

# Luka Bloom, The One

Why should you be the one to go out on the edge  
Do you really want to be another dead hero?  
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People have expectations of a man in your position  
They want you to carry some torch into the public view  
Voyeurs of this world ignoring your beautiful words  
Say they want you to survive  
But they demand this madness of you

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I love your music and I love your songs  
I love the wild things in your head  
I want you here with us  
Helping us to stick this mad place  
But for so many years now this habit's been forming  
And so many others have failed  
You made friends with that devil  
Now he feels a little kinder to face

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I think of the young ones who make their way home  
Through the night after one of your shows  
Their lives a little richer  
For having been touched by you  
They dance and they sweat and they call out your name  
The excitement just belts out and flows  
You've been singing your guts out  
Is that not enough to do?

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