

Long Walk Back

The Rifles

For the first time in my life
I'm feeling plain ordinary
and I don't have the fight
To carry on with the melee
'Cos I don't have the shoes
Like my soul's dead and buried
Running off with the blues

But one day at a time they say
And if you're knowing where you're going
You'll be finding your way
But where I lay down
My tired head is going over and over
'Cos the feeling feels dead.

I've been far and I've managed to stop the cracks
I've been wide and I've taken the long walk back
Nine times out of ten I'll be wanting his
This time don't tell me that's all there is.

For the first time in my life I'm feeling plain ordinary
Am I waisting my time
'Cos I look for an answer
But I don't get a clue
Like somebody took my rhythm and just left me with the blues
But who knows 'cos if I take five
I might miss an opportunity if one should arise
But when I lay down my tired mind is
going over and over
I hope the feeling's alive.

I've been far and I've managed to stop the cracks
I've been wide and I've taken the long walk back
Nine times out of ten I'll be wanting his
This time don't tell me that's all there is.

How will I start feeling something
Might be about to change
When will I believe in something strong enough to chase
I know that I don't mean half of the stupid things I say
But lately I just feel like taking the long walk away.

I've been far and I've managed to stop the cracks
I've been wide and I've taken the long walk back
Nine times out of ten I'll be wanting his
This time don't tell me that's all there is.