

Level 42, Good Man In The Storm

it just occurred to me
I must be blind
why do I try so hard to keep my cool
when I'm about to lose my mind
there was a vision
flashing by
of a summers' day I spent with you
of a child who never learnt how to cry
when those around me
fall in despair
I call upon my common sense
'cause someone has to care
a sudden decision
I can't explain
though I've often tried to change the rules
the game remains the same
for love
I've played the part so many times
it fits me like a glove
but I'm the victim
in the bitter end
I know you need me to be strong
I just don't know how much longer I can pretend
you always need me to be
a good man in a storm
it sometimes scares me
the further we go
just how much we understand
and just how much we know
so whatever happened
in our hearts
while making perfect sense of life
we still remain so far apart
you always want me to be
a good man in a storm
trying to fit the social norm
and be a good man in a storm
trying hard since I was born
to be a good man in a storm