

Still Glides The Stream

Paul Weller

The man who never was
Painted images of freedom
He never sold a lot
It wasn't what his public wanted

Still glides the stream

He played in scenes from dreams
Ignored his friends' divisions
Cleaned our dirty streets well
And worked to make things clearer

Still glides the stream
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All the colours that he saw
The windmills by the banks
And the journey he'd made
Saw his footprints in the sand

Yes, he knew it was sooner or later
Yes, he knew it was sooner or later
Yes, he knew it was sooner or later
Yes, he knew it was sooner or later

Be careful with what you ignore
Look for greatness in the small
For the man who never was
Still knows what his public needed
Yes, he knows what his public needed

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Raised in the time of darkness
The ancients in his hair
Born in the thunder and lightning
The man who was never there

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