

## **Kershaw Nik**

### **"You Might (3:13)"**

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off to face the world again  
past the bathroom mirror  
ignorance is bliss, they say  
couldn't be much clearer  
imaging what might have been  
thinking it could still be  
all the lost years in between  
still a sucker for a dream  
you might be an oil tycoon  
you might be a Cobb cartoon  
you might be a Gershwin tune  
you might be but you're not  
you might be a nations fall  
you might be an eagles call  
you might be the Albert Hall  
you might be but you're not  
play the fool and act the clown  
impress your friends and neighbours  
not so good when you come down  
with nothing for your labours  
you could've been a movie star  
you could've been a hero  
you could have won a bridge too far  
the best you get is no cigar  
you might be an oil tycoon  
you might be a Cobb cartoon  
you might be a Gershwin tune  
you might be but you're not  
you are what you are  
you see what you see  
you might be an oil tycoon  
you might be a Cobb cartoon  
you might be a Gershwin tune  
you might be but you're not  
you might be a nations fall  
you might be an eagles call  
you might be the Albert Hall  
you might be but you're not  
wild\_horses  
on the top of an office block  
sits a man of business, a man of means  
he's got intrays and ashtrays

he is up to his neck in computers and tragedy queens

undermining his overdraft with lunches with the  
president

he got indecision and indigestion  
and he wonders where the last ten million went  
but what do i get when i say to his face?

let me take you to a better place  
wild horses wouldn't drag me there  
wild horses wouldn't make me care  
i know where i belong

and i've been here too long  
wild horses wouldn't drag me there  
wild horses wouldn't make me care  
i know where i belong

and i've been here too long  
on the side of a mountain  
lives a man of nature, a man of peace  
he got no food and no money  
and he's waiting for his merciful release  
works his fingers to the bone

just to make it through the winter snows  
he's got nothing to do and no one to do it to  
and he wonders where the buffalo goes  
but what do i get when i say to his face?

let me take you to a better place  
wild horses wouldn't drag me there  
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i know where i belong

and i've been here too long  
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and i've been here too long  
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wild horses wouldn't make me care  
i know where i belong

and i've been here too long

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