



# Down

(Richard Lamplough)

I never thought I'd make a big shot, but maybe I could make it big.  
I sold my Steely Dan rip-off T-shirts like most good Katys did.  
I didn't want a life of stardom with all the other stardom types.  
But now I live life in the gutter with all the other guttersnipes.

At first you seemed to like my music; I guess you liked to be amused.  
But you preferred my flaky pop stuff to this flaky twelve-bar blues.  
And in the years since you have left me the years have left me almost broke.  
But all you give me when you see me busking is a sad handwritten note.

And the note says:

*They only ever build you up; they only ever build you up.  
They only ever build you up; they only ever build you up.  
So they can knock you down, down, down, down.*

I'm tired of always eating cheap meat and swallowing all my lies.  
I need to have something damn good like damn good apple pies.  
Loneliness wants to kill me once it's made me so unwell.  
Well I hope that I go to heaven 'cause I haven't got a hope in hell.

I've had time to get myself together in the time that we've been apart.  
If I seem to have too much heartache it's because I have too much heart.  
But as I start my second chorus or even end my second verse.  
I don't read the words you left me 'cause they make me feel even worse.