

# A Very Very Melancholy Man

Friday, 07 April 2006

A Very Very Melancholy Man.

I'm delighted that one of our new Box Set purchasers adores this track as it's been one of my personal favourites since I wrote it in the 70's.

I always felt it was a hit but it's never been released as a single.

The strange thing is... our new supporter is based in Los Angeles, California... nowhere near Manchester!

Which confirms my belief that the lyric is universal, not regional.

I have to admit this is a very important song to me and I believe the lyric is as crucial today as it was when I wrote it nearly 40 years ago.

## LYRIC

I was minding my own business on the Manchester express train

When an old man came and sat down who was obviously insane.

He was talking to himself in a very funny way,

And all the other people, one by one, decided not to stay.

'Til eventually just he and I were sitting all alone

'Cause I was interested in what he had to say when on his own.

## CHORUS

He said...

What's it all about, I often wonder? And why on earth is everybody here?

Sometimes pressure is enough to drive me under;

And like everyone I'm so afraid of fear.

All the world is getting harder; Oh it's much too much to stand.

That's why I'm such a very very melancholy man.

## Verse Two

The conductor came for tickets but he didn't stay too long;

In fact he he swung around and went out when he realised what was wrong.

Then the geezer stopped and wheezed a bit; complained about the cold;

Suggested putting on his overcoat and mourned his getting old.

Soon he paused in his soliloquy; he paused and scratched his head;

Then, assured of total privacy, addressed himself and said...

## CHORUS

There's a difference between closing eyes and letting out a sigh;

And I knew with sudden certainty the man was going to die.

I rushed out into the corridor and I fell from side to side;

As I ran to the conductor with his big mouth gaping wide

Well between us we both laid him down and tried to rest his head;

But by the time we got to Manchester the poor old man was dead.

## CHORUS