

The Kinks, Clich

Sunset over the high-rise
By a motorway
A little man looks up at the sky
An uneventful end to a wasted day
Close-up on the man at the window
Looking at the street down below
It's obvious he's got things on his mind
He shakes his head, pulls down the blind

He starts writing a letter
To make it perfectly clear
He's just a man who's reached the end of his rope
Expressing his doubts and his fears
In a world, feels so lonely and afraid
Disillusioned by the promises they made
It's a pity that it ended up this way
Life is just a clich

I'm gonna do tomorrow
What I did yesterday
It's such a dull routine
Somebody cut this scene
It's such a boring clich

Live life, day to day
Seems so pass
Everything you hear and say
Just another clich

Like an actor on a movie screen
Living out someone else's dream
Living out a total misconception
Reality, a false perception

It's such a wasted life
Without any conclusion

Days drift into days
His life just slips away
People so blas
Everything's a clich
Yes it is
Yes it is
Just an illusion
Just an illusion

Moonlight over the high-rise
At the end of the day
The little man is asleep in his bed
Tucked up, safely away

In his dreams he's taken away by alien beings to another
Galaxy, deep in space to a planet where a man can live
Out his fantasies, and experience unimaginable pleasures
But morning comes and soon the realities of life will
Shatter his illusions, and the clichs of the world will
Bring him down. but still he's waiting for a change

Days drift into days
His life just slips away
Everything is pass
Everything's a clich
Yes it is
Yes it is

Just an illusion
Just an illusion
Yes it is

Yes it is

See the sunlight over the motorway
The little man, with anger in his eyes
Stands by the window, looks at the sky