

The Style Council

"Man Of Great Promise"

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I bought the paper yesterday
And I saw the obituary
And I read of how you died in pain
Well, I just couldn't understand it

If I could of changed that
Then Lord knows I'd do it now
But there is no going back
And what's done is done forever

But you were always chained
And shackled by the dirt
Of every small town institution
And every big town flirt

And I think of what you might have been
A man of such great promise
Oh but, you seem to forget the dream
And the more you saw you hated

But let's not talk of blame
For what is only natural
Like a moth going to a flame
You had a dangerous passion

But you were always chained
And shackled by the dirt
Of every small town institution
And every big town flirt

All the things that you might have been
But who am I to say? Still I wonder
If it's the cold earth you prefer to lay
If it's the cold earth, you prefer to stay

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