

The Lightning Seeds, The Nearly Man

Down here at the bottom
When you're staring at the top
With a head full of ideas
I'm only flesh and blood

On an either down of glory
And a pillow of desire
Drifting on an ocean
And the waves wash through my mind

Something haunts us, kicks the stars from our skies
Blows the lights out with the whisperin' sights
If you're down, down, I'm down, down
And when you're down, down, I'm down, down

Well, I was nearly me and you were nearly you
The nearly man was nothing, he was never any use
Beaten down by generations, of generations beaten down
There's nothing I can promise that my conscience will allow

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