

Slade, Man Who Speaks Evil

Here I am, in the same old clothes, looking back on my life
Cos I'm here alone. Left out here without a home
Take no chance, read between the lines, don't accept a way
When she always cries, just try to read between the lines
I tried to love you Now I'm here, taking things as I find them

Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back on my life
Wondering why . . .

It's hard to see and to understand just a-what it's like to be pushed around
Kicking stones along the ground. I don't think it will ever change.
Can I find a way to the front again and have another chance to spend my life with you
And now I'm here, taking things as I find them
Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back on my life
Wondering why . . .

And now I'm here, taking things as I find them
Now I'm here, wasting time, thinking of me, looking back on my life
Wondering why . . .