

London, summer 92 I think I've changed a lot since then, do you
?
Ideas that I'd held for years, emotional baggage, hopes and fea
rs
Seen somehow in a different light, not as wrong, but not as rig
ht as they
Seemed before was I different then? Have I changed?
And will I change again?

I'm thinking of a mental free-
fall, a partial total memory recall like what of
The future, what of the past, what of the present will last?
And say I did forget and revert to the old days, forget this hu
rt
Am I better off or in reverse, untaught by experience and there
fore worse?

I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little

I'm like a coastline, a beach and spit Spurn Point and the rest
of it
With the sea, the tide, the salt and foam, I'm the blasted land
The sand shifting, drifting out and back, then breached, drowne
d
Defenses down, rebuilt from this day on or maybe not
Maybe my moment's gone

I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little

Am I the same person I seemed to be? Does all of this depress m
e?
I won't listen, I won't talk a weightless life, I moonwalk
I mean a lot, I mean a little I'm supple, brittle, pig in the m
iddle
There's resilience inside my face, but sometimes nothing deep s
pace

What I feel what I fear is always here my atmosphere
Pig in the middle

I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little