

Hugh Cornwell, Nerves Of Steel

In the middle of the day
When things don't go your way
And when life starts to bite
And it don't turn out right
And your top is spinning round
Far along the open ground
Then you have to hang on tight
Or you'll be blown from sight
How does it feel
How does it feel
How does it feel
It takes nerves of steel

In the middle of the night
If the stars ain't bright
And you wonder till the dawn
Why you feel so forlorn
And you know that you are lost
You never count the cost
Of all the mistakes you made
And all the games you played
How does it feel
How does it feel
How does it feel
It takes nerves of steel

In the middle of your life
When you're staring at the knife
And you're near the cutting edge
Close enough to make a wedge
But you know it ain't enough
Even though you hate the stuff
It's a sweet and bitter pill
But after all it's only real
How does it feel
How does it feel
How does it feel
It takes nerves of steel