

The Style Council, It Just Came To Pieces In My

I stood as tall as a mountain
I never really thought about the drop
I trod over rocks to get there
Just so I could stand on top
Clumsy and blind I stumbled
As I crawled through desert sands
I didn't stop to think about the consequences
As it came to pieces in my hands

I thought I was a maritime marvel
I believed that I ruled the waves
All I could say is time is motion
And every effort others made I would save

I was a shit stained statue
School children would stand in awe
Truly believed I was a ceiling of sky
Never thought about having flaws

I felt as reverent as Jesus
The sanctimony stunk
I thought I was admiral of the missing fleet
I couldn't see that I was sunk

I roared my pride in the darkness
I scratched away at the stars
I thought I was lord of this crappy jungle
I should have been put behind bars

But now I sit with my head in my hands
And wail to the weeping wall
The avalanche of my emotions
Holds the audience of one enthralled

Like learning the lesson the hard way
Like a fall from command
I thought I WAS king of the whole wide world
But it just came to pieces in my hands