

Cosmic Fringes

Paul Weller

I've come undone
It's too late to fix it
I just exist... on my own
On my own

I'm a real gone kid
So-phisticated
I can't believe my luck
When I see him in the mirror

I'm not societies problem
I'm entirely home-grown
I'm not a product of anything
I've never been or felt so at home
Home

I'll glisten in the moonlight
I can light up my load
And all across the sky
I will explode... on my own
on my own

A baby waiting to be born
A sheep that's ready to be shorn
I'm a king in deathly throes
A lazy cock that never crows
An empty book that's leather bound
I'm a lost cause, never found

I'm not a product of anywhere
I'm entirely own grown
I'm on the cosmic fringes
I've never been or felt so at home

I'm a sleeping giant
Waiting to awake
Stumble to the fridge
And back to bed again