

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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