

Skid Row

"The Man Who Never Was"

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(Brendan "Brush" Shiels/Noel Bridgeman/Gary Moore)

Once, early on a crystal morning.
A punch at her hus's,
It came without a warning.
The man who never was
And who never will be.
His horse is slightly shored,
Number two score and three.

I spotted him unpaled
Against a frightened cloud.
Knew from the way he was going,
He was heading south.
The man who never was
And who never will be.
Racing through the air
In preference to land or sea.

The man who never was
Was the man who never is.
And the man who never was or is
Would always feel like this.
And if I were the man
Who never was or is,
I would always feel there was something
I had missed or lost.

Shouting to a steedge
As they spread across the sky.
Picking up spin
As the clouds began to dry.
The man who never was
And who never will be,
Tracing a weary path of his infinity.

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