

Rod Stewart

"Plynth Water Down The Drain"

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Hopkins, Wood, Stewart)

I've woken up on mornings such as this
And thought exactly the same as I'm thinking now
Every night for a year I've slept alone
My cold damp room looks worse than me.

I got a fear of death that creeps on every night
I know I won't die soon but then again I might
Just like water down the drain I'm wasting away
And oh, doctors can't help. A ghost of a man, that's me.

I'm going far
Ah, ah, ah

And oh, water down the drain flows to the sea
The pattern of my life keeps a-hauntin' me
Like moisture from the ocean fills the sky
Comes on down to the ground as time goes by.

Ah, ah, ah
Please don't weep for me when I'm gone
Ah, ah, ah

I got a fear of death that creeps on every night
I know I won't die soon but then again I might
Please don't weep for me when I'm gone
Ah, ah, ah
A fear of death that creeps on every night

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