

# The One

Luka Bloom

Why should you be the one to go out on the edge?  
Do you really want to be another dead hero?  
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People have expectations of a man in your position  
They want you to carry some torch into the public view  
Voyeurs of this world, ignoring your beautiful words  
Say they want you to survive but they demand this madness of yo  
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I love your music and I love your songs  
I love the wild things in your head  
I want you here with us, helping us to stick to this mad place  
But for so many years now this habit's been forming and so many  
others have failed  
You made friends with that devil, now he feels a little kinder  
to face

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I think of the young ones who make their way home  
Through the night after one of your shows  
Their lives a little richer for having been touched by you  
They dance and they sweat and they call out your name  
The excitement just spills out and flows  
You've been singing your guts out, is that no enough to do?

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