

Hugh Cornwell, Lay Back on Me pal

I met a man without a face
With knowledge of the human race
He smelt and felt and dealt with grace
Stupid enough to think that he'd seen it all

I saw his eyes as he saw mine
An optimism quite sublime
He furnished words to touch your heart
At least it seemed at the very start

Lay back on me pal I'm here
You won't have nothing to fear

Thought I'd seen those locks before
Tap tapping on a creaking door
I'd let him in at times of war
to take my mind off senseless misery

And as the recognition hit
Mugshots I'd seen began to fit
I said to him you worthless shit
He laughed and cried in a soliloquy