

# That's Me

## The Taters

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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That's me, that's me  
And I know it's how I'm always going to be  
That's me, that's me  
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

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