

# Brutality Of Fact

Howard Jones

Last of the trouble has followed through  
This your potential to  
I've seen your lifeline go out to you  
Sidestepping our convention

But you always managed to find a way  
to avoid what the negative people say  
The sun will shine on a brighter day  
Stick to your own potential

Failing hardly seems to bother you  
Winning was a compliment to failure

A waking Earth is calling you  
Drive all night, you can't sit still  
Here comes the torment that eats inside  
Those who wish you well

The callings strong but how can you hear  
Receivers dead, the transmissions clear  
The Moon will rise in your finest hour  
Lighting our potential

Caught in perversion of our Human life  
Fall in confusion born of sacrifice

But you always managed to find a way  
To avoid what the negative people say  
The sun will shine on a brighter day  
When you stick to your own potential  
Failing hardly seems to bother you  
Winning was a compliment to failure  
Failure!

Failing hardly seems to bother you  
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Failure!

(?) to make a life, Beckon it  
Bodies of great beauty could not surrender  
Their rationality fading in  
The security of sensation

A historic harlequin harks a mild  
The spirit of radio mortgage  
Holding their pre selection  
In the brutality of fact