

## The Nearly Man

## The Lightning Seeds

Down here at the bottom  
When you're staring at the top  
With a head full of ideas  
I'm only flesh and blood

On an either down of glory  
And a pillow of desire  
Drifting on an ocean  
And the waves wash through my mind

Something haunts us, kicks the stars from our skies  
Blows the lights out with the whisperin' sights  
If you're down, down, I'm down, down  
And when you're down, down, I'm down, down

Well, I was nearly me and you were nearly you  
The nearly man was nothing, he was never any use  
Beaten down by generations, of generations beaten down  
There's nothing I can promise that my conscience will allow

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