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Classic Crime, The "Just A Man"

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Dripping wet with practiced sincerity, Cute slogans for intangible mysteries You reduce your god (pruned to profit your ego) To a TV commercial, "Buy what I sell!" you scream, (advertise, advertise!) "Purchase my lifestyle!"

I once held the key but now I have nothing, And you are so naive. I'm sorry for leading you along. I'm just a man, I'm just a man, I'm just a man!

Wake me up and wipe the cliche from my eyes, It's killing me when all I see is hypocrisy and lies I know that my faults bring me down, it's a constant battle

That's why I have to be honest with you now I'm not your saint, I'm not your savior

I once held the key but now I have nothing, And you were so naive. I'm sorry for leading you along. I'm just a man, I'm just a man, I'm just a man!

I once held the key to everything you ever dreamed of, Now I have nothing. I'm sorry for leading you along. I'm just a man, I'm just a man, I'm just a man!

Just a man, Just a man!

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