

Clarks "Born Too Late"

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Vincent, will you teach me how to paint?
Teresa, will I ever be a saint?
John, I really think your songs are great
I was born too late

William, will you teach me how to write?
And Cassius, will you show me how to fight?
And Thomas A. I think I see the light
I was born tonight

I've had a hard time leaving this town
I've been losing everything that I've found
I'm gonna search the sky, kiss the ground
Build it up and tear it back down

I've had a hard time leaving this place
I've been counting all the lines on my face
I'm gonna curse the sky, hit the ground
And what goes up comes tumbling down, tumbling
down

Jimi show me how you play that thing
Elvis, will I ever be a king?
And Jerry all the joy and love you bring
I was born to sing

Martin Luther King show me the way
Jesus, Buddha, teach me how to pray
Christopher, I think I see the bay
I was born today, I was born today

I was born too late
I was born too late
I was born too late

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