I once read the story of somebody's life I had a few moments to spare

He was a good man who lived with his wife With the usual kids in his hair

There was happiness a lot of weirdness And a sprinkle of traged v

I pulled it by chance from a second hand bin But it could've been written just for me

Because the words came out Not twist and shout
Cause that's not what a grown man writes about
That chapter's over, let it blow over
I found that I've become the owner Of a brand new book
a brand new book

I've travelled far and I've travelled wide And I guess I'll be travelling on

Fill another suitcase up with possessions And put on a Badfinge r song

I've got much more than most people have And a little less than a few

But you can't measure these things by weight They either drag you down or they lift you

I don't read between the lines I'm not ready for what I'll find I don't believe that love is blind $\,$

It just can't see straight, it just can't see straight oh yeah Read all about it, read all about it yeah a brand new book (twice)

I read that book for an hour or two And then I looked up at the night sky

I saw the Big Dipper and then the Big Bopper And I realised how much time had gone by

Every page had something to say But one thing that struck me as

The clock just keeps ticking as if you're not there Man it either drags you down or it lifts you