

# Bunsho

## Van der Graaf Generator

I'd just done the best work  
to fall into my hands for quite some time:  
of night oil I'd burned much,  
made sure both style and content were sublime

So I put it forward  
to the public forum  
in anticipation of my due acclaim.

And meanwhile, by contrast,  
I'd penned a eulogy, pure workaday,  
just hack work, just dashed off,  
packed full of prolix puff and sad cliché...

No-one can really tell  
when their hand's been played out well  
and I don't even know  
how my own story goes  
or if it's worth a jot. I can't see my stream.

What I thought was perfect,  
what I thought was polished,  
no-one thought it worth much  
and they made that clear.

What I thought was worthless,  
merely repetition  
somehow tugged the heartstrings,

brought them all to tears. I can't see my stream. No-one can ever know  
what of their own's their very best.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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