

The Style Council, Man Of Great Promise

I bought the paper yesterday and I saw the obituary
And I read of how you died in pain -
Well I just couldn't understand it
If I could of changed that, then Lord knows I'd do it now
But there is no going back -
And what's done is done forever

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt -
Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

And I think of what you might have been,
a man of such great promise
Oh but, you seem to forget the dream -

And the more you saw you hated

But let's not talk of blame, for what is only natural
Like a moth going to a flame -
You had a dangerous passion

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt -
Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

All the things that you might have been - but who am I to say?
Still I wonder -
If it's the cold earth you prefer to lay -
If it's the cold earth - you prefer to stay