

Zed, Good man

You never had much style about you
We never knew the reason that you
You sat around almost every hour
And quickly lost your bargaining power
You can't be me
I'm convinced you're twice the man we are
And you cannot clear your mind
Cos in our eyes we're fine
And you're running out of time
But its not to do with us
And you cannot clear our minds
Cos in our eyes you're blind
And its such a waste of time
The threads you wore were something tragic
The words you spoke were so emphatic
The records that you make are tasteless
And eloquence with you is wasted
So whats your method, whats your scheme?
The whole scene knows what you already mean
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