

# Lloyd Cole, A Long Way Down

didn't i hear you say your heart's made out of steel  
no one's gonna get so close,  
no one's gonna know how you feel  
now you're a punch drunk sycophant, a little s.o.b.  
you say your mind is made up, isn't that the way that it's supposed to be  
and it's a long way down  
and it's a long, long way down  
walking that tall your head is gonna trip your feet  
walking with the devil's fine, just don't call it looking for sympathy  
when it's four a.m. and mister you can't sleep  
'cause your blood's still rushing at cocaine speed  
and you know all that you need's a little baby to say  
ah mister cool down won't you let me fade those blues away  
and it's a long way down  
and it's a long, long way down  
and when you hit the ground you're gonna know about it  
mister let's you and me see if we can't make a deal  
i'll give you the world and all you've gotta do is cry for me  
the reason it's a cliché is because it's true  
the harder you climb, the harder you fall, and that means you  
so mister hard head, hard nose, hard as steel  
you're just a punch drunk sycophant, a little s.o.b.  
and it's a long, it's a long way down  
and it's a long, long way down  
and when you hit the ground you're gonna know about it