

# 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