

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.

(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.)

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.