

Broken Man

Status Quo

Sitting by a broken window
Up in a back room swallowing wine
Gazing down a backstreet garden
With my bed chair table and wine
Looks like I'm going no where but no where's where I am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man

Calling out my name and number
As I was walking out of my cell
Louie gave me back my wallet
He nearly dropped my picture of Nell
Drinking gets you nowhere but nowhere's where I am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man
Oh broken man, oh yeah, broken man

Early on a Sunday morning
As I was walking on down the lane
Someone said, I beg your pardon
And I was sure I knew her name
She was going somewhere but nowhere's where I ran
Guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man
Oh that's where I am, guess I'll always be a backstreet broken man