

Tom Jones

"A Boy Fom Nowhere"

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The nights grow cold,
My search for gold
Is leading nowhere
Whichever lonely road I take
It seems to go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
How can I display
What I know I'm worthy of
When they turn me away

The doors are closed to such as I
A boy from nowhere
But not to those who merely buy
The right to go where
They'll be met with respect,
Not humiliation.
A man's place on earth
I have come to realize
Is decided by birth

So what's the future
No matter where I go
I will still belong...
In Andalucia
Where we don't know where
The next penny's coming from
Something's wrong

I'm bound to Spain,
I won't remain
A boy from nowhere
There has to be
A place for me
And I must go there
I don't fantasize unlike a million others
Who must bow and scrape
For my one means of escape

Is to flourish a cape.

I'll fight all odds
And fight the Gods if they oppose me

I have to win
I won't give in
No one who knows me
Would expect me to fail
For the want of trying
Not a man alive
Had to beg or steal or fight
more than me to survive

So what's the future
No matter where I go
I will still belong...
In Andalucia
Where good honest men grow weak
and the rich grow strong
Something's wrong

Another dawn, another boy
A boy from nowhere
My destiny will guarantee
I'll only go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow
One more mouth to feed
And the way things are round here,
That's the last thing they need.

As sung by Tom Jones

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