

John Miles, We All Fall Down

How we all laughed at the old photographs in the magazine,
Forty years old but the stories they told of a dream.
No-one can frown at the face of the clown,
With a tear in his eye.
Taking the break was his first big mistake
It would seem.

Over and over.
Over and over.
We will discover,
We will discover
That we all fall down.
Yes we all fall down.
Yes we all fall down.
Yes we all fall down.

Why should he fear that his conscience is clear when he's makin' the deal?
Business is fair so today he won't care how they feel.
Losing his hold as the years make him old so he's looking around ,
Wondering why all the things he could buy don't appeal.

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