

Feel So Bad

"The Singer"

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As I walk these narrow streets
Where a million passin feet have trod before me
With my guitar in my hand
Suddenly I realize nobody knows me

Where yesterday the multitude
Screamed and cried my name out for a song
Today the streets are empty
And the crowds have all gone home

I pass a million houses
But there is no place that I belong
All I knew to give you
Was song after song after song

All the truths I tried to tell you
Were as distant to you as the moon
Born 200 years too late
And 200 years too soon

I'm a child of this age
Locked into the pages of your book
And when I am but dust and clay
And all the children stop to take a look

Will they marvel at the miracles I did perform
And the heights I did aspire
Or will they tear out the pages of the book
To light a fire

With the rain on my face
There is no place that I belong
Did you forget this fucking singer so soon?
And did you forget my song?

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