

# Level 42, Good Man In A Storm

it just occurred to me  
I must be blind  
why do I try so hard to keep my cool  
when I'm about to lose my mind  
there was a vision  
flashing by  
of a summers' day I spent with you  
of a child who never learnt how to cry

when those around me  
fall in despair  
I call upon my common sense  
'cause someone has to care  
a sudden decision  
I can't explain  
though I've often tried to change the rules  
the game remains the same  
for love  
I've played the part so many times  
it fits me like a glove  
but I'm the victim  
in the bitter end  
I know you need me to be strong  
I just don't know how much longer I can pretend

you always need me to be  
a good man in a storm

it sometimes scares me  
the further we go  
just how much we understand  
and just how much we know  
so whatever happened  
in our hearts  
while making perfect sense of life  
we still remain so far apart

you always want me to be  
a good man in a storm

trying to fit the social norm  
and be a good man in a storm  
trying hard since I was born  
to be a good man in a storm