

Lonely at the Top

Tygers of Pan Tang

It's a long way down from the top to the bottom
And I'm slipping all the time
So many people around me
Trying to take what's really mine

I made it all alone
Not a single helping hand
So many people are afraid of
The things they don't understand

It's lonely at the top
Everybody's trying to do you in
All the losers down below
Trying to drag you back there again
It's lonely at the top
It's a long, long lonely drop
And I feel I'm slipping day by day

My number isn't listed
But they stop me in the street
Catch me in the elevator
Now they're turning on the heat

I think I'm going crazy
But I know I'm not alone
There's a private detective in the car behind
And a bugging device on the phone

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