

Jones Tom

"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 Andalusia
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 where

I don't fantasize unlike a million others
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 Andalusia
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.

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