

# 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  
And you cannot clear my mind  
Cos in our eyes you'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  
But its not to do with us  
And you cannot clear our minds  
Cos in our eyes you'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 fine  
And you're such a waste of time  
But its not to do with us  
And you cannot clear our minds  
Cos in our eyes you'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 fine  
And you're such a waste of time