he picked up his coat  
And he told the boss to get,  
Fff-f-frustration with the nation  
Because the news is always bad  
Life on the dole ain't no good for your soul  
It's enough to drive a poor kid mad  
So who's going to put him down for making his own noise.  
One of the boys.