

That's Me

The Honeydogs

Every morning when the people are out
And I'm free to move around on my own
I look into the sun and I see a reflection
Of a sad and lonely, shrivelled man
That's me, that's me
And I know it's how I'm always going to be
Nothing to do, nothing to say, nothing to hope and nothing to pray
I can't see, I can't feel, I've forgotten what I'm meant to be
Won't come back, not if I try
They told me things about me that I didn't know
But I could tell they told me lies and it really goes to show
That everyone was wrong and they don't understand my ways
But it's not me who's going wrong it's them
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And I know it's how I'm always going to be
Shrivelled old man who hides from the world
He's never seen the light that can set him free
He sleeps at night, in such a pain
I want to find out who's to blame
That's me, that's me
Oh, set me free