

Rod Stewart

"Who's Gonna Take Me Home (The Rise And Fall Of A Buddin'"

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(R. Stewart, K. Savigar, J. Davis)

Well I arrived on time

My courduroy suit and me bottle of wine

There were women wall to wall

It's Saturday night and I wanted them all
everyone

Sidled up for a dance

I tried a new step and fell in the plants

I told a joke, about the Pope

It wasn't as funny as I would've hoped

Nobody told me she was the daughter
of the mayor

I was so embarrassed, I just wished the
ground would swallow me up

Accidentally my elbow hit the record player

The rock 'n' roll stopped

and everybody just stared
(oh no)

Who's gonna take me home

I'm tired and I wanna go to bed

Who's gonna take me home

This party's gone right to my head

I didn't worry, not me

Panic ain't in my vocabulary

Smashed beyond reproach

Suddenly I wanted to take off my clothes

All hell broke loose

I started to take off my trousers and shoes

And so I tried to look cool

I stepped back and fell in the pool

The hostess helped me out

and asked for my dismissal

I said I was sorry, but I've been
under so much pressure

just lately, baby

I felt as popular as a Russian guided missile
The last thing I remember, I left with a girl
on a motor bike
That weighed three hundred pounds and
what's wrong with that

Who's gonna take me home
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed
Who's gonna take me home
This party's gone right to my head
to my head

I woke up on the floor
Still in my suit and she told me I snored
I never felt so cheap
I had a good laugh at the size of her feet

Holy Moses, I don't like t

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