

## Stewart Rod

### "True Blue"

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Never met a millionaire,  
and tell you momma, I don't care.  
Never gonna own a race-horse  
or a fast back mid-engine Porsche.  
Don't think I'll own a private jet,  
on the Stock Exchange I'm no threat.  
So won't you help me make up my mind?  
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home?  
Sittin' in the moonlight glow,  
excuse me if my feelings show.  
Watchin' all the trucks go by,  
dreamin' up an alibi.  
You see, back home I'm considered the fool,  
but maybe they're right, I don't know.  
So can't you help make up my mind?  
Daddy says he'll buy me car  
to drive, just as far as I need.  
He wants me back at any expense,  
he's got a lot more money than sense.  
Funny but now that I've grown  
they all wanna be concerned.  
Oh pleas, can you make up your mind?  
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home?  
Just don't know what to do.  
Maybe I'll walk, maybe I'll ride, maybe I'll never ever  
decide.

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