

# The Impossible Idea

Paul Weller

Corn dolly run, strictly meadows  
Sat in the sun, waiting by  
Run baby run, thru the meadows  
Breathe baby breathe, such a life

While I'm hanging around  
Til my eyes fix on the impossible idea  
That I'll change the world  
Maybe I'll come to the conclusion  
I can't even change my own life  
And there I fall

Days simplify, in the meadow  
We can't be far, nearly home  
Craw daddy run, strictly head on  
Runs to the sun, he knows why

While I'm hanging around  
Just to hit on the impossible idea  
That I might change it all  
Sadly, under delusions of grandeur  
Good is just not good enough dear  
And there I fall

Oh what a shame  
Such a sad poor parade  
Befalls  
Oh all up in smoke  
What a joke  
What's become of us all

I like hanging around  
Til I switch on the impossible idea  
That love might change the world  
Maybe I'll come the conclusion  
Until I can change myself  
And there I'll fall