

# Blaze Bayley, At The End Of The Day

I made a rod  
it was for my own back  
at the time I could not see it  
but now it is clear  
I rattle my brain for words  
that I thought I knew as certainly  
as my own name  
but they are disappeared  
What does it mean?  
Does it mean anything?  
What does it mean  
at the end of the day  
What words were they  
and how careless and arrogant was I  
to think I owned them  
without giving them the respect  
of being born onto a page  
gently by my own pen  
where they would stay  
and live again and again and again  
What was it for?  
Was it for anything?  
What was it for  
at the end of the day  
What does it mean?  
Does it mean anything?  
What does it mean  
at the end of the day  
You live where you lived  
You sit where you sat  
Nothing seems to have changed  
at the end of the day