

Edwyn Collins, 20 Years Too Late

Hello chaos my old friend
We finally got there in the end
I found a loophole in the law
I stumbled then I crawled through
Never frightened that that noose would tighten
I felt enlightened
My senses heightened
Yet all this time you've been inclined
To watch me from the sidelines
Miles from the frontline
Hoping that some sniper
Had picked off this magic piper
To shoot the messenger
That's what's obsessing ya

You only kick me when I'm down
When I get up you come around
You come around, you say I'm great
You're only twenty years too late

Well where I lived
Don't make no bones
Was several feet below a stone
Far from appalled
I was enthralled
The snake that slithered learned to crawl
Through the quagmire of my mislaid plans
That backfired
I felt enlightened
My senses heightened
You called me up
To wish me luck
To let me know this business sucks
Let's change it
Let's rearrange it
So why do I get the feeling
That there's something you're concealing?
That it's a put on
You scratch your foot on

You only kick me when I'm down
When I get up you come around
You come around, you say I'm great
You're only twenty years too late

Did I do something to make you hate me?
It's funny how you thought you'd break me

You're too late
Too much
Too soon
How high
The moon
Too little
Toolate
Too bad
That's the breaks