

# Peter Hammill, How Far I Fell

(Here's the old man and his not-so-childlike bride;  
here's the humbling of us all, delusion never dies;  
here's the story: anyone can fall at any time at all.  
We're born to be fools in life.)

I was the king of the mountain,  
I had everything that money couldn't buy:  
at the summit of ambition I was ready for the sky.  
I viewed the world from this, my citadel...  
oh, how I fell.

Silent and sleeping, the volcano,  
so I thought that I stood square upon my feet.  
I ignored the warning tremors in my hubris, I repeat  
I never saw you coming, Jezebel...  
oh, how I fell.

As I look back now on the tears I was to cry  
I am holding on to the vestiges of pride,  
I am holding on, but I will never be the one to tell  
how far I fell.

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here's the humbling of us all, delusion never dies;  
here's the story: anyone can fall at any time at all.  
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A fool and his money are soon parted  
and there's nothing like an old fool, so they say:  
once the plastic had been melted quickly you were on your way,  
leaving me drowning in the wishing-well  
oh, how I fell.

You'll never know how deep you cut me,  
although anyone can see the state I'm in.  
So I pay the price of such unoriginal sin...  
but I will never bring myself to tell  
how far I fell.