

Man on the Edge

Blaze Bayley

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The freeway is jammed
And it's backed up for miles
The car is an oven and baking is wild
Nothing is ever the way it should be
What we deserve we just don't get you see

A briefcase, a lunch and a man on the edge
Each step gets closer to losing his head
Is someone in heaven are they looking down
'Cause nothing is fair just you look around

Falling down
Falling down
Falling down

He's sick of waiting of lying like this
There's a hole in the sky for the angels to kiss
Branded a leper because you don't fit
In the land of the free
You can live by your wits

Once he built missiles a nation's defense
Now he can't even give birthday presents
Across the city he leaves in his wake
A glimpse of the future a canibal state

Falling down
Falling down
Falling down