

The Classic Crime, Just A Man

Dripping wet with practiced sincerity,
cute slogans for intangible mysteries
You reduce your god (pruned to profit your ego)
to a TV commercial.
"Buy what I sell! (advertise, advertise!)" you scream,
"Purchase my lifestyle!"

I once held the key but now I have nothing
You are so naive,
I'm sorry for leading you along
I'm just a man

Wake me up and wipe the cliché's from my eyes.
It's killing me when all I see is hypocrisy and lies
I know that all my faults bring me down, it's a constant battle
That's why I have to be honest with you now
I'm not your saint, I'm not your savior

I once held the key to everything you ever dreamed of
Now I have nothing,
I'm sorry for leading you along
I'm just a man