

## Man Of Great Promise

The Style Council

I bought the paper yesterday and I saw the obituary  
And I read of how you died in pain -  
Well I just couldn't understand it  
If I could of changed that, then Lord knows I'd do it now  
But there is no going back -  
And what's done is done forever

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt -  
Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

And I think of what you might have been,  
a man of such great promise  
Oh but, you seem to forget the dream -  
And the more you saw you hated

But let's not talk of blame, for what is only natural  
Like a moth going to a flame -  
You had a dangerous passion

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt -  
Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

All the things that you might have been - but who am I to say?  
Still I wonder -  
If it's the cold earth you prefer to lay -  
If it's the cold earth - you prefer to stay