

How Far I Fell

Peter Hammill

(Here's the old man and his not-so-childlike bride;
Here's the humbling of us all, delusion never dies;
Here's the story: anyone can fall at any time at all.
We're born to be fools in life.)

I was the king of the mountain,
I had everything that money couldn't buy:
At the summit of ambition I was ready for the sky.
I viewed the world from this, my citadel...
Oh, how I fell.

Silent and sleeping, the volcano,
So I thought that I stood square upon my feet.
I ignored the warning tremors in my hubris, I repeat -
I never saw you coming, Jezebel...
Oh, how I fell.

As I look back now on the tears I was to cry
I am holding on to the vestiges of pride,
I am holding on, but I will never be the one to tell
How far I fell.

(Here's the old man and his not-so-childlike bride;
Here's the humbling of us all, delusion never dies;
Here's the story: anyone can fall at any time at all.
We're born to be fools in life.)

A fool and his money are soon parted
And there's nothing like an old fool, so they say:
Once the plastic had been melted quickly you were on your way,
Leaving me drowning in the wishing-well -
Oh, how I fell.

You'll never know how deep you cut me,
Although anyone can see the state I'm in.
So I pay the price of such unoriginal sin...
But I will never bring myself to tell
How far I fell.