

Climb to the top of the greasy pole
Served my time in the capital
Trying to say something relatable
Like, "How are things in general?"
I've got nothing to protect
Except the image I project
Strangers stop and pay respects

Ask me if I'm alright
In the pale morning light
A simplicity calls to me

Saying when they tell you they understand
That's your cue to get out while you still can
Cash in and cancelling all your plans
Ah who could blame you?

Dying to own your own property
But National Trust bought the cemetery
Even burning in hells not a guarantee
No gravity under the apple tree
Twenty degrees in February
You and meteorology

I owe a couple of apologies

Don't ask me if I'm alright
In the pale morning light
A simplicity calls to me

Saying when they tell you they understand
That's your cue to get out while you still can
Cash in and cancel all your plans
You could bury everything under sand

You could probably have whatever you like
But you could never handle the simple life
Oh you would never settle for just the sight
Who could blame you?

Do I look like I'm alright?
In the pale morning light
A simplicity calls to me

Tell them I'll call them right back
Yeah I'll be calling right back