

(Ron Wood, Rod Stewart)

Too bad we were thrown downstairs;  
We never got a chance to sing.  
We were quite polite with one invite  
To keep us off the street.  
We mingled for a minute or two  
With the high class clientele.  
Then somebody said "who invited them,  
that crowd of refugees. Get out!"

What an insult, to be shown the door  
Before we could shake a leg.  
I was most intrigued by the colored queen  
leaning on the kitchen door.  
Then I was ushered with my friends  
by the butler who was twelve feet tall.  
Well let me please explain  
'Cause we're not to blame  
We just don't have the right accent. No, no

All we wanted to do was to socialize  
Oh, you know its a shame I was always getting the blame  
All we wanted to do was to socialize  
Oh, you know its a shame how we always get the blame

Sweaty girls and damp motels  
is where I'm gonna stay.  
'Cause now I see what it's all about,  
I didn't have the old school tie.  
Don't worry, we had no fun waiting  
for the all night bus home.  
Too bad my regional tongue  
Gave us away again.