## Back on My Feet

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How many days will the wet weather last?
I want know will the clouds
When they roll back
Reveal a man in an old mac
Living on a park bench
Sitting on his own?
Cut the rain as it runs down the glass
Eventually through the lightning and thunder
We see a man going under
This is how it happens
This is what he said
I don`t need love
Though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
`Til I`m back on me feet
You`re always telling me about my misery
I`ve seen things you will never see
Don`t pity me
Focus in on the breath of a man
Who takes a brown paper bag
From his knapsack
Between his whispers and wise cracks
He`s looking for permission
Screaming at the sky
I don`t need love
though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
`Til I`m back on me feet
You`re always telling me about my misery
I`ve seen things you will never see
Don`t pity me
I`ll be right again
Be upright without you
I`ll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again too
Cut back again to a girl walking by
Until the feet that are all shoes and no socks
Climb an invisible soap box
Laughing at the traffic
Shouting at the world
I don`t need love
though temptation is sweet
Give me your hand
`Til I`m back on me feet
You`re always telling me about my misery
I`ve seen things you will never see
Don`t pity me
I`ll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again too
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I`ll be right again
Be upright without you
We see a life through the eyes of a man
As he live and he dies
By a simple tattoo
I`ll be back again
When I land on my feet
I`ll stand up again
Kick up a fuss again, wouldn`t you
Well there you go, though we tried hard to know him
It`s there on his face
He`s a case where there`s clearly no hope
Give me your hand again
`Til I land again
His face starts to fade
As we pull down the shade
And the picture we made
Is in glorious cinema scope
I`ll be back...
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