

Empty Man

Wishbone Ash

You think that the way to move up in this town
Is to bring everyone else around you down
You're climbing a ladder with rubber rungs
And nobody cares what you think you have done

Faking successes with all the excesses
You're quite the man, such an empty man

Your country club life looks so shallow and grim
Making your moves as you try to fit in
Assuming a status you think others lack
Ignoring old friends and turning your back

For thoroughbred horses and eighteen hole courses
You're an empty man, such an empty man
Faking successes with all the excesses
You're quite the man, such an empty man

You worked in old New York to try to fit in
The doors were all closed to your kith and kin
You fed the fire and fanned all the flames
You've lost all your old friends by playing new games

Faking successes with all the excesses
You're quite the man, such an empty man
Faking excesses is what we expected
You're quite the man, you're an empty man

Empty
Empty man