Downer

Edwyn Collins

It seems I'm cursed and what is worse
The play I'm in seems unrehearsed
The spotlight swims before my eyes
I lack the wits to improvise

What a knockback
What a stepback
What a setback
What a downer
What a letdown
What a step-down
What a comedown
What a downer

Is it conceit that finds me here?
Too much wine or too much beer?
Bleary eyed I face the throng
Too far out and too far gone

What a knockback
What a stepback
What a setback
What a downer
What a letdown
What a step-down
What a comedown
What a downer

Should I topple from the stage
Please don't heckle, please don't rage
Just lay your grievance at my door
You'll get your money back and more

What a knockback
What a stepback
What a setback
What a downer
What a letdown
What a step-down
What a comedown
What a downer

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