

Ian Hunter, Irene Wilde

(Ian Hunter)

When I was just sixteen - I stood waiting for a dream -
at Barker Street bus station every night
When I tried to get it on - she just looked at me with scorn - my courage
turned to dust and I took flight

For those looks they seemed to say
You ain't nuthin' - Go away
You're just a face in the crowd so I went home and I vowed
I'm gonna be somebody - someday

Her name was Irene Wilde - Oh such beauty for a child
When she started dating boys - I nearly died
For I could not barely stand to see someone hold her hand
I felt I had to crawl away and hide
In my mother's living room I composed so many tunes
All the same - just a frame - for her name, and just to say
Gonna be somebody - someday

Wild as your name I soon left that country town
I been around, seen some fame, seen some ups and seen some downs
Smile through your shock when you hear your name aloud
It's that face in the crowd - didn't dig it - much too proud...

When I was just sixteen I stood waiting for a dream
A Barker Street bus station non affair
At the time it seemed so sad, but it did not turn out bad
If you hadn't messed me up I'd still be there
And I think most folks agree, a little put-down makes them see
They ain't no chain - just a link and that's why you made me think
Gonna be somebody - be somebody - be somebody - someday