

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 cliché 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!

