

I spent the best years of my life
Trying to wiggle out of sight
But someone made me nervous
Kept my eyes closed
When there's something in your eye
It's better not to fight
Just curl up and take it
It's for your own good

Come to my house
Break down the door it's o.k.
I need help to believe in so many things it's o.k.

I feel no pain, I know your name
Even when I'm sleeping I'm awake
Crowned is the bird that hits the glass
And falls asleep in class
He's paid under the table and taught to run
Shake shaky hands that built the stage
The kids are middle aged
And saccharine is our saviour
We trust its approach

Come to my house
Break down the door it's o.k.
I need help to believe in so many things it's o.k.

Eyes a glaze transfixed upon a shelf
The keen social observer kills himself
His deepest fears take root in his distress
He was close so close but he broke