A Long Way Down

Lloyd Cole

Didn't I hear you say your heart's made out of steel
No one's gonna get so close
No one's gonna know how you feel
Now you're a punch drunk sycophant, a little S O B
You say your mind is made up
Isn't that the way that it's supposed to beAnd it's a long way down
And it's a long, long way downWalking that tall your head is gonna trip your feet
Walking with the devil's fine, just don't call it looking for sympathy
When it's four a.m. and mister you can't sleep
'Cause your blood's still rushing at cocaine speed
You know all that you need's a little baby to say
Ah mister cool down won't you let me fade those blues awayAnd it's a long way down
And it's a long, long way down
And when you hit the ground
You're gonna know about itMister let's you and me see if we can't make a deal
I'll give you the world and all you've gotta do is cry for meThe reason it's a cliche is because it's true
The harder you climb, the harder you fall, and that means you
So mister hard head, hard nose, hard as steel
You're just a punch drunk sycophant, a little S O BAnd it's a long, it's a long way down
And it's a long, long way down
And when you hit the ground
You're gonna know about it

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