

Luka Bloom "The One"

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Why should you be the one to go out on the edge
Do you really want to be another dead hero?
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People have expectations of a man in your position
They want you to carry some torch into the public view
Voyeurs of this world ignoring your beautiful words
Say they want you to survive
But they demand this madness of you

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I love your music and I love your songs
I love the wild things in your head
I want you here with us
Helping us to stick this mad place
But for so many years now this habit's been forming
And so many others have failed
You made friends with that devil
Now he feels a little kinder to face

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I think of the young ones who make their way home
Through the night after one of your shows
Their lives a little richer
For having been touched by you
They dance and they sweat and they call out your
name
The excitement just belts out and flows
You've been singing your guts out
Is that not enough to do?

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