

## **Ian Hunter**

### **"Irene Wilde"**

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When I was just sixteen, I stood waiting for a dream  
At Barker Street bus station every night  
When I tried to get it on, she just looked at me with  
scorn  
My courage turned to dust and I took flight

For those looks they seemed to say  
You ain't nuthin', go away  
You're just a face in the crowd so I went home and I  
vowed  
I'm gonna be somebody, someday

Her name was Irene Wilde, oh such beauty for a child  
When she started dating boys, I nearly died  
For I could not barely stand, seeing someone hold her  
hand  
I felt I had to crawl away and hide

In my mother's living room I composed so many tunes  
All the same, just a frame for her name  
And just to say  
Gonna be somebody, someday

Wild as your name, I soon left that country town  
I been around, seen some fame, seen some ups and  
seen some downs  
Smile through your shock as you hear your name aloud  
It's that face in the crowd didn't dig it much too proud

And when I was just sixteen, I stood waiting for a  
dream  
A Barker Street bus station non affair  
At the time it seemed so sad, but it did not turn out bad  
If you hadn't messed me up, I'd still be there

And I think most folks agree, a little put-down makes  
them see  
They ain't no chain, just a link  
And that's why you made me think  
Gonna be somebody, be somebody, be somebody,  
someday

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