

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 you

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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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