

The Changingman

Paul Weller

Is happiness real?
Or am I so jaded
I can't see or feel, like a man been tainted
Numb by the effect, aware of the muse
Too in touch with myself, I light the fuse

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang
As I light a bitter fuse

Our time is on loan, only ours to borrow
What I can't be today, I can be tomorrow

And the more I see, the more I know
The more I know, the less I understand

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang
To light a bitter fuse

It's a bigger part
When our instincts act
A shot in the dark
A movement in black

And the more I see, the more I know
The more I know, the less I understand

I'm the changingman, built on shifting sands
(I don't have a plan)
I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang
As I light a bitter fuse

I'm the changingman, waiting for the bang
As I light a bitter fuse, yeah