## Kinks "Clichés of The World"

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Sunset over the high-rise
By a motorway
A little man looks up at the sky
An uneventful end to a wasted day

Close-up of the man at the window Looking at the street down below It's obvious he's got things on his mind He shakes his head, pulls down the blind

He starts writing a letter
To make it perfectly clear
He's just a man who's reached the end of his rope
Expressing his doubts and his fears

In a world, feels so lonely and afraid And disillusioned by the promises they made It's a pity that it ended up this way Life is just a cliche

I'm gonna do tomorrow What I did yesterday It's such a dull routine, somebody cut this scene It's such a boring cliche

Live life, day to day Seems so passe Everything you hear and say Just another cliche

Like an actor on a movie screen Living out somebody else's dream Living out a total misconception Reality, a false perception

It's such a wasted life Without any conclusion

Days drift into days Life just slips away People so blase Everything's a cliche Yes, it is Yes, it is Just an illusion Just an illusion

Moonlight over the high-rise At the end of the day The little man is asleep in his bed Tucked up, safely away

In his dreams he's taken away by alien beings To another galaxy, deep in space To a planet where a man can live out his fantasies And experience unimaginable pleasures

But morning comes and soon the realities of life Will shatter his illusions And the cliches of the world will bring him down But still he's waiting for a change

Days drift into days Life just slips away Everything is passe Everything's a cliche

Yes, it is Yes, it is It's just an illusion It's just an illusion

Yes, it is Yes, it is

See the sunlight over the motorway The little man, with anger in his eyes Stands by the window, looks at the sky

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