

Emerson, Lake & Palmer "Better Days"

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(keith emerson/greg lake)

I was walking on this station
I could see somebody lying on a chair
I went over to him
I said, hey man, what are you doing there
And have you got a smoke
I said you'd better come in out of the rain
Before you get yourself soaked

No one can feel inside
How deep the oceans, heartaches hide

Chorus

So stand on me, I'll catch you falling
You can stand on me and I'll help you find a way
Stand on me, I can see our ship turning
Stand on me, we're sailing on the wind of better days

And they accuse you when you're over and out
Ulterior motives, that's what it's all about
It's just human nature, they try to make you flinch
But we're takin' the higher ground inch by inch
No one can feel inside
How deep the oceans, heartaches hide

Chorus

And if you tumble when the snowflakes fall
(this is a jungle, it's not a waterfall)
From where you're standing you can't get no change
They keep moving the target clean out of range

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