

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