

# Trash Can Sinatras, The Best Man's Fall

Could I interest you in a little something special  
Pay the earth but if you have no money  
Your attention'll do  
And if you don't give a damn  
You're welcome to keep it  
It's a hard road when you know where you're going  
And it's harder when you know where you're not

So I'll stamp my clay feet till the staggering stops  
But good God give me strength to face another lazy day of  
"if I was a millionaire I'd be a million miles from here"

Hands of the clock give me a round of applause  
For getting out of bed and the scars of the night before  
Have turned into scabs and still I'm seeing double  
And I'm looking twice my age  
It's getting to the stage where  
I'm old, not wise, just worried  
And stories of rags to riches leave me in stitches  
And with a thread that's hard to follow

You came into my life like a brick through a window  
And I cracked a smile

Who remembers the good old games  
That seemed to fill our days  
Like a kiss, cuddle and torture and  
I-spy, SPIT in your eye

Those around me who came up trumps  
Would always get down on their knees to brag