

Peter Hammill, Other Old Clich

I might as well give you all there is,
I might as well take it all the way:
what's gone is forgotten, and anyway
surely words alone could not wreck your day?
The cake's not worth the candle, so they say...
"Nothing ventured, nothing gained, no hard feelings..."
other old clichs.

I've held back my feelings for so long
while clutching at straws in the caravan
I'll say what I must and take it like a man.
I've fixed my grin, I've raised a laugh,
and after the back's been broken by the waiting game...
"Mustn't grumble, can't complain, no hard feelings,"
other old clichs.

Suddenly I see the scales falling from your eyes
this revelation surely comes as no surprise?
Well, what d'you want? What d'you expect?
What do you say?

Can it really be so predictable?
Now all of the secrets are given away,
what words of forgiveness are there left to say?
Hold me now, don't let go,
hold me, soon there comes a price I cannot pay,
I take the words back straight away:
"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean it,"
beg forgiveness, beg and pray...
blind self-pity,
other old clichs.