

# Every Time

David Ford

Well some people they claim  
They never had a fair roll of the dice,  
They could be right,  
But that's not me, see I was lucky  
and just had everything fall in my plate,  
Call it fate if you want to  
But for all the elaborate setup and manoeuvre,  
Being wheeled into position to deliver some saccharine,  
Punch to the guts of a world screaming out,  
For whatever the hell they think it is that I've got,

Every time I was given a chance  
to stand on my own two feet,  
Oh I fell, yeah and  
every time I was given a chance  
To stand on my own two feet,  
Oh I fell, yeah and  
every time opportunity knocks on my door,  
I just send it on straight down to hell,  
'Cause every time I was given a chance  
to stand on my own two feet I fell,

Well some people they imagine  
the disappoint must tear me apart,  
Break my heart,  
And presume I'm disgusted  
by all the injustice I've seen,  
But that's not me and I tell you,  
I bear no resentment to millionaire pop singers  
barely literate poets and guitar stock gunslingers,  
And I smile so politely,  
At the well meaning ignorance,  
Of the people who tell me I'm gonna make it someday,

Every time I was given a chance  
to stand on my own two feet,  
Oh I fell, yeah and  
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To stand on my own two feet,  
Oh I fell, yeah and  
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I just send it on straight down to hell,  
'Cause every time I was given a chance  
to stand on my own two feet I fell,

Well the Sun's going down on what's left of today,  
And the tide drags what's left of this moment away,  
And so I kick through the dirt and the red autumn leaves,  
What I had and what I lost and what I still believe,  
And I have no regrets for the time that I spent  
barely paying my dues and barely paying the rent,  
For a simple pursuit of more honest a life,  
Yeah I don't cheat on my taxes, I don't cheat on my wife,  
Now the fire's burning out and the walls closing in,  
And I'm dragged by the gravity into the sin,  
Of obedient service of some twisted machine,  
Blowing smoke in our faces of each little scene,

Set to form a distraction just to buy up some time,  
Misdirected by swagger and beaten by rhyme,  
Telling tales of a life you might one day attain,  
If you just keep your focus relentlessly trained,  
On the things you can get and not who you can be,  
No the innocent dream of the sky and the sea,  
And the word and the truth and the spirit of man,  
And a history that promises one day we can,  
With a love for your brother and your sister and yourself,  
Get there one day together in good cheer and good health,  
But it comes at a cost, yeah there's a price that you pay,  
For a sweet bowl tomorrow you gotta give up today,  
It's a sacrifice way beyond mortals like me,  
For an age that never was and never could ever be,  
So I don