

A Nervous Kid

You Am I

A little freckled wonder
A BMX riding bandit
Chucked a cigarette in passing, yeah
Called me a faggot
My skinny little hands ...
To find something ...
I was angry ... full of beans
Essentially just a n-n-n-n-nervous kid
It was the year of care for kids
They even made a campaign song
They used to sing it as I entered the room
Before light switched on
Just In case my lone obductor
Was to spark a message within
I was eager to learn
Full of sunburn
Essentially just a n-n-n-n-nervous kid
So I made a pact with the silence
If you get me out of this one
I'll be true to what I was born to do and be a Roustabout, rous
tabout
Yeah a Roustabout
It was the year of gettin' loose
It was the year that my head broke
Clueless and free in the ACT
My mind buckled its spokes
... was like a hummingbird
I cried til it returned
I want to drag that son
Show him i won
Essentially just a n-n-n-n-nervous kid
So I made a pact with the silence
If you get me out of this one
I'll be true to what I was born to do and be a Roustabout (a ro
ustabout)
Be a Roustabout (a roustabout)
Be a Roustabout.
It ain't easy...
Go!