

# The Style Council, It Just Came To Pieces In My

I stood as tall as a mountain  
I never really thought about the drop  
I trod over rocks to get there  
Just so I could stand on top  
Clumsy and blind I stumbled  
As I crawled through desert sands  
I didn't stop to think about the consequences  
As it came to pieces in my hands

I thought I was a maritime marvel  
I believed that I ruled the waves  
All I could say is time is motion  
And every effort others made I would save

I was a shit stained statue  
School children would stand in awe  
Truly believed I was a ceiling of sky  
Never thought about having flaws

I felt as reverent as Jesus  
The sanctimony stunk  
I thought I was admiral of the missing fleet  
I couldn't see that I was sunk

I roared my pride in the darkness  
I scratched away at the stars  
I thought I was lord of this crappy jungle  
I should have been put behind bars

But now I sit with my head in my hands  
And wail to the weeping wall  
The avalanche of my emotions  
Holds the audience of one enthralled

Like learning the lesson the hard way  
Like a fall from command  
I thought I WAS king of the whole wide world  
But it just came to pieces in my hands