

Style Council

"Just Came To Pieces In My Hand"

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JUST CAME TO PIECES IN MY HAND - Paul Weller

I stood as tall as a mountain, I never really thought
about the drop;

I trod over rocks to get there, so that I could stand on
top;

Clumsy and blind I stumbled, as I crawled through
desert sands;

I didn't stop to think about the consequences -

As it came to pieces in my hands.

I thought I was a maritime marvel, I believed that I
ruled the waves;

All I could say is time is motion, and every effort others
made

I would save;

I was a shit stained statue, school children would stand
in awe;

Truly believed I was a ceiling of sky,

Never thought about having flaws.

I felt as reverent as Jesus, the sanctimony stunk;

I thought I was admiral of the missing fleet, I couldn't
see that

I was sunk;

I roared my pride in the darkness, I scratched away at
the stars;

I thought I was lord of this crappy jungle, I should have

been

put behind bars.

But now I sit with my head in my hands and wail to the weeping wall;

The avalanche of my emotions, holds the audience of one enthralled;

Like learning the lesson the hard way, like a fall from command;

I thought I was king of the whole wide world, but it

Just came to pieces in my hands

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