I didn't know what a brute I was I dipped my cigarette and rode the bus Vengeance built me hastily And I drag the clanging notion I was nobody, nobody Nobody

All I had was my invention
And my love it fitted on you
Oh, look what thoughts can do
What thoughts can do
If you're not by now dead and buried
You're most certifiably married
Oh, married

I'm sure you're sleeping sound
With a mistress of the hours
The hours that grind your life to dust

Oh, easy loves You keep lap pets Denied them you are powerless Whatever keeps you sleeping through the night

I'm not the man you thought I was
My love has never lived indoors
I had to drag it home by force
Hired hounds at both my wrists
Damp and bruised by stranger's kisses on my lips
But you're the one that I still miss
You're the one that I still miss
And the truth is that it comes as no surprise

I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am