

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