

# The Changingman

Paul Weller

Is happiness real?  
Or am I so jaded  
I can't see or feel, like a man been tainted  
Numbed by the effect, aware of the muse  
Too in touch with myself, I light the fuse

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands  
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang  
As I light a bitter fuse

Our time is on loan, only ours to borrow  
What I can't be today, I can be tomorrow

And the more I see, the more I know  
The more I know, the less I understand

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands  
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang  
To light a bitter fuse

It's a bigger part  
When our instincts act  
A shot in the dark  
A movement in black

And the more I see, the more I know  
The more I know, the less I understand

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands  
(I don't have a plan)  
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang  
As I light a bitter fuse

I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang  
As I light a bitter fuse, yeah