

## **Hugh Cornwell**

# **"Nerves Of Steel"**

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In the middle of the day  
When things don't go your way  
And when life starts to bite  
And it don't turn out right  
And your top is spinning round  
Far along the open ground  
Then you have to hang on tight  
Or you'll be blown from sight  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
It takes nerves of steel

In the middle of the night  
If the stars ain't bright  
And you wonder till the dawn  
Why you feel so forlorn  
And you know that you are lost  
You never count the cost  
Of all the mistakes you made  
And all the games you played  
How does it feel

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
It takes nerves of steel

In the middle of your life  
When you're staring at the knife  
And you're near the cutting edge  
Close enough to make a wedge  
But you know it ain't enough  
Even though you hate the stuff  
It's a sweet and bitter pill  
But after all it's only real  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
It takes nerves of steel

