The Style Council, Man Of Great Promise

I bought the paper yesterday and I saw the obituary And I read of how you died in pain -Well I just couldn't understand it If I could of changed that, then Lord knows I'd do it now But there is no going back -And what's done is done forever

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt - Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

And I think of what you might have been, a man of such great promise Oh but, you seem to forget the dream -

And the more you saw you hated

But let's not talk of blame, for what is only natural Like a moth going to a flame -You had a dangerous passion

But you were always chained and shackled by the dirt - Of every small town institution and every big town flirt

All the things that you might have been - but who am I to say? Still I wonder -If it's the cold earth you prefer to lay -If it's the cold earth - you prefer to stay