

Status Quo "Broken Man"

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Sitting by a broken window, up in a back room,
swallowing wine
Gazing down a backstreet garden with my bed, chair,
table and wine
Looks like I'm going nowhere, but nowhere's where I
am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man
Oh, broken man, oh, yeah, broken man

Calling out my name and number as I was walking out
of my cell
Louie gave me back my wallet, he nearly dropped my
picture of Nell
Drinking gets you nowhere, but nowhere's where I am
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man, oh, yeah
Oh, broken man, oh, yeah, backstreet, broken man

Early on a Sunday morning, as I was walking on down
the lane
Someone said, I beg your pardon and I was sure I knew
her name
She was going somewhere, but nowhere's where I ran
Guess I'll always be a backstreet, broken man, oh,
that's where I am
Guess I'm gonna stay a backstreet, broken man

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