

Kinks, The

"Clichés Of The World"

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Sunset over the high-rise,
By a motorway,
A little man looks up at the sky.
An uneventful end to a wasted day.
Close-up on the man at the window,
Looking at the street down below.
It's obvious he's got things on his mind.
He shakes his head, pulls down the blind.

He start's writing a letter,
To make it perfectly clear.
He's just a man who's reached the end of his rope,
Expressing his doubts and his fears.
In a world, feels so lonely and afraid,
Disillusioned by the promises they made,
It's a pity that it ended up this way,
Life is just a cliché.

I'm gonna do tomorrow
What I did yesterday.
It's such a dull routine,
Somebody cut this scene,
It's such a boring cliché.

Live life, day to day,
Seems so passé.
Everything you hear and say,
Just another cliché.

Like an actor on a movie screen,
Living out someone else's dream.
Living out a total misconception,
Reality, a false perception.

It's such a wasted life,
Without any conclusion.

Days drift into days,
His life just slips away.
People so blasé,
Everything's a cliché.

Yes it is.
Yes it is.
Just an illusion.
Just an illusion.

Moonlight over the high-rise,
At the end of the day.
The little man is asleep in his bed,
Tucked up, safely away.

In his dreams he's taken away by alien beings to
another
galaxy, deep in space. To a planet where a man can
live
out his fantasies, and experience unimaginable
pleasures.
But morning comes and soon the realities of life will
shatter his illusions, and the clichés of the world will
bring him down. But still he's waiting for a change.

Days drift into days,
His life just slips away.
Everything is passing,
Everything's a cliché.
Yes it is.
Yes it is.
Just an illusion.
Just an illusion.
Yes it is.
Yes it is.

See the sunlight over the motorway,
The little man, with anger in his eyes,
Stands by the window, looks at the sky.

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